

[illegible]



NICHOLS 79TH ST.
MARINA

Roger Herleman '80





P.F. 78

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I been doing my homework.
For a long, long time.

— Graham Parker

DEDICATION

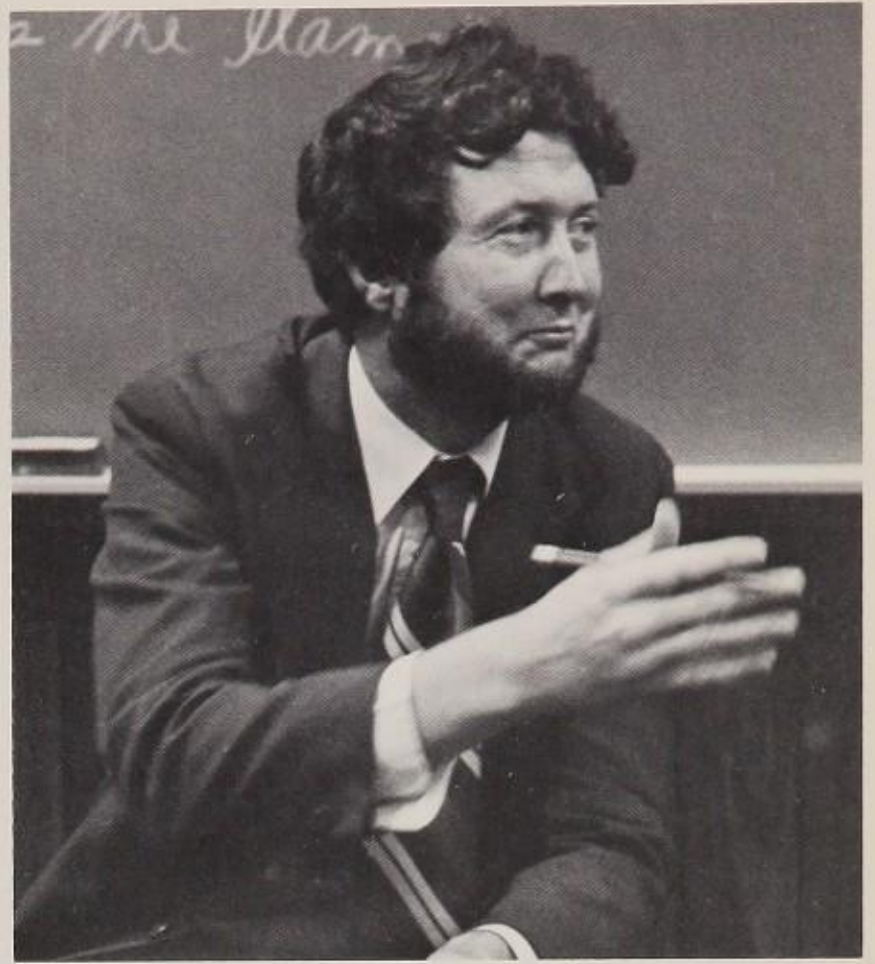


Throughout history there has always been at least one individual who has stood forth as the true embodiment of a people, a community, or an epoch. The Romans had Caesar, the French nobles had Louis XIV, and the Socialists had Eugene V. Debs. We Collegians have Ryland Clarke.

In three years at Collegiate, Dr. Clarke (or Dr. C, as he is called by his more intimate students) has attained a position that few people of authority in the school ever reach. This position does not have a title attached to it, nor is it easily recognized. Yet this year's Senior Class has been keenly aware of Dr. Clarke's presence: in the Gymnasium with morning Physical Education classes, his attendance at sporting events, his willingness to help students at all times, and of course his expertise as a teacher.

If there is a person who truly embodies Collegiate's many interests and constantly contributes to its members, then that person is Ryland Clarke. We thank him for three entertaining years.

RYLAND CLARKE



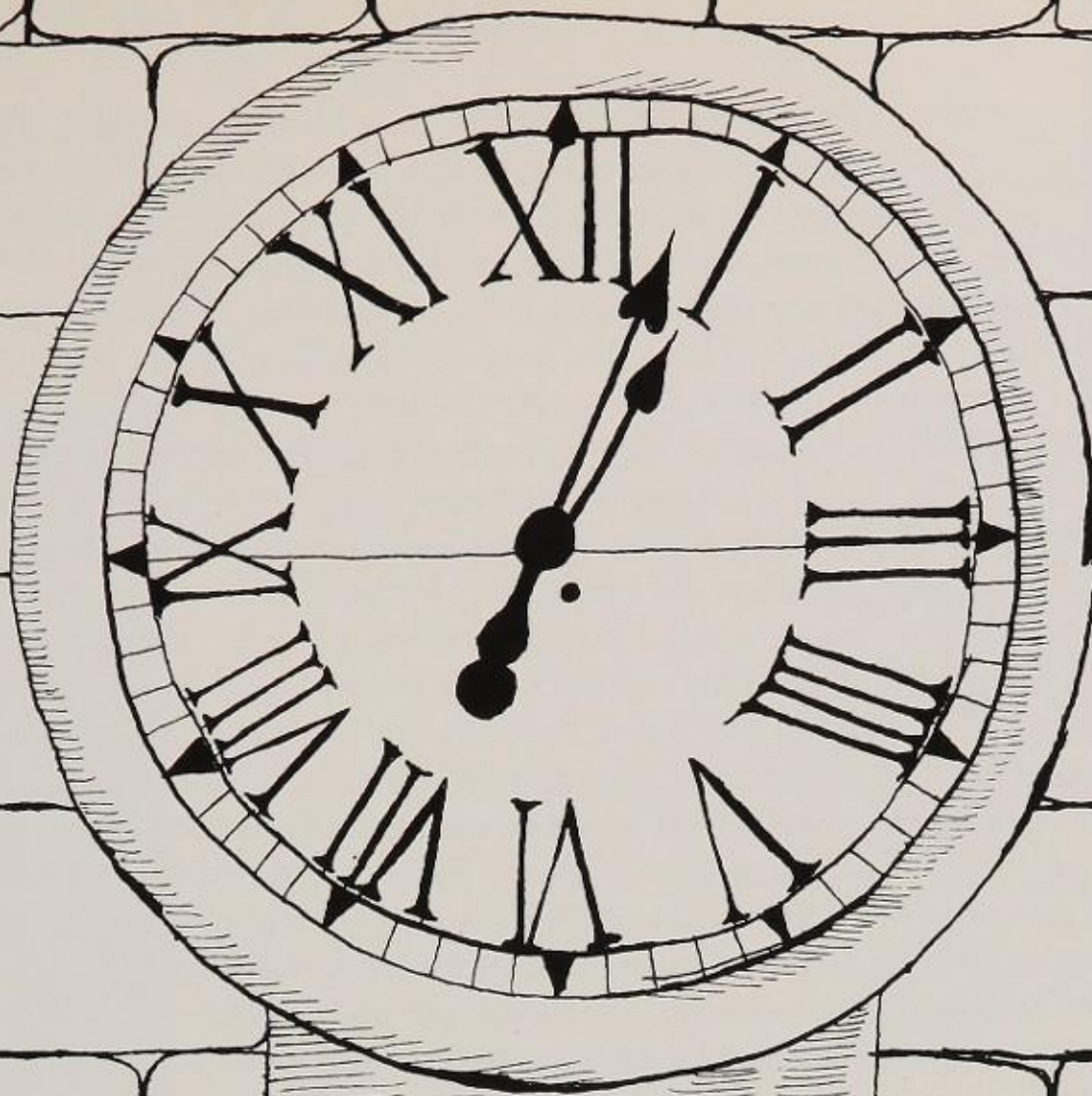
A good teacher, many good aspects. Well versed, generally good lecturer. Rather well-groomed, good Ev. / for activities (e.g. Debate, Class, Gym, Playing Fields, Theatre). Few omissions (e.g. Glee Club, Fitzgerald Best-Dressed Club) however — emphasis on N.B. — representation of Collegiate interests clear. Few factual errors. Historiography well-used (i.e. Spillenger, Blauner, Stansfield, etc. views). Debs analogy lacking.

However, a good, entertaining individual.

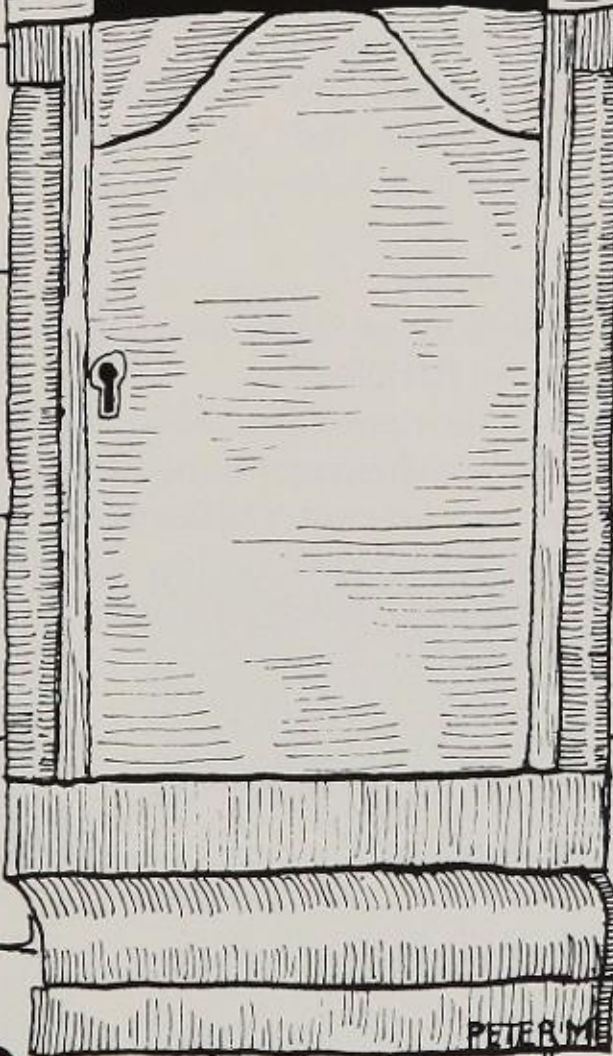


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IMPROVE THE
FLYING MOMENTS



PETER M

~~VISIONS~~



HOW I GOT HERE

"Well, we're gonna have to sell it," said Mammy to Pappy over the morning meal.

"Yup," said my father, not looking up from his *Daily News*. He was a quiet man, not given to conversation; his main pleasure in life was his morning paper, which he'd eat with a little horseradish every day for breakfast. He was gnawing on the Belmont entries as I looked up, and I passed him the salt to pour on the Obituaries. A self-made man, of the type I admired, he'd been master of his entire destiny. I loved my father, and I think my mother did too, although she'd often hit him over the head with the waffle-iron.

"Builds character," was my mother's justification of that arguably hostile act; oddly enough, that was her response to everything, from the Hindenburg disaster to *Star Wars*. She'd also found the former marvelous entertainment. She was a hardy, pioneer type of woman, from a fine old family whose coat of arms was undoubtedly a raging tantrum

emblazoned on a field of violence. From this family I got my industry, patience, mumps, chicken pox, and introduction to sex. An uncle, a particularly gray brother of my mother's, took me aside and for two hours wagged a finger at me. I don't know what metaphor you not. When I asked my mother about this, she delivered her standard reaction and proceeded to explain that this uncle had once climbed the Allied Chemical Building on New Year's Eve and had tried to ride the ball downwards into 1953, where he felt he "belonged." Whether she was advocating the same path for me I did not ask; however, I suspect she would have said, "You must find your own place." Since hers was some two levels below Moron, I didn't press it. But I suppose this is all part of why I'm here. I loved her anyway. Darling lady.

Me, I've always been the ne'er-do-well in my family, constantly surrounded by achievers; I'm an only child, but I have a cousin who can play the "Brandenburg Concertos" on the kazoo; and another, who's very smart and as I've been told has been on Ed Sullivan, can remember his name if you give him three guesses. So that's part of the reason I'm here. I remember the scene vividly.

It was at dinner the same night. Dad had skipped the Classified Ads at breakfast, so at around noon he treated himself to the Entertainment page of the *Times*, in heavy cream. Mom was busy putting up curtains: not on the windows, out around Pappy's head, so that when she'd say "I'm sick of your ugly face, Fred," she could draw the drapes and he wouldn't see the waffle-iron coming. She was a humanist in the grand tradition. She was gaily whistling "The Horst Wessel Song" as she nailed a rod to Father's forehead. How we all loved to hear her whistle! Our old Polish maid said she'd never in her life heard a sweeter sound, not even "the Cossack's horse belching." The maid was limping to the table with Dad's evening paper, attractively garnished with parsley (the paper, not the maid, although she herself had a special fondness for watercress.)

Neither of my parents had moved since breakfast.

Throwing the hammer daintily over her shoulder, my Mammy again said, "Well, we're gonna have to sell it."

"Yup," repeated Pappy, taking a hefty bite of Earl Wilson.

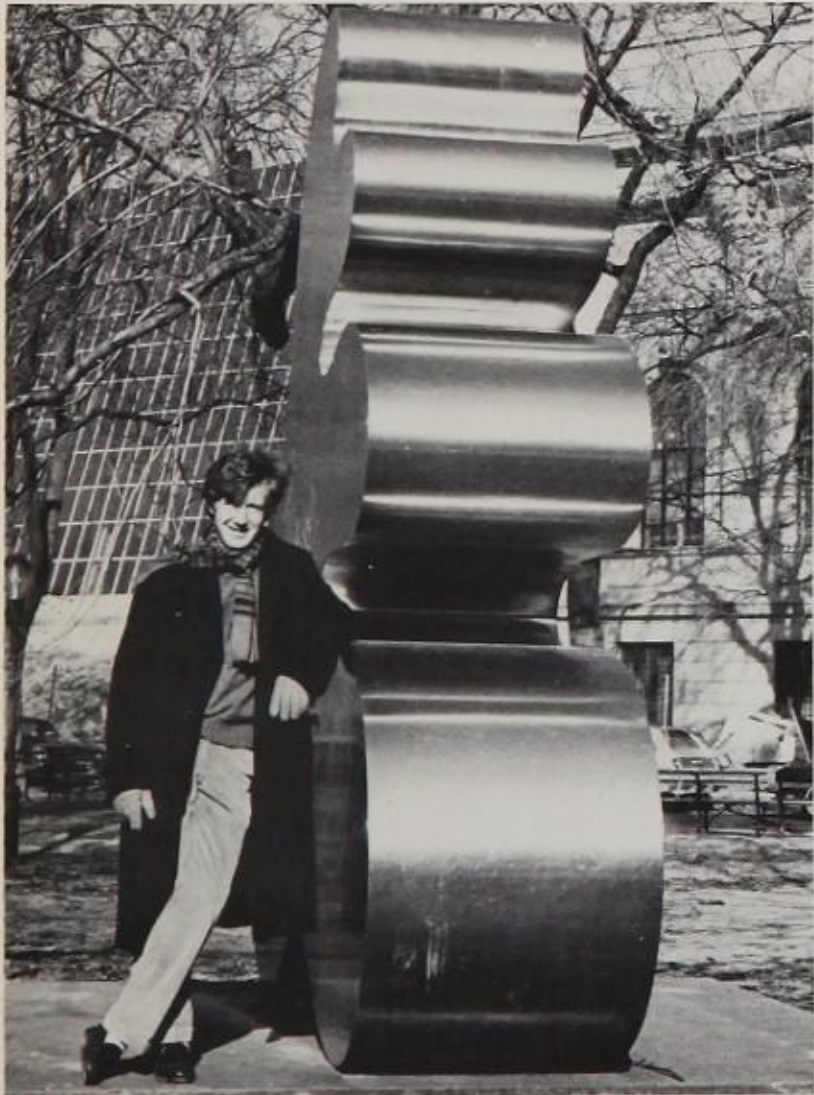
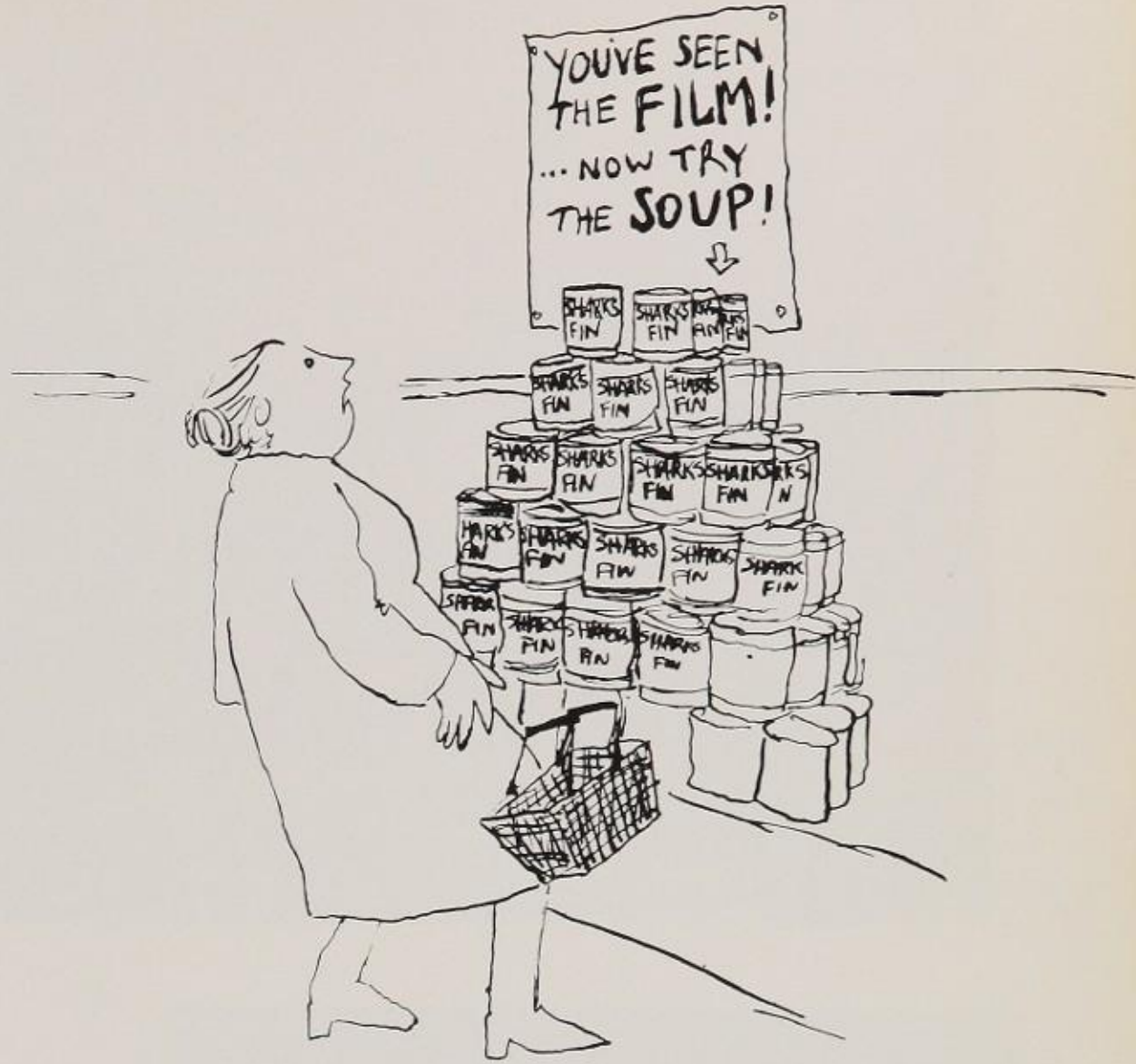
My mother could no longer control herself. She ripped the tabloid from my father's mouth, taking with it five teeth. My father mumbled something about her parents, which in more tranquil times I would have raced to look up; but, given the heat of the moment, I simply scribbled it on the table cloth and researched it later in the evening. My mother then released an impassioned flow of words, as she drove more nails into my daddy's temples:

"Fred, when are we gonna face reality? We just can't support Rupert Murdoch and a growing son any more. We're just gonna have to sell it."

My father looked hurt. "I said 'yup'," he said.

And that's how I got to Collegiate.





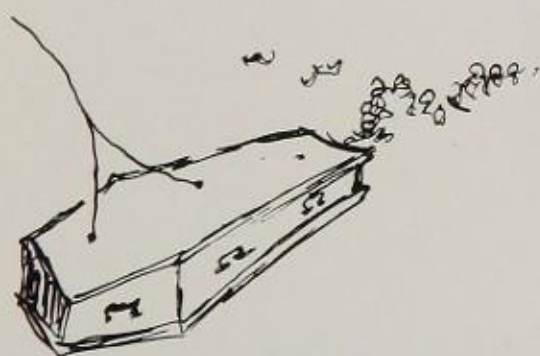




naughty! Naughty! Naughty!

Woe to him who seeks to pour oil upon the waters when God has brewed them into a storm!
Woe to him who seeks to please rather than appal! Woe to him whose good name is more to him
than goodness! Woe to him who, in this world, courts not dishonor!

Herman Melville, *MOBY DICK*



Bomp, bomp, bomp, bomp, bomp, bomp,
Bomp, bomp, bomp, bomp, bomp, bomp,
I'm only six years old.

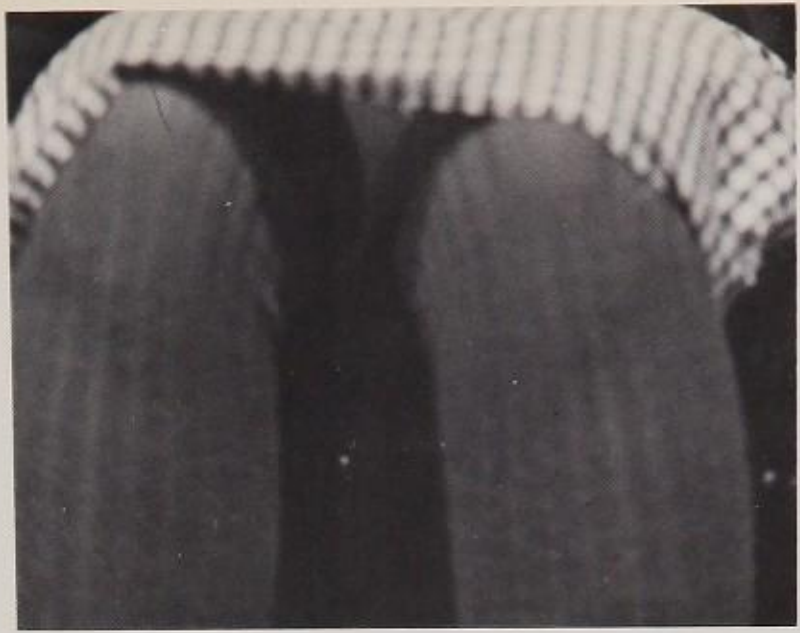
Bomp, bomp, bomp, bomp, bomp, bomp,
My girl is three,
Wop bop a lu bomp be-bomp bang boom.

Jan and Dean, *Jenny Lee*.

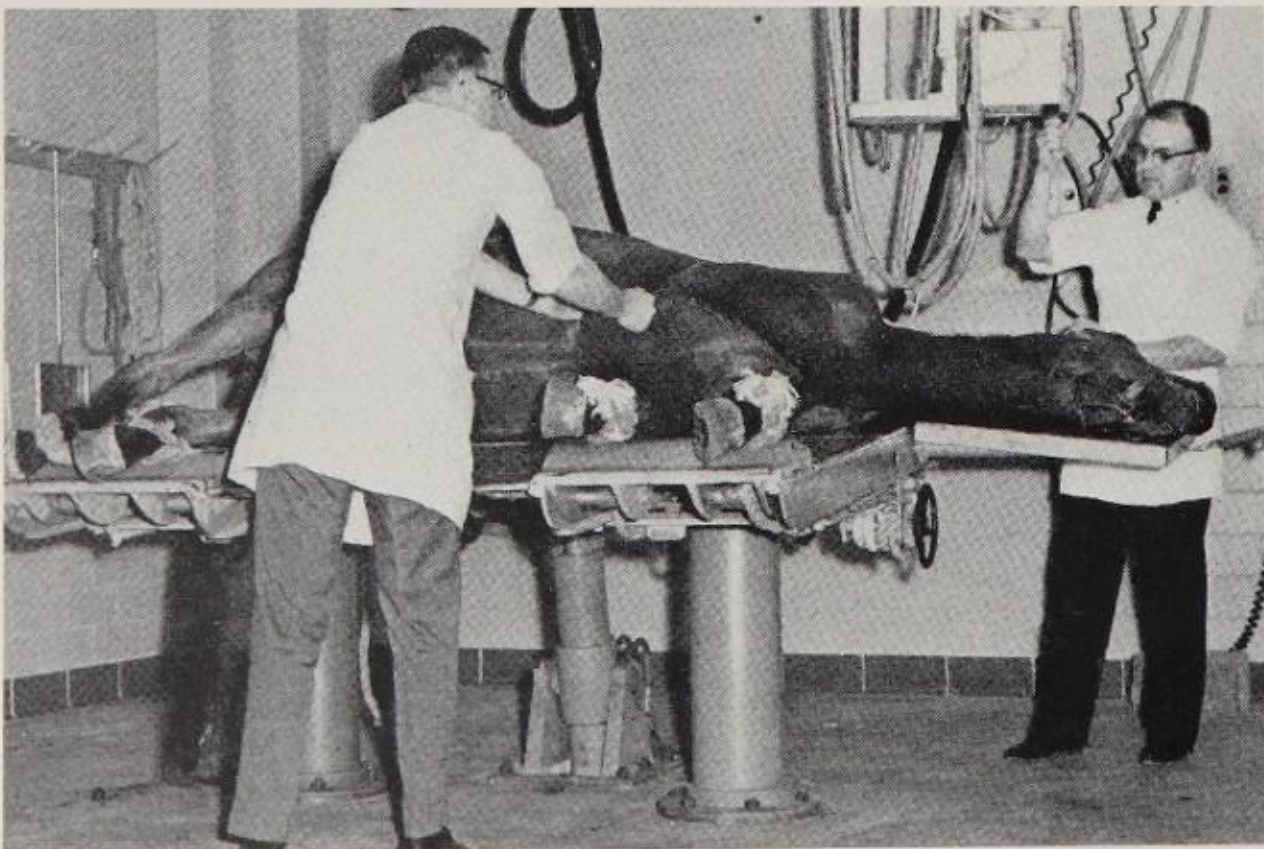
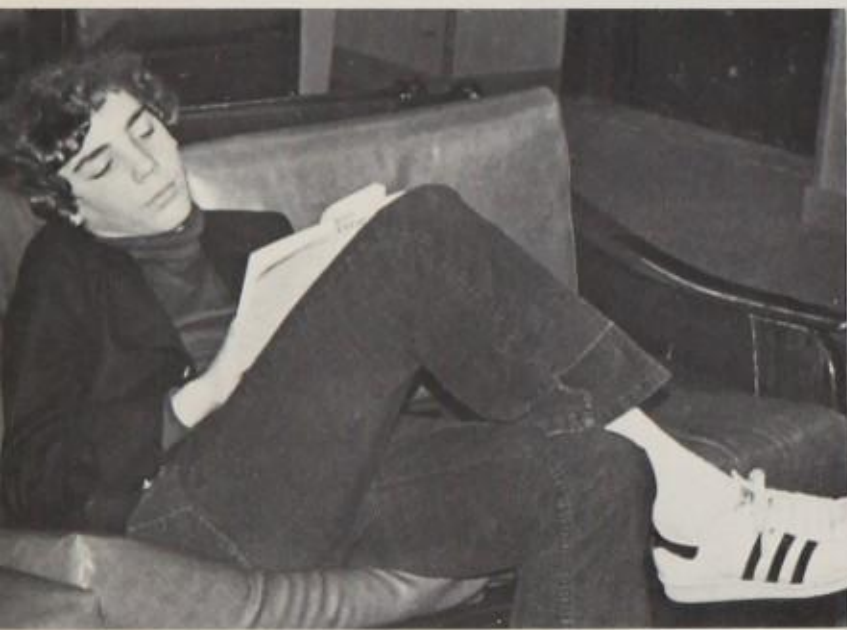


WHAT A LOAD OF BLEEDING RUBBISH





Tom, if you look at this I am going to be very angry.



COLLEGIATE QUIZ

For those who consider themselves experts on Collegiate lore, a panel of scholars has assembled a quiz designed to test your knowledge and otherwise waste your time.

1. Fitz is:

- a) a student.
- b) a rash.
- c) Nureyev's nickname.
- d) to be sure.

2. Simara is:

- a) a battle cry.
- b) bad company.
- c) a funny face.
- d) Cowlow.

3. Peem is:

- a) a toothpaste.
- b) a planet in the invisible empire.
- c) pigeon mating cry.
- d) a 50's military hairstyle.

4. Habeeb is:

- a) a foreign visitor in general.
- b) a colorful airplane landing site.
- c) the sound of two hands clapping.
- d) a third degree burn.

5. Bounder is:

- a) a martyred Dutchman.
- b) an empty page.
- c) a bluff.
- d) not funny at all, just dumb.

6. B. J. is:

- a) B. J.
- b) Arab oil holdings in the Mid-East.
- c) good clean fun.
- d) Legionnaire's disease.

7. Dry Rye is:

- a) No, Kos.
- b) near Wet Yonkers.
- c) hair on the rocks.
- d) young Abe Lincoln.

8. Dr. Britannicus is:

- a) a Latin lover.
- b) head of the Classics Dept.
- c) a soap opera.
- d) Splaat.

9. Trey is:

- a) off the road.
- b) on the ground.
- c) Me? Never touch it!
- d) Heyyy . . .

10. Day-Lo is:

- a) every senior's dream.
- b) a Calypso melody.
- c) how to paint your college application.
- d) what you end up selling if you flunk.

11. "The Bag" is:

- a) the Major.
- b) Walter?
- c) the Birdman.
- d) your name here _____

12. Last year's class was:

- a) most likely to _____
- b) least likely to _____
- c) quite likely to _____
- d) let's not talk about it.
- e) played.

THE COLLEGIATE TRADITION

In this age of functional illiteracy, little is mentioned of the many influences that have made West 77th St. second to none as a place of poetic inspiration. The following information has been brought to light.

While Chaucer was beginning his *Canterbury Tales*, it is reported by a contemporary, he was "syzed bye a suden ourge too visitte the Weste Syde." (Editor's note: illiteracy has hardly changed in 600 years.) Here he stayed at a roadside inn called the Bellclayre, where he encountered some of the colorful characters who were to populate his famous story.

Fortunately for the reading public, he was persuaded to include these personages, as before his sojourn on Broadway the book consisted solely of "The Chartered Accountant's Tale." The character of Harry

Bailey, the tavernmaster, is known to have been based on, "a queere manne who wodde oftene mayk sqwawkinge noyse, as of a houe byrde." Since then, of course, Chaucer's "Byrdemann of the Bellclayre" has become a literary cliché, but the poet was able to introduce him as both Bailey and the Rooster, Chanticleer.

Chaucer had a room with a view of 77th street, and would often look out of his window early in the morning to see students dying of the plague, or returning from the "Byrgerre Joynte," or both. It was during one of these mornings that he wrote these verses:

"Byrgesse is icumen in
Frume farre-offe Ryverdayle.
Wythe Dr. Clark, and Mr. A.
They'ree pyckyngge uppe theyr mayle.
Sing cuccu! Sing cuccu nu!, etc.

This fragment, found scrawled on a scrap of burlap from a 14th Century Leisure Suit, represents Collegiate's debut appearance in literature. There is a school of criticism which believes that Collegiate appears as the Ninth Circle of Hell in Dante's *Inferno*, the one reserved for the Sin of Unauthorized Absence, but there is no corroborating evidence to suggest this. Nor is there much basis to the assumption that the Seventh Grade was the prototype for the Furies of Greek drama. Chaucer stands as the first and only writer to find his muse at Collegiate — until the greatest of them all.

From the first lines of his earliest play, *Richard I*, Shakespeare made it obvious from whence he drew his prodigious genius. Witness the first soliloquy of the Duke of Ryland:

Methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face.
I must to Baltimore ere long/ . . .



Last known photo of
Shakespeare

One can immediately recognize the Dutch Reform influences on this masterwork. The style is simple and direct; as King Richard dies, he states heroically, "I feel the lifeblood slipping from my veins. What a bag," while his fool imitates a bird. The King's downfall is the result of his misplaced trust in the villain, who keeps promising to return the throne by Tuesday. A related theme appears in the Master's first comedy, in which a group of Fairies confound their King and Queen by staying home to write a term paper. This play was a great success, although the Globe Theater burned down during the Second Act of its opening performance and it has never since been revived. The audience was said to be chuckling with mirth as they left the disaster to go bear-baiting. In later years Shakespeare never forgot his roots, and his song "While greasy Joan doth keel the pot," is dedicated to the boys at "Ye Olde Burger Jointte."

After Shakespeare, the allusions to Collegiate by celebrated authors are too numerous to explore. Prominent among them are Jonson's "Song to the English Department (Gather Ye Credits While Ye May)", Robert Herrick's "Delight in Disorder" (a poetic justification of Mr. Breimer's office), and Burns, "To a Louse" (Many possible explanations). The Romantic Movement got its name from a group of poets who steadfastly believed that one could enter Dr. Clarke's class after the bell without a late slip, and the Realist Movement that ensued came about because of the pessimism wrought by Mr. Attaliades' Gym regimen. The Victorian Period has been characterized by a certain scholar as "one long Trower final."

But with the advent of the Twentieth Century, several writers in particular seized upon the theme of Collegiate. From an early manuscript of Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist* has come the following:

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a Birdman coming down along the road . . .



Pound

How the Birdman became a moocow is debatable. Some think that Joyce was compelled to make the change when he chanced to hear the Birdman shriek and the Upper School Chorus sing, "Yesterday" simultaneously, producing a sound oddly resembling the moan of a cow dying of leukemia. In any event it upset Joyce enough so that he both edited his manuscript and moved to Zurich the next day, thereafter denying any knowledge of the Upper School Chorus or of Collegiate itself. However, it is reported that the true cause of his breach with the school was his exile from the Library by Dr. Mallison, who told him "you'll be wantin' to keep that stream of consciousness to yourself." Joyce left in a huff and cancelled his endowment.

Eliot was last to pay tribute to Collegiate.

The school was reputed to be a major factor in his decision to emigrate. "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" was originally titled "The Love Song of Rick Fitzgerald" until Eliot concluded, five minutes later, that it wouldn't sell. In "The Wasteland" the poet's first draft contained such lines as "I read, much of the night, and eat at the B. J. in the morning" and "April is the cruelliest month, but May is the bag too." Hethen showed the manuscript to Pound, who not only coaxed him into revising those lines, but also convinced him that it would "look better" if the dedication went to him rather than to Max Maglione.

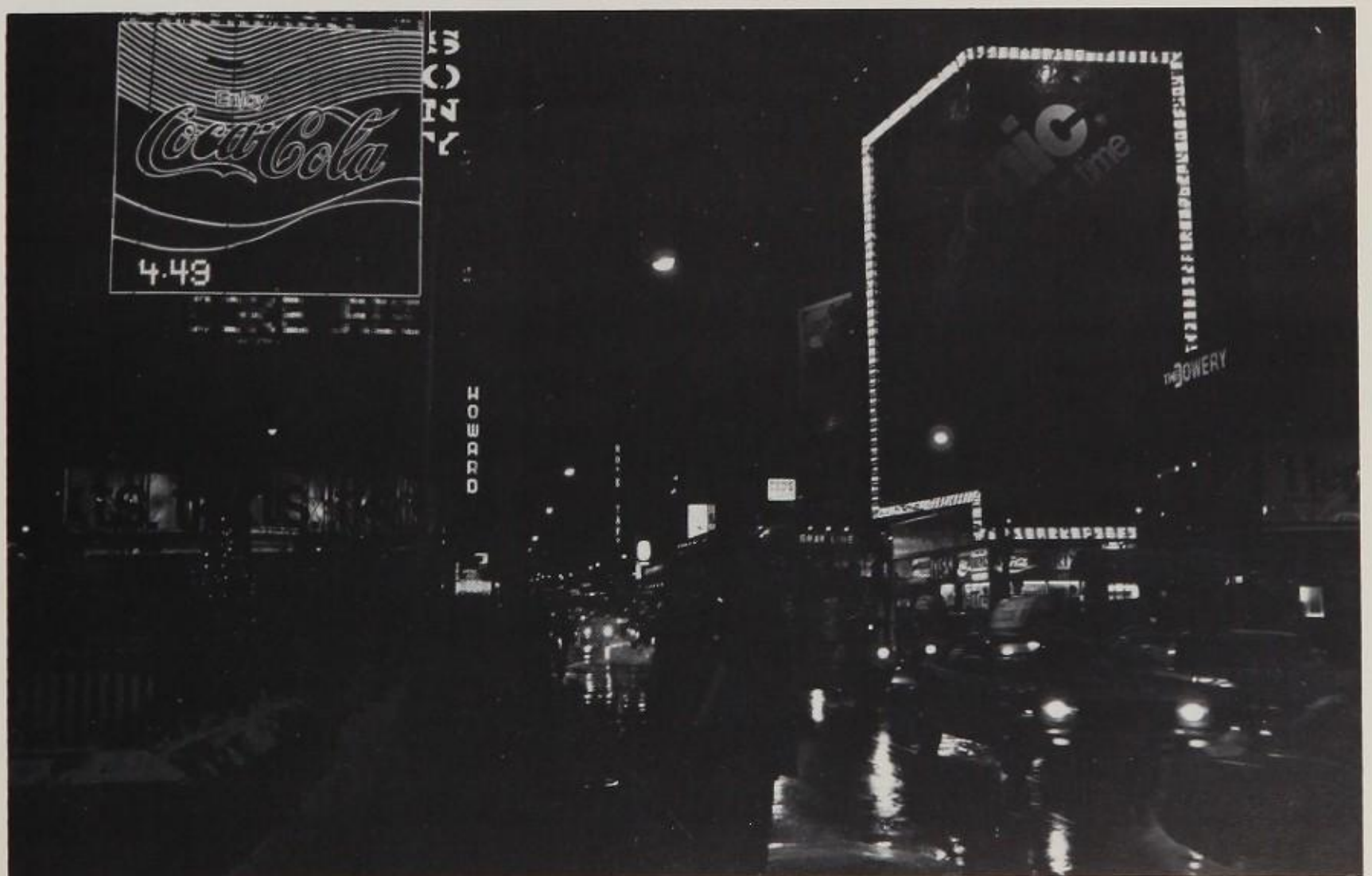


Fitz



I want you to know what love is.







LOWER SCHOOL



HI!!
I'M FROM
COLLEGIATE



Do you have
my teeth?



It is the opinion of this court . . .



Who is she, anyway?



I feel very strongly both ways. I never
argue.



You talkin' to me?



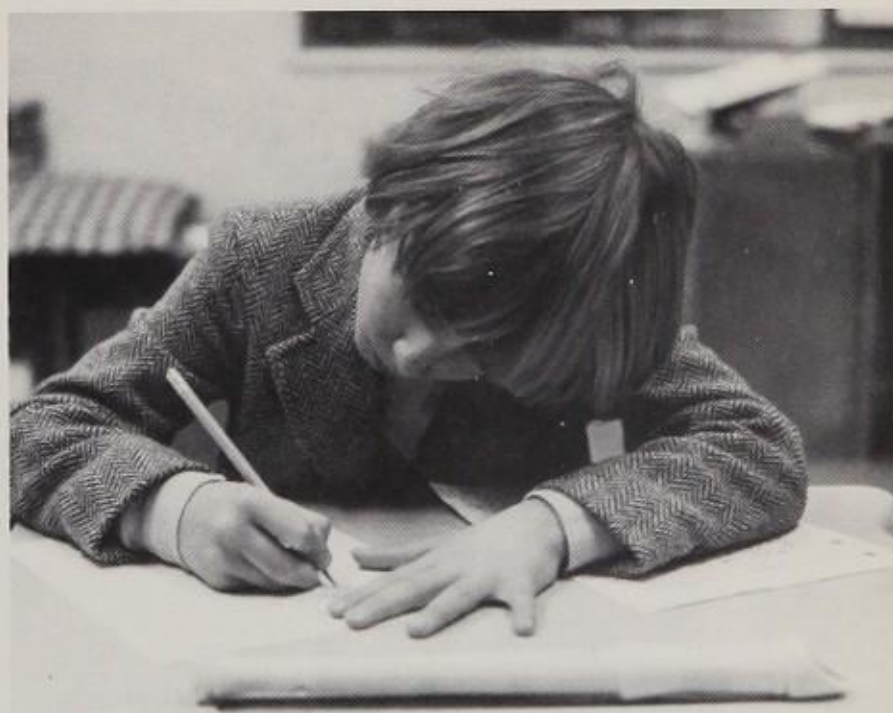
Who is she?



There's no film in there, right?



Pawn to Queen's Bishop 4 . . .



Dear Aunt Mabel,
Thank you for the lovely recorder . . .



That's me in the
Yearbook!

CLASS ONE — SIEGAL



FIRST ROW,
L. to R.:
J. Greenman,
S. Mitchell,
W. Gluck,
J. Miller,
O. Herskowitz.
SECOND
ROW:
G. Kaye,
N. Varney,
J. Pantzer,
Q. Smith,
A. Richter.
ABSENT:
T. Carr.

I like the first grade. I like the library because it makes my brain think



FIRST ROW,
L. to R.:
C. Nolan,
M. Wayne,
M. Spierenburg,
C. Korn,
A. Flint.
SECOND ROW:
S. Stone,
D. McAlinden,
J. Pappas,
E. Prager,
C. Tauber.



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: P. Shapiro, B. Formato, E. Lee, J. Cattarulla, C. De Scherer.
SECOND ROW: A. Friedman, P. Rubin, J. Schneidman, M. Sluchan, J. Perelman.
ABSENT: P. Miller.



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: E. Leonard, S. Kolodony, M. Schwab, M. Patterson,
P. Stiles. SECOND ROW: A. Jones, A. Nieder, B. Spahn, L. Sharp, K.
Hoffman.

CLASS ONE — YELLIN



Left to Right: C. Brodhead, I. Findlay, A. Mailman, M. Lissak, D. Friedman, M. Pettit, J. Carmel, D. Giddings. ABSENT: D. Klein.

CLASS TWO — SONNENSHEIN



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: J. Roseman, H. Polley, J. Angell, M. Gimbel, M. Greenspon, C. Nelson, A. Brown. SECOND ROW: I. Del Balso, S. Murray, R. Martin, H. Wilson.

Left to Right: R. Frost, E. Hartog, P. Robbins, J. Shneidman, P. Kosann, J. Crigler, N. Klipper, D. Levin, R. Samuelson. ABSENT: B. Wright.



The reason I like second grade is because we do lots of things that we did not do in first, like special projects which is very exiting. CLASS II



Left to Right: J. Haldi, D. Cohen, S. Sclater-Booth, K. Niemand, P. La Farge, G. Daniels, B. Maxey, B. Mayer, A. Wolfensohn, M. Sicher, D. Swanwick.

CLASS TWO — BELL

THIRD GRADE — MOONEY



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: J. Mailman, D. Mitchell, S. Youngwood, A. Gimbel, A. Grumbach. SECOND ROW: S. Reyniak, S. Crystal, S. Dailey, K. Conson, T. Gluck, P. Feingold.



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: A. Stiles, P. Richer, J. Angelo, M. Dunbar, P. Blake. SECOND ROW: J. Riffaterre, L. Lehrman, C. Gilman, T. Freund, J. Rosen.



T G H R I A R D D E HESEL

FIRST ROW, L. to R.: E. Angle, M. Bijur. SECOND ROW: M. Warfield, M. Tritter, A. Mathews, T. Miller, P. Klotz, T. Kaufman.

Adam's Rough Day

One day Adam was on his way to the park when it started to drizzle. Adam thought well it's only a drizzle so I will go on. Then it was a downpour with lightning. He was so far from home to get there in time but he fought through the rain. CRACK! He kept on running. I made he said. CRACK!!! He fell!!!



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: M. Lee, A. Abelson, D. Cogan, J. Cowell, T. Huntington. SECOND ROW: D. Ginsberg, L. Hanauer, J. Wender. ABSENT: K. Rudell, N. Strouse, L. Payton, J. Limpert.



Left to Right:
J. Silverman,
S. Shorr,
L. Gimbel,
D. Patterson,
J. Prisendorf,
R. Maesaka,
W. Rubenstein,
P. Mali,
N. Mack,
E. Gorsuch,
J. Porges.

FOURTH GRADE



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: L. Wilson, N. Perlman, R. Halpern, J. Worthington, F. Rensky. SECOND ROW: J. Solomon, N. Brown, P. Rosenberg.

I remember the last words to Lou Gehrig's dying speech, "I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth," and use it on myself. I will be sad to leave Mrs. Sonders and all the lower school, but the Middle school will probably be an adventure.

Class IV



Left to Right: C. Samuelson, T. Polley, C. Pflager, B. Williamson, N. Schaffzin, W. Scott, C. Phillips, M. Pimentel, S. Selassie.

MISSING: M. Wigotsky, M. Kahn, A. Guettel, C. Jones.



Left to Right: D-M. Londoner, C. Lombardi, N. Eisenman, A. Meyer, S. Mitchell, J. Berger, R. Miller, P. Brodhead, S. Lewis, S. Perelman.



You can't be serious . . .



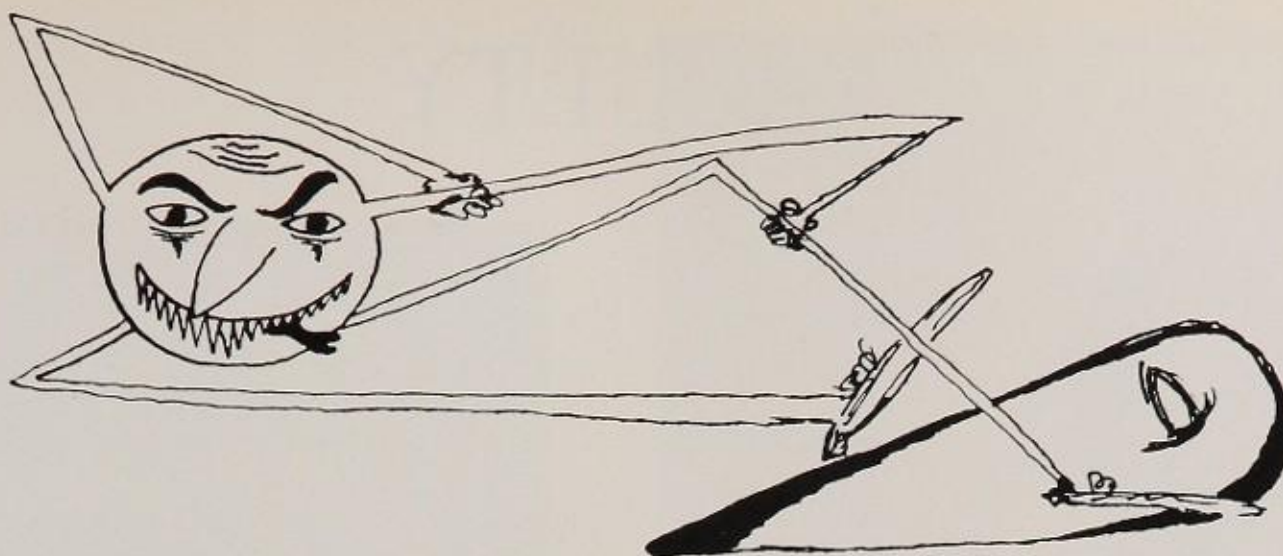
I've seen her somewhere before . . .



My fellow Americans . . .



Dear Diary . . .



You'll be sorry . . .



I don't know,
but I think I'm
in love.

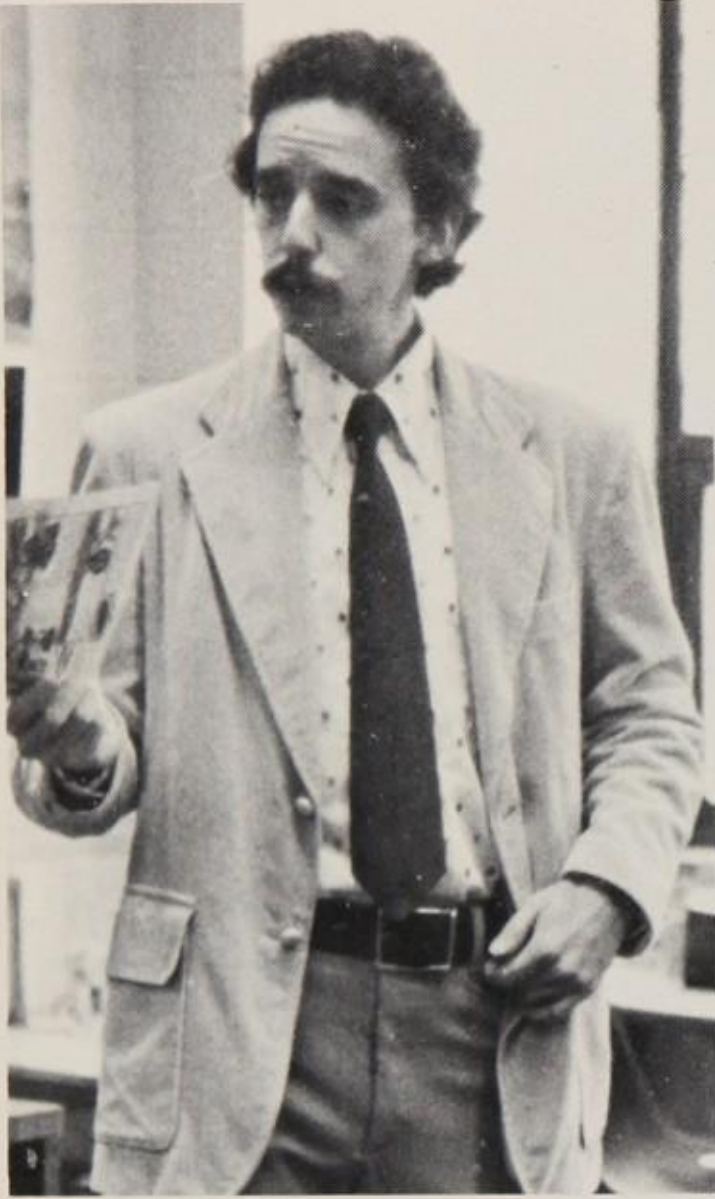


Gotta get to college. Gotta get to college.



Can you believe that Rogers?

FACULTY



David Fisher



Christine Bell



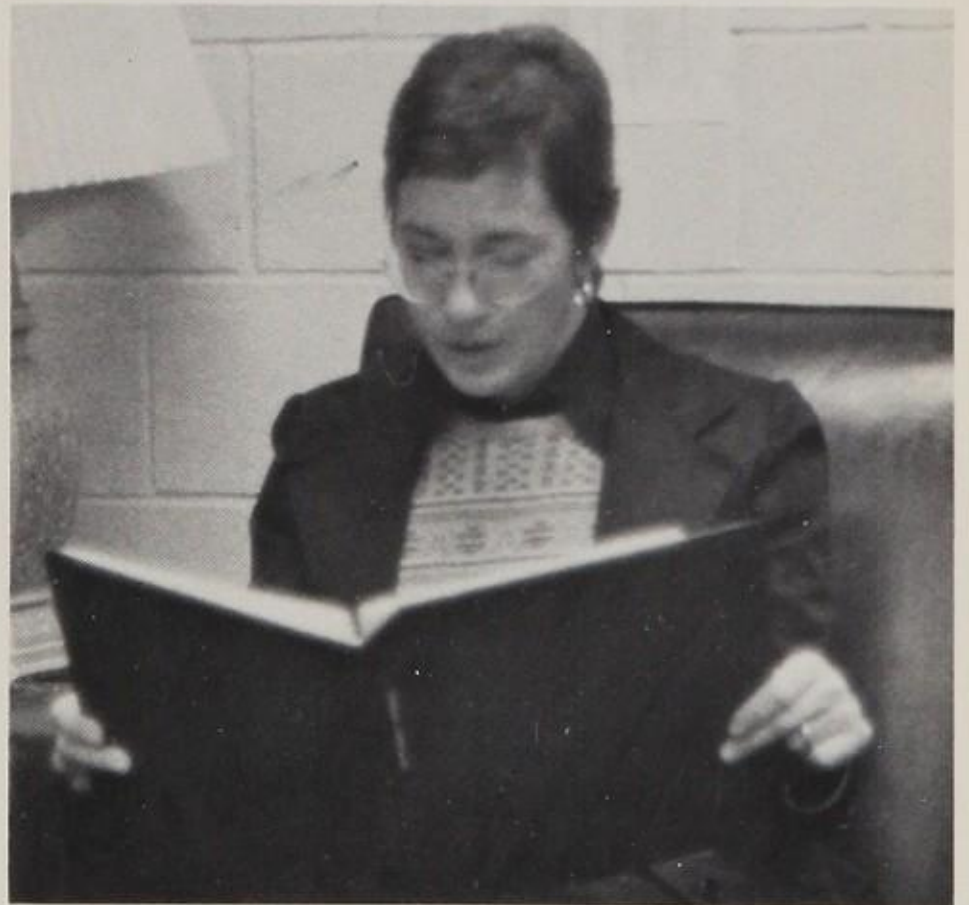
June Lehman



Nancy Martin Saunders
Head of Lower School



Beatrice Sonnenshein



Karen Mooney



Blanche Siegal



Virginia Hesel



Kate Millonzi



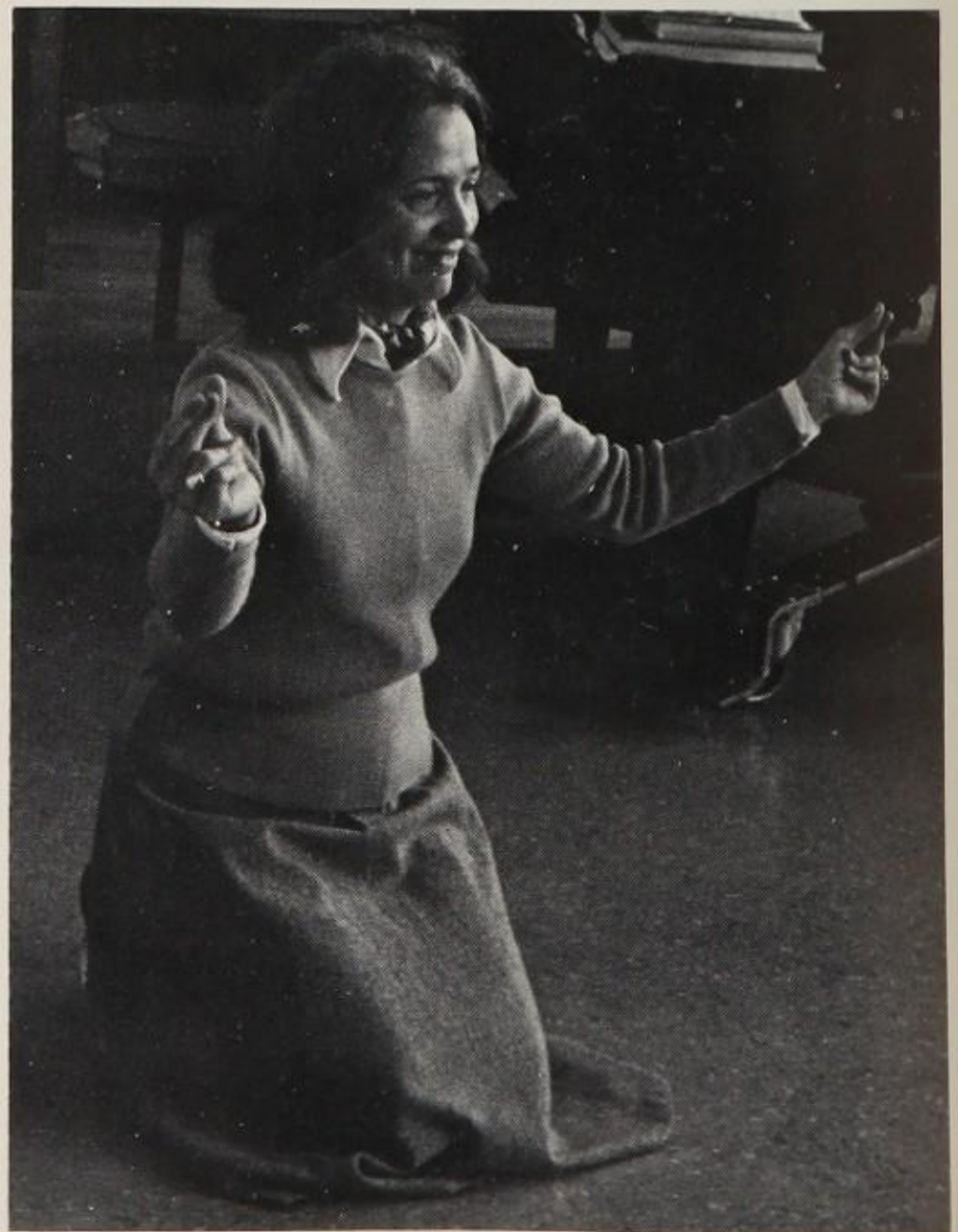
Susan Peterson



Suzanne Yellin



Margaret Tripeau



Penelope Stell

MIDDLE SCHOOL



HI!!
I'M AT
COLLEGIATE

FIFTH GRADE



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: P. Block, N. Swerbilov, D. Danoff, B. Steinmuller, A. Cohen, I. Stell. SECOND ROW: J. Findlay, R. Swanwick, J. Youngwood, G. Dillon, G. Raynor, J. Rubin, C. Burden, J. Hirschson, P. Pruyn, D. Gimbel, S. Hardy. THIRD ROW: R. Koss, W. Collins, C. Blake, S. van der Marck, T. Brown, D. Huntington.



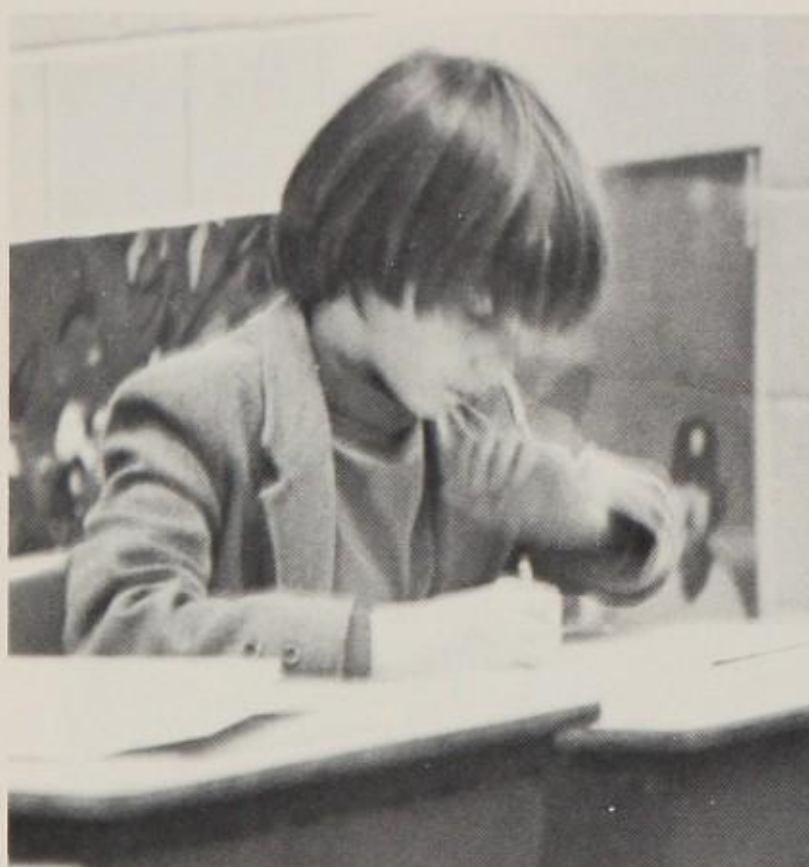
After having burned a trail of destruction through the Lower School, the Fifth Grade set out to lay waste to new territory this year. Obviously, they have been highly successful; as one of their new teachers said after a particularly trying session, "I was warned." Take note, all who cross their path. These masters of sophisticated brutality are sure to leave a deep mark on the school, on the minds of their instructors, and on the shins of unsuspecting upperclassmen. And someday they may even be sixth graders.



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: D. Posada, S. Perrin, A. Gardner, J. Crystal, E. Slovin, S. Moseska, J. Munson. SECOND ROW: T. Siegal, J. Kaufman, Z. Karabell, I. Jaffe, J. James. THIRD ROW: S. Hawkins, Z. Schisgal, M. Herzig, W. Hermann, S. Silverston, J. Blaufarb, A. Reyniak. FOURTH ROW: J. Grimm, W. Lord.



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: M. Olton, M. Diker, J. Leites, T. Ferro, K. Slovin, A. Crawford, E. Middleton. SECOND ROW: W. Goodman, C. D'Amelio, E. Freund, T. Robbins, K. Cheeseboro, J. Cowen, M. Vogel, C. Schlank, P. Hecker, P. Ermides.



SIXTH GRADE

The sixth grader is cool. From his position at the exact middle of the school, he is no longer subject to the restraints of his youth and not yet accountable to the demands of his adolescence. Without these annoyances, is it any wonder that the sixth grade is so suave, smooth, and oozing with sophistication? Only a sixth grader could present such an unperturbable facade to both idolizing youngsters and cynical members of the upper grades. Only a sixth grader could pull off the difficult task of matching pinstripes and sneakers. It takes the special *sang-froid* and *savoir faire* which belong only to the sixth grade. Congratulations are in order to these unfazed students. They are advised to enjoy it while they can.



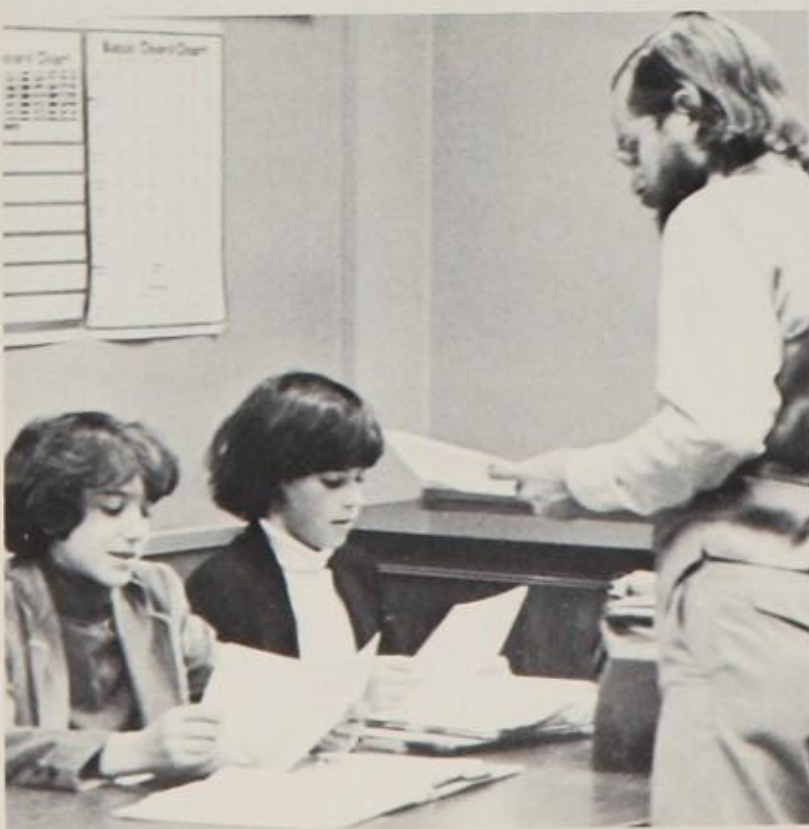
FIRST ROW, L. to R.: P. Shneidman, B. Strouse, F. Quadrani, D. Medina, P. Dillon, M. Snyder, C. Brodhead, J. Blaugrund, A. Vogelstein. SECOND ROW: S. Jackson, D. Abelson, D. Barber, J. Benton, S. Barnard, K. Rocker, W. Haber, J. Giddings. THIRD ROW: T. Ranson, C. Reed.



SEVENTH GRADE



Left to Right: J. Penney, C. Brainerd, W. Pockman, L. Tanner, T. White, A. Mack, R. Vassallo, N. Glass, Y. Fergang, R. Caporale, D. Jones, S. Miller, M. Chalfin, S. Simmons, M. Ormont, J. Watts, K. Fitzgerald, A. Romero, S. Polikoff, D. Noveck. ABSENT: P. Allan.



The Seventh Graders have had a taste of things to come this year, with their first bold steps into the world of wine, women, and song (although not necessarily in that order). They seem to have acquired a definite desire for more of those adult pleasures. From their new turf in the old building, they have seen firsthand the dedication with which their elders pursue their chosen goals, and this hard-working and quick-learning bunch is certain to benefit from this example. Already it has established itself as a class to be reckoned with, and with experience it should become one of the most successful in Collegiate's history.



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: E. Banks, M. Tompkins, M. Saal, M. Fox, J. Wirth, N. Davis, A. Benedetto, D. Kramer, G. Brown, A. Mansky, J. Solomon. SECOND ROW: R. Peaslee, J. Stell, W. Schoenfeld, A. Ernster, T. Marr, S. Seltzer, A. Maeska, R. Wiener, T. Bereday, T. Mali.

EIGHTH GRADE



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: C. Brown, G. Lindemann. SECOND ROW: R. Brownstone, Z. Galligan, D. Koosis, A. Lipsitz, A. Ross. THIRD ROW: A. Shapiro, J. Watts, M. Hirschorn, S. Fortenbaugh, J. Anz, D. Williamson. FOURTH ROW: A. Blauner, J. Blaugrund, J. Alexander, K. Shimada, D. Martens, J. R. McKechnie.

Through hard work and strict adherence to the principles and guidelines laid down for them by their spiritual leader, Mr. Habeeb, the Eighth Grade has earned its imminent entry into the Upper School. Nobody said it would be easy, and there were a few anxious moments when some doubted they'd make it. But the Eighth Graders are a hardy lot and somehow they all muddled through. Our congratulations go to these sterling lads. Against all odds, they have arrived.



ASPIRING STUDENT



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: A. Worth, R. Singer, S. Gutwillig, J. Janover. SECOND ROW: T. Fisher, M. Wesely, P. Yee, T. Gartner, R. Barnett, B. Stern. THIRD ROW: G. Siegal, M. Murphy, J. Bramble. FOURTH ROW: M. Andrejevic, M. Newman, B. MacCary, M. Mosedale. FIFTH ROW: S. Wilson-Turner, L. Anderson.





Beth Tashlik



Paul Sprecher



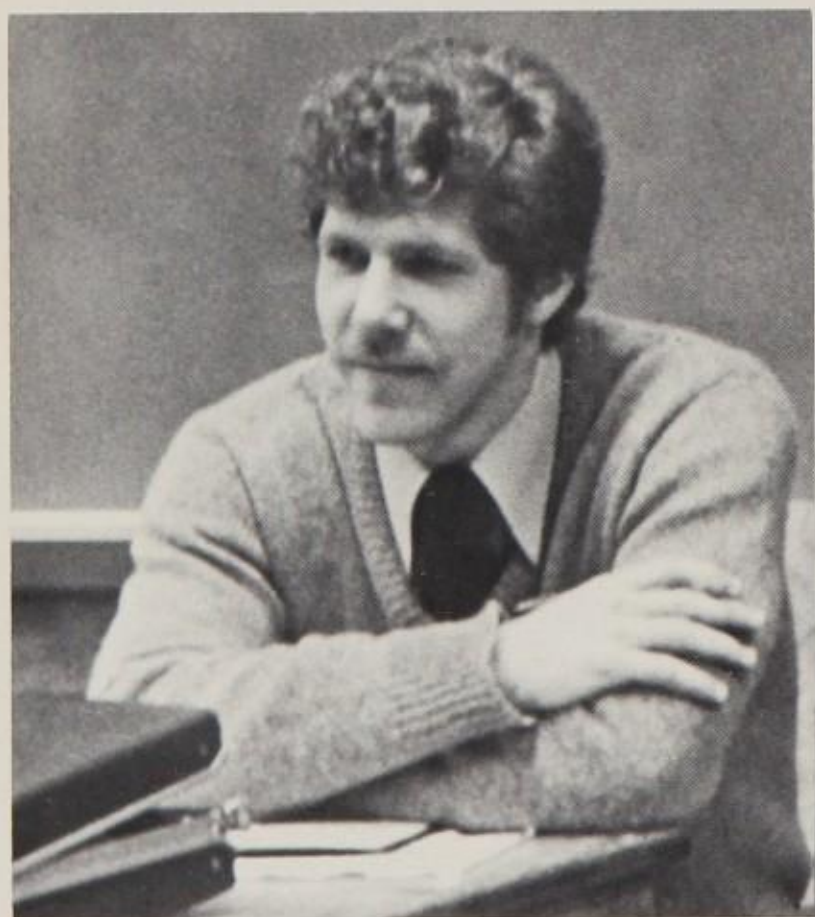
FACULTY



Lynn Hirschhorn



Michel Broquet



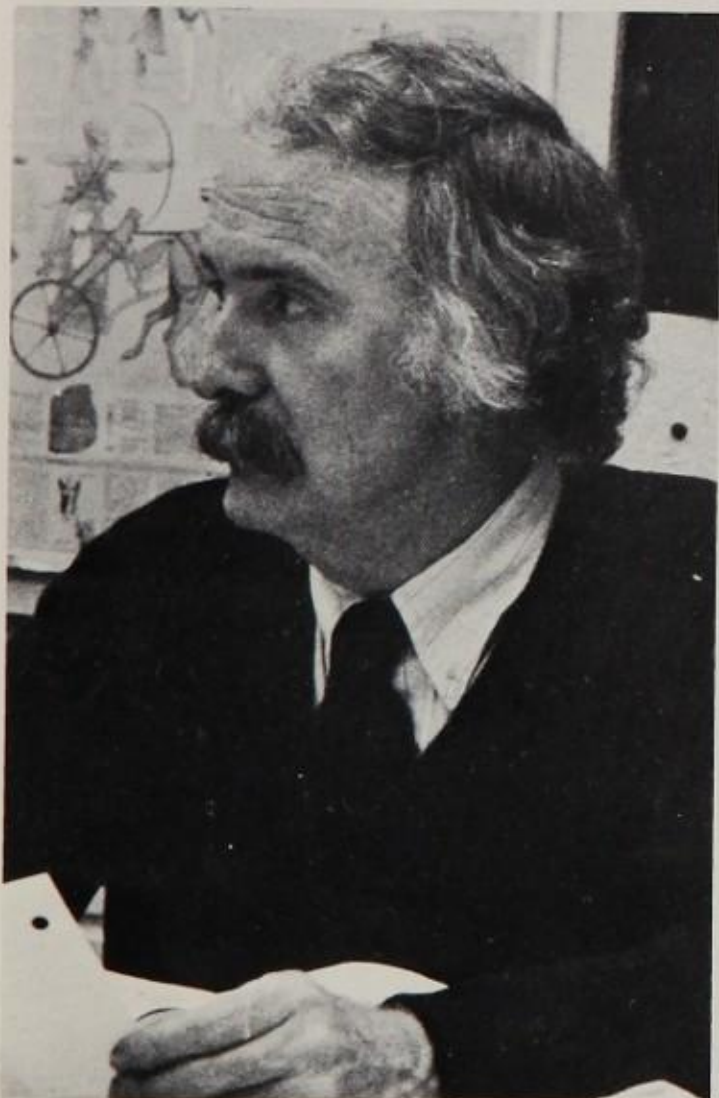
Carey Gross



Michael Lockett



James Jacob, Head of Middle School



George Mitchell



Joseph D'Angelo



Jeanne Ricca



Evelyn Mah



Mitchell Cramer

UPPER SCHOOL



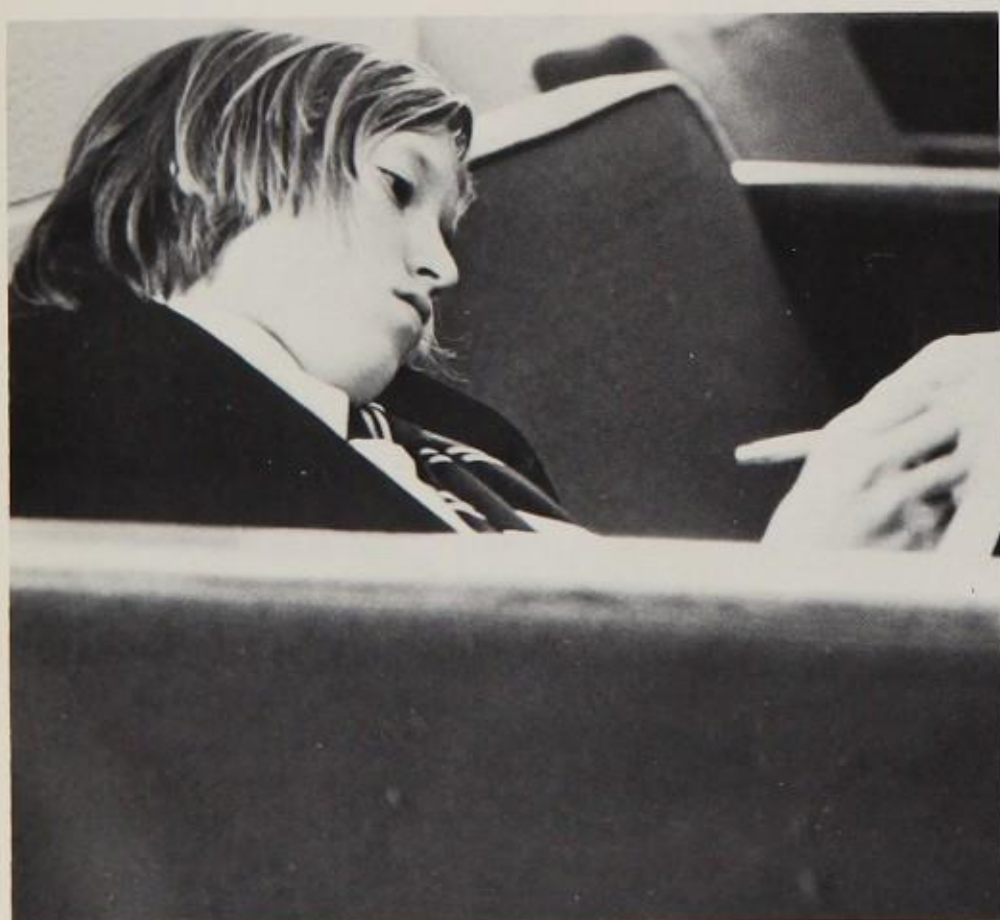
HI!!
I'VE BEEN TO
COLLEGIATE







FIRST ROW, L. to R.: S. Sunshine, M. Root, S. Owen, T. Freundel, A. Wagner, M. Danziger. SECOND ROW: T. Perlmutter, T. Davis, A. Shapiro, E. Burns, J. Veronis. THIRD ROW: R. Savitt, J. Solomon, J. Weintraub, R. Podos, G. Ogden. FOURTH ROW: S. Weiner, C. Ward, D. Taffner, C. Rochell.



NINTH GRADE

Ah, the Ninth Grade. Many thoughts come to mind when thinking about the Ninth Grade, the primary one being, "My God, were we ever like that?!" Thankfully, the answer is no. This Ninth Grade has shown itself to be painfully, ineptly, normal. Not one juicy myth came out of the annual Boston trip, source of so much legend in the past. Not one ninth grader goes around with foreign objects up his nostrils, or drops his pants in Math Class; the group is maddeningly quiet in assemblies, not even possessing the maturity to make animal noises. "Where did we go wrong?" we hear the school cry, "How did it happen?" The only course we can suggest is a drastic one, but we feel it is necessary to compensate for its horrendous start. The entire grade must start its "Senior Slump" three years early. Only through such emergency measures can this class hope to do justice to the Collegiate tradition of "wastedness." So far, they are a bitter disappointment.



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: J. Hammer, A. Jenks, P. Carr, J. Castelli, T. Amos. SECOND ROW: R. Kennedy, J. Diamond, D. Campbell, J. Kliot, D. Dorian. THIRD ROW: A. Goodsell, A. Brooks, E. Chalfin, S. Basilico, M. Jablow, P. Horkitz. FOURTH ROW: Y. Kulukundis, D. Esakof, R. De Vido, G. Knapp. FIFTH ROW: O. Cruz, A. Nieves, R. Riveras, P. Bass, T. Hager. SIXTH ROW: N. Austrian, D. Monroe. ABSENT: A. Gianis, D. Ackman.

TENTH GRADE



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: R. Dubose, A. Fine, C. Jordan, D. Davis, C. Claymont, J. Abbott. SECOND ROW: P. Greenberg, R. Coker, C. Calderhead, D. Burgess. THIRD ROW: J. Barnard, J. Ben-Ami, C. Huschle. FOURTH ROW: M. Miller, J. Hermann, W. Bruno, H. Levin, B. Baxter. FIFTH ROW: S. Lothrop, B. Gross, A. Kosner, G. Maloney, P. Herzig, C. Barnett.



FIRST ROW, L. to R.: A. Yee, A. White, J. Tormey, A. Rosenthal, C. Plaut. SECOND ROW: B. Wirth, D. Sultan, C. Pearce, R. Velez. THIRD ROW: R. Westerman, N. Karp, R. Rossi, R. Slifka, C. O'Neill, N. Polish.



Their ranks decimated by marauding boarding schools, the Tenth Grade has nonetheless retained its distinctly sordid character. This motley bunch of preppies has shown itself time and again to be cynical, caustic, cold, and generally obnoxious — a true cross-section of the “Collegiate Community.” Indeed, these tenacious students have lost none of their unique ability to annoy, disorient, unnerve, and otherwise nettle any other person or group who happens to get in their way. They are to be congratulated on their consistent performance, and we wish them luck in procuring peer recommendations in twelve years or when they graduate (whichever comes first).



A
FORMER
STUDENT
TURNED
THE
CORNER



THIRD ROW, L. to R.: Pat McKibbin, Josh Mackie, David Shorr, Eugene Rubin, Steve Schechter, John Urbahn, Tony Kleckner, Bruce Diker, Michael Pinney, Bill Jacob, Jimmy Dorf. SECOND ROW: John Rosenthal, Andrew Roffman, John Oakes, Adam Merims, Dan Wakin, Marc Silver, Jeff Shapiro, Randy Schrade. FIRST ROW: Josh Schapiro, Peter Tannenbaum.

It's happened. Implausibly, some would say impossibly, the Eleventh Grade is one year away from graduation. Despite all the technicalities devised to check its progression, despite the prediction of experts who saw it as a group of lifetime sixth graders, this collection of jokers posing as students has effectively masqueraded its way to the top of the school, proving once and for all that one man's ceiling is another man's floor. The administration is now trying to find excuses for the oversight that enabled this class to sneak into its present position. "My dog ate the computer," moans one spokesman. "Divine retribution," sighs another. We'd like to forgive those responsible, but in conscience we cannot accept this horrendous mistake. To err is human, but this is a little ridiculous.

ELEVENTH GRADE



THIRD ROW, L. to R.: Tony Kleckner, Peter Geismar, Daniel Glish, Les Firestein. SECOND ROW: Jimmy Dorf, Bruce Diker, Clint McClain, Janno Lieber, Larry Beckhardt, Daniel Max. FIRST ROW: Michael Lapinel, Andy Feder, Jimmy Hertling, Evan Lipsitz, Keith McAllister, David Marr, James Brown, Tom Janover, Joe Leigh, Chris Gottschalk, Tom Hahn, Bill Jacob.

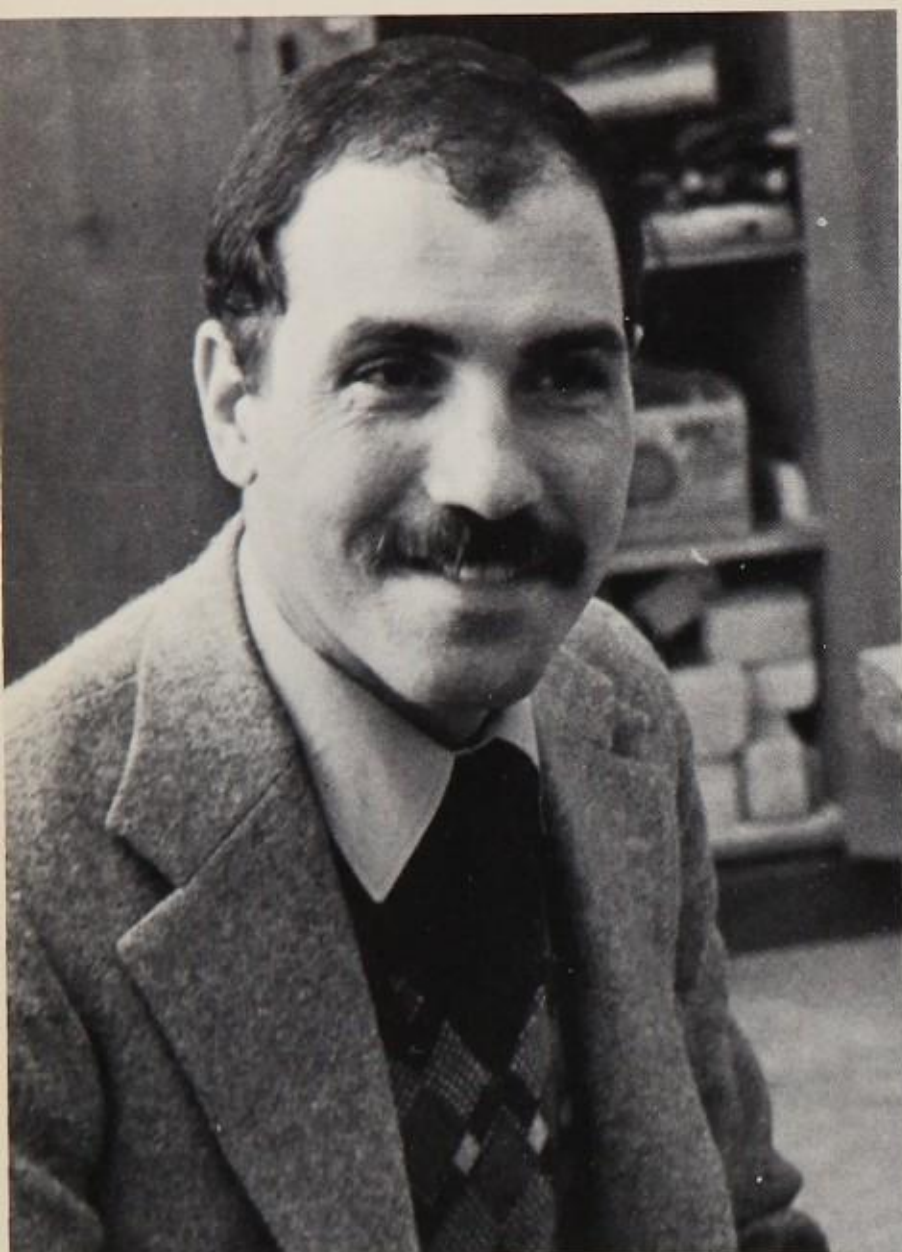
BOY OH BOY! WE SURE
HAVE HAD A HARD TIME
IN HI SKOOL SO FAR.
WE LIKE WRITING FOR
RESEARCH BUT MOSTLY
WE LIKE LUNCH TIME. AND
MOSTLY SATDAY NITE
WHEN WE DO IT UP!!



A ELEVENTH
GRADER.

P.S. I think Mr.
Habeeb is real nete!!



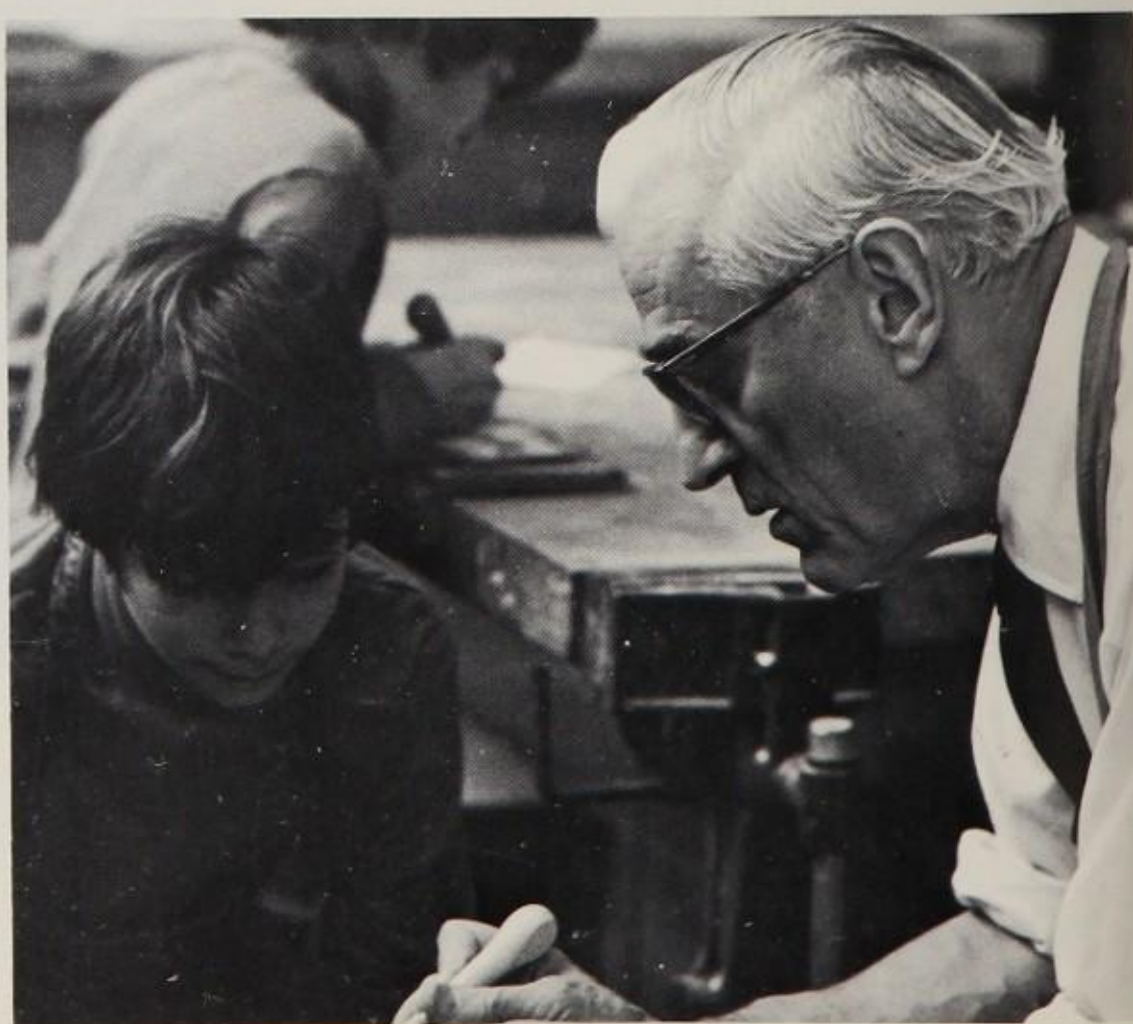


Mr. York got into serious trouble when he accidentally foreshortened his perspective with a diagonal despite the chiaroscuro. Maybe if he'd turn the radio off?! . . . He has obviously travelled extensively in France and Brooklyn, and hopes some day to introduce a new concept in Bilingual Disc Jockeys.

George York

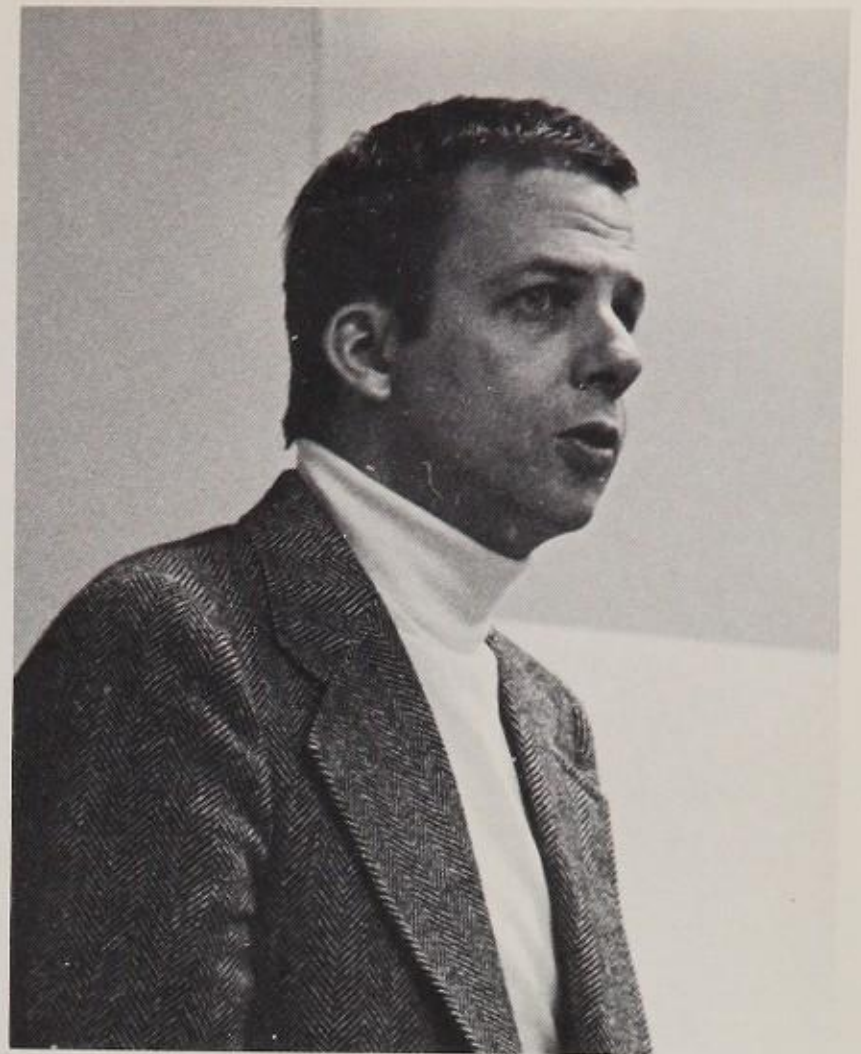
Mr. Batcheller is best known as one of Collegiate's most distinguished and longest-lived faculty members. He expresses a profound respect for student ingenuity and creativity. His quaint smile after a student produced a smoking device in ceramics class will not be forgotten. Those of us who spent time in his Lower School art classes shall fondly remember his cry, "I don't want to be a policeman but . . ."

Robin Batcheller

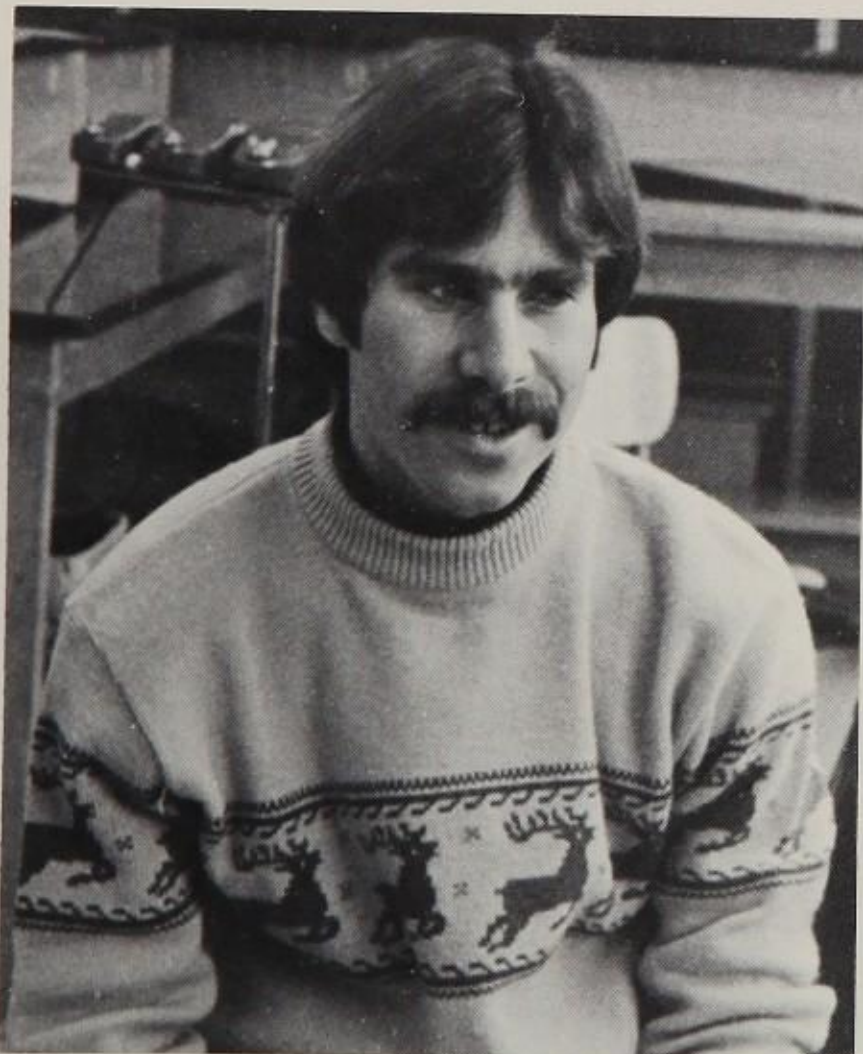


Blake Leach

Thanks to Dr. Leach, a slew of Collegiate students are scurrying about in raincoats with upturned collars while mumbling in monotone. Rumors that he moonlights as a traffic cop are false, but his decisive hand gestures are sure to land him a lucrative job when his teaching days are over.

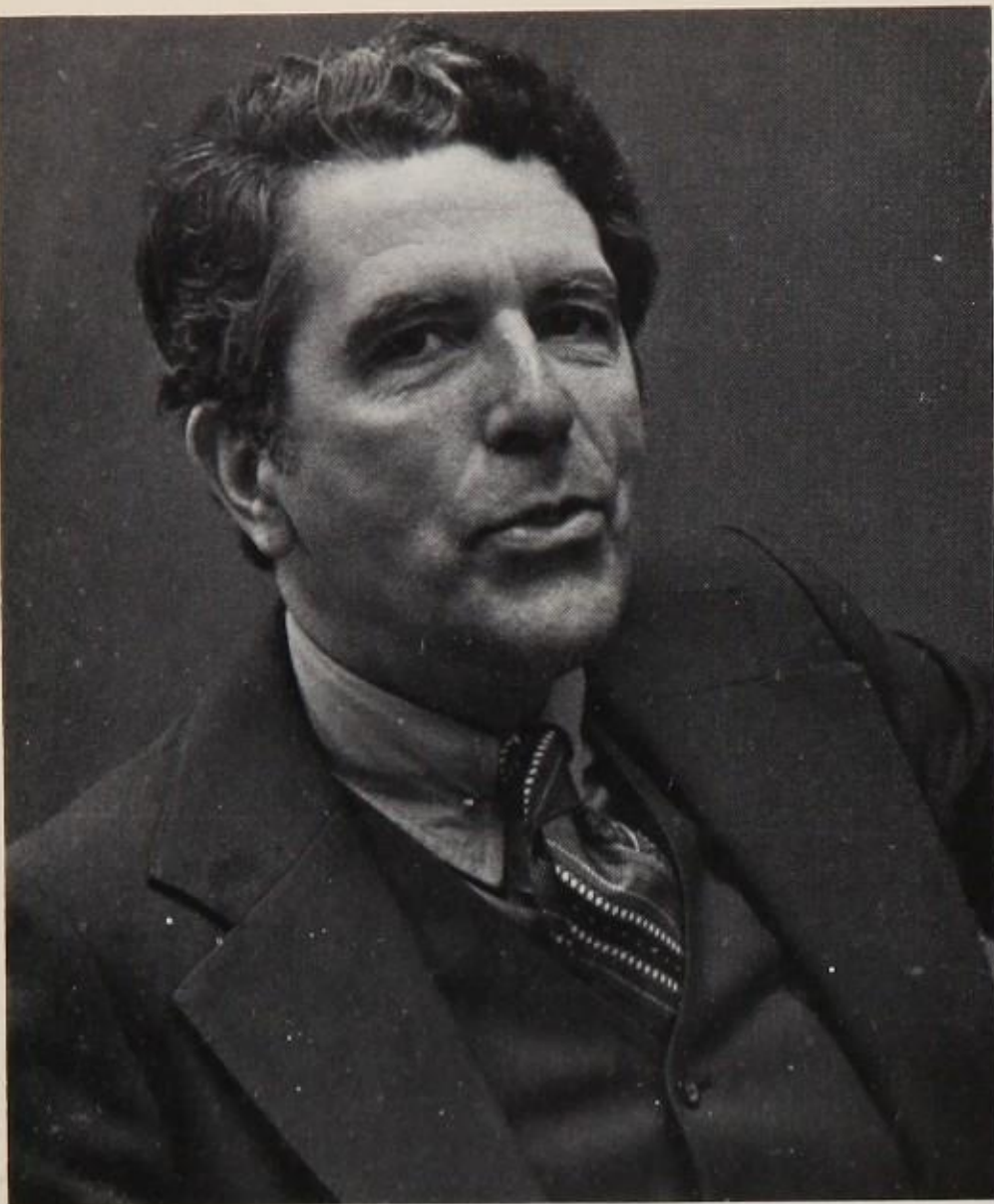


ARTS DEPARTMENT



George Barrett

Mr. Barrett has been slowly but surely making his mark at Collegiate. Although he has yet to eat at the B.J., he is already a familiar fixture around the Universal and has sampled the manifold joys of baseball practice. He is obviously vying for the nickname, "The Singing Jock." This is all in fun, of course; he has made a sincere effort at strengthening Collegiate's music program. We wish him luck with the Glee Club, because guys, hey, this is REALLY REALLY important.



Mr. Shields has never realized that students just don't like Faulkner. Mr. Shields really is a good teacher, though — or at least he must be, since he chairs the English Department; but then again, as he always says, "So what?"

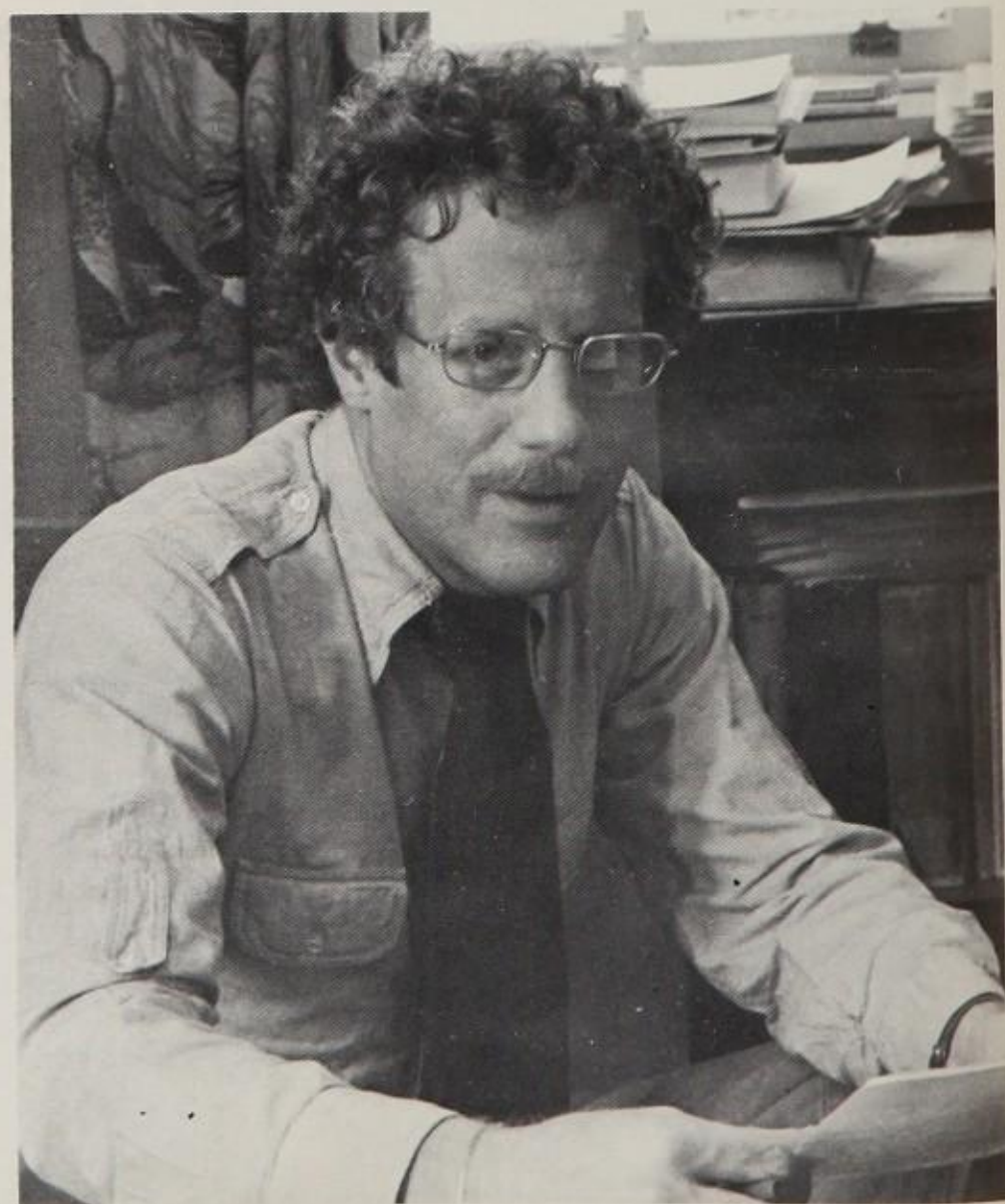
James C. Shields,
Chairman

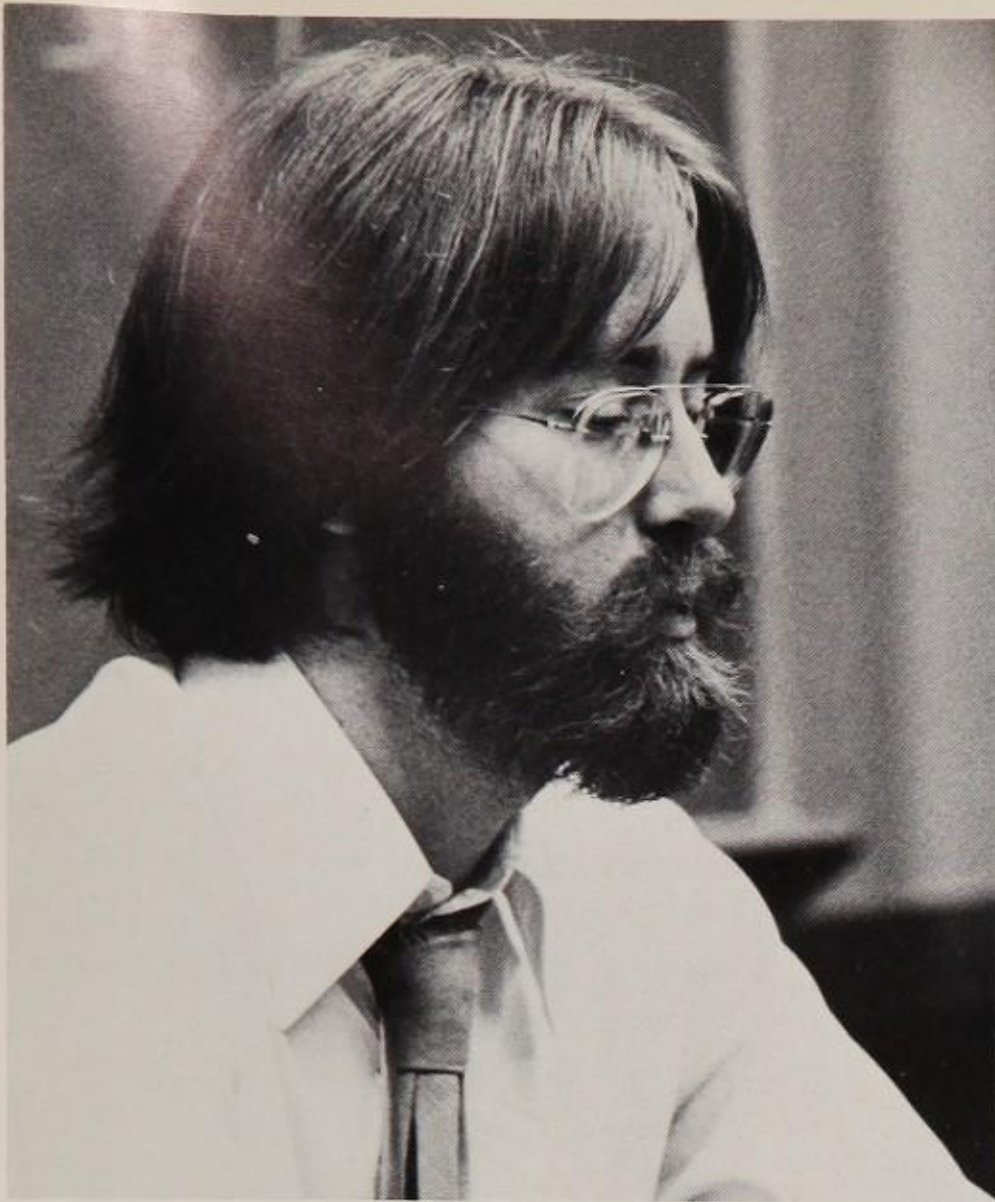
ENGLISH

In the three short years he has been at Collegiate "Doc Rock" has already become an enigma. His original interpretation of literary cono-TA-tions and his personal interjections during class are, for better or for worse, Collegiate traditions. Walking through the halls, one can hear a number of Dr. Stone imitations, varying in quality and tone, depending on the grade received on the last paper.

However, his popularity and effectiveness cannot be doubted, and we are sorry to leave this earnest cyclist and excellent teacher.

Charles V. Stone





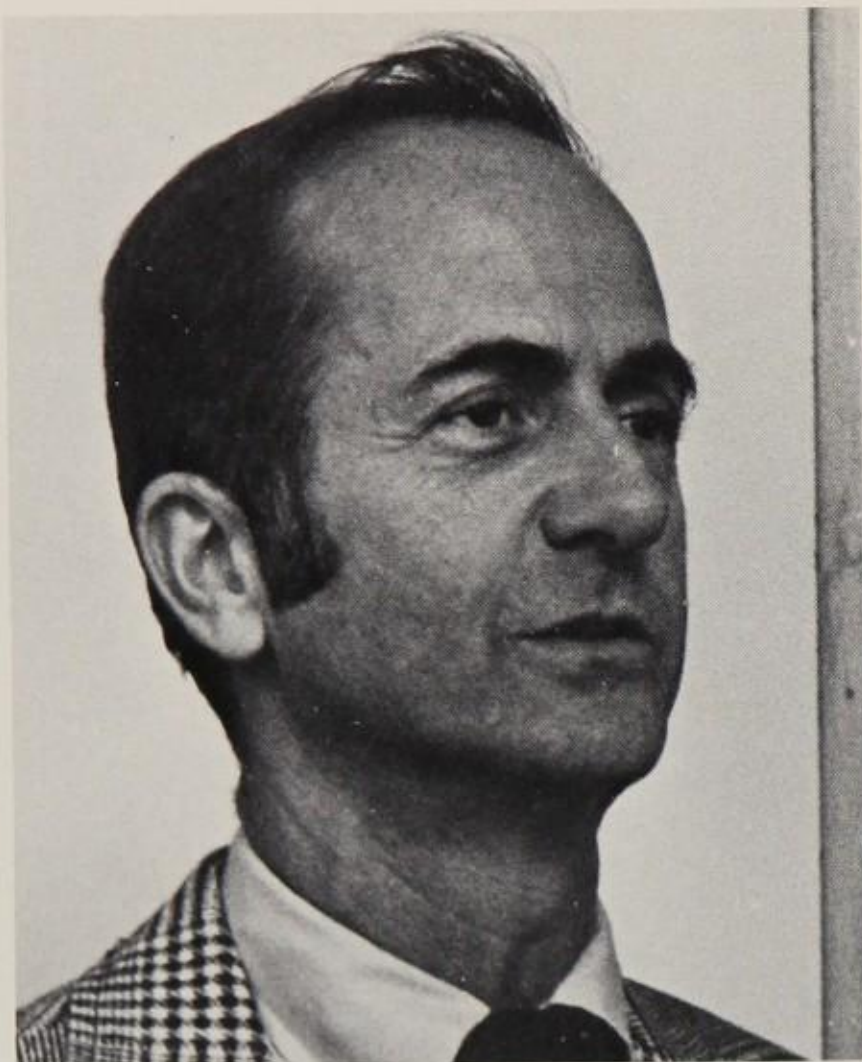
In addition to his many extra-curricular activities from Intramural Basketball to Advanced Lunch, Mr. Fitzgerald has acquired quite a reputation as a teacher. His credibility was undermined, however, when he was seen signing a self-addressed Christmas card "Pablo Casals."

Richard Fitzgerald

Many people were distraught when Mr. Mallison moseyed on down to the development office. Most have been reassured by Mrs. Brugnolotti's presence in the library. Members of her "Writing for Research" course were impressed by her amiable manner and imaginative assignments. After wincing through first days of British boarding school tactics such as sitting in alphabetical order, though, the class almost decided to come to class dressed in shorts and caps. Somehow, Mrs. Brugnolotti is able to make exacting and tedious research assignments into something of an intriguing puzzle.

Phyllis Brugnolotti





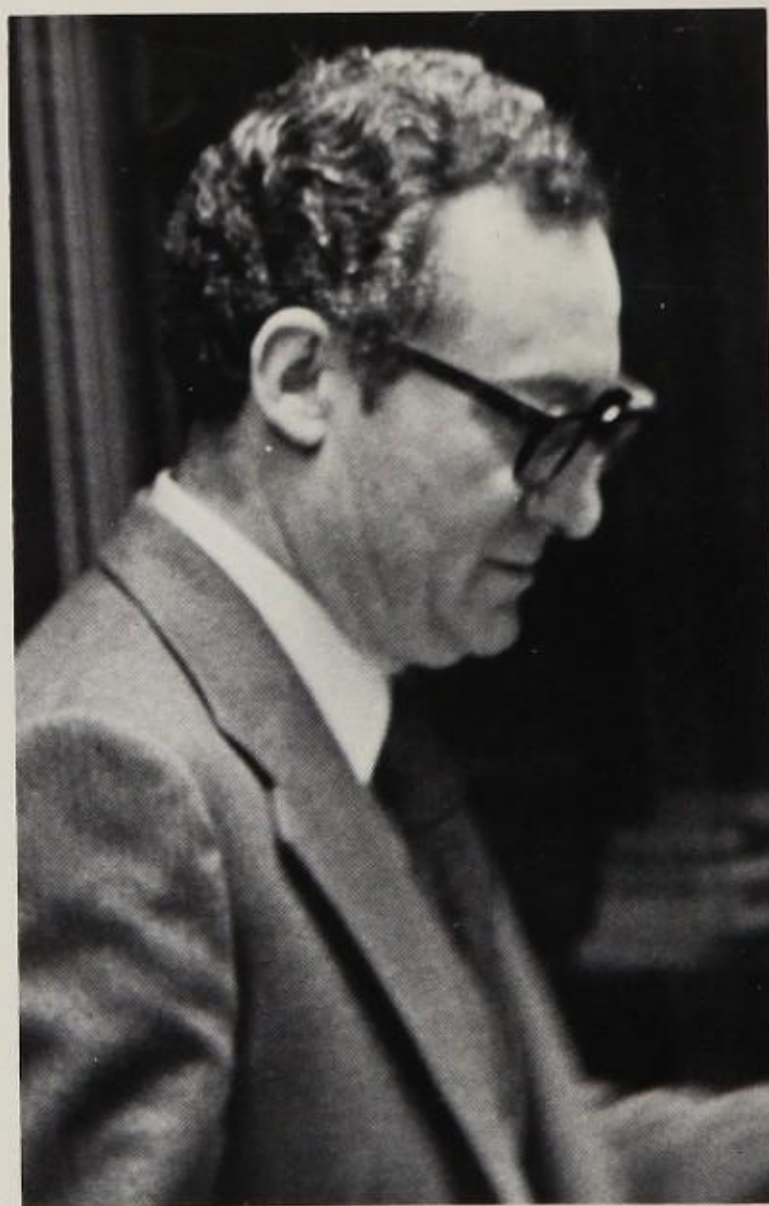
Above all, Mr. Walker is a gentleman. His soft-spoken approach indicates both patience and dedication. The Don makes no pretensions about Spanish being an easy subject. Anyone who has taken Spanish with him in Ninth Grade will recall his legendary watchword: "There is not a moment to waste in First-year Spanish." One thing is certain. He gives the most polite "D-" anyone has ever received.

M. Donald Walker
Chairman

Poor, benighted Henri. He believes when "A snake bites meee, eet dies!" Of course, none of us would agree to such a venomous description. We all appreciate M. Bernier for the loveable little creature he really is. *Souvenez-que Bernier n'est pas vieux, Bernier n'est que Bernier.*

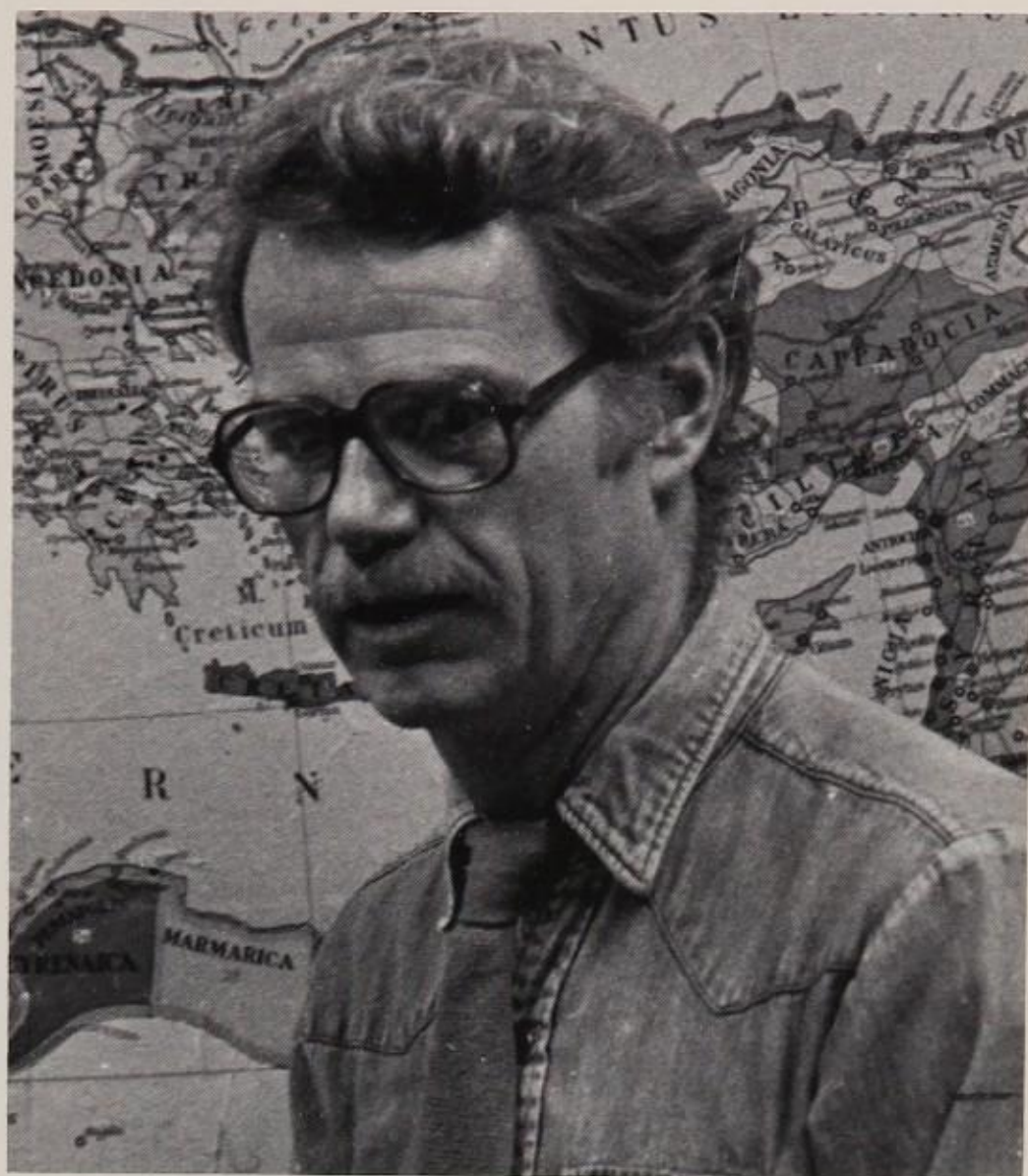
Henri Bernier

LANGUAGE



For some reason, as all first year classics students find out, Mr. Rogers believes his last ditch effort to revive Latin as a spoken language to be successful — ah well, *Non videmus manticae quod in tergo est* (trans. — we all need a dame to drive us insane).

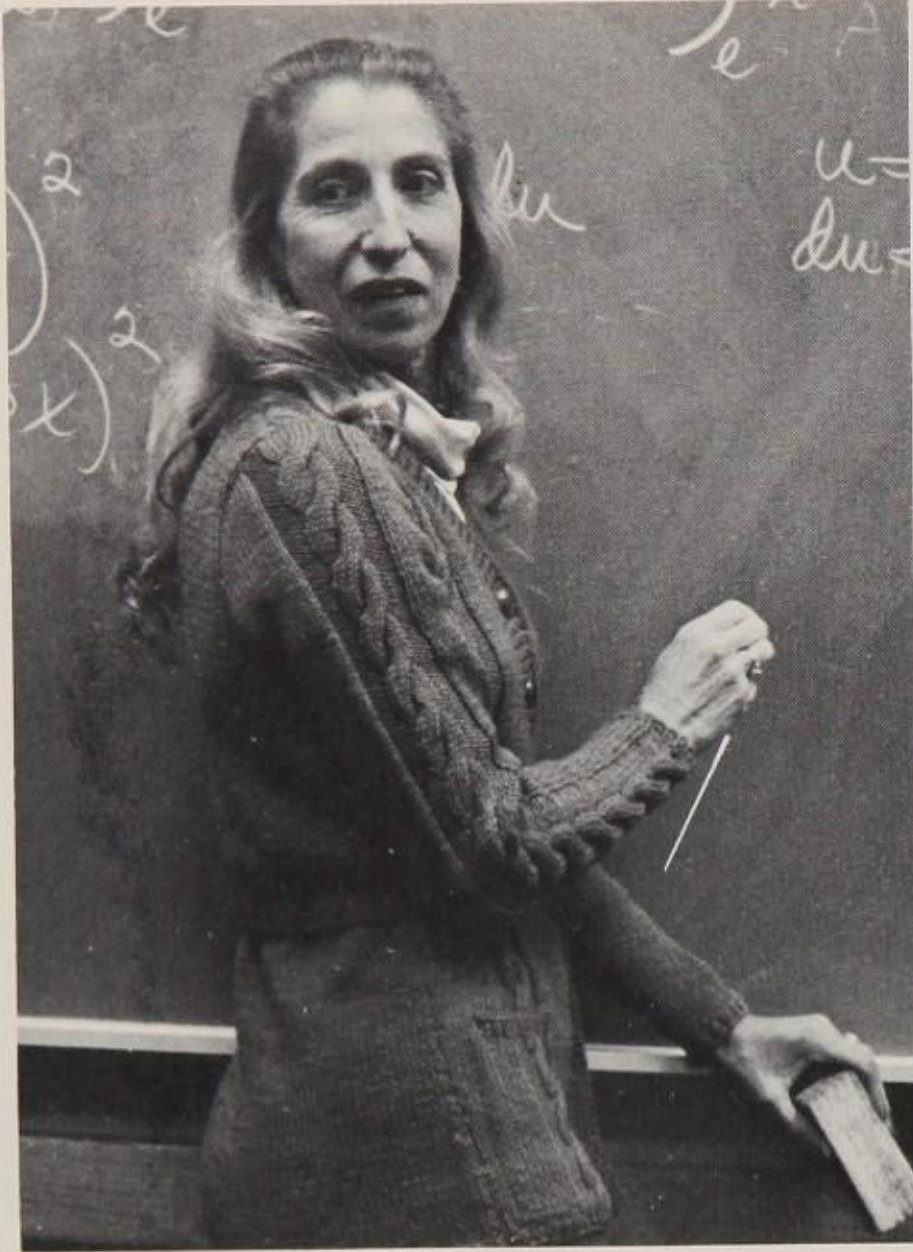
James Rogers



Founder of the fledgling French Club and veteran teacher, Mme. Antonioli is certainly a landmark member of the Language Department. She is a concerned and helpful teacher who needs only to master her balance in announcements' assemblies to become a true all star. Perhaps, the most crucial contribution Mme. Antonioli has made at Collegiate is the new vocabulary of phrases she has created. The best of this group is, of course, "If you want to stay in dees class, takes zeee door and speak it behind you."

Jeannine Antonioli

MATH

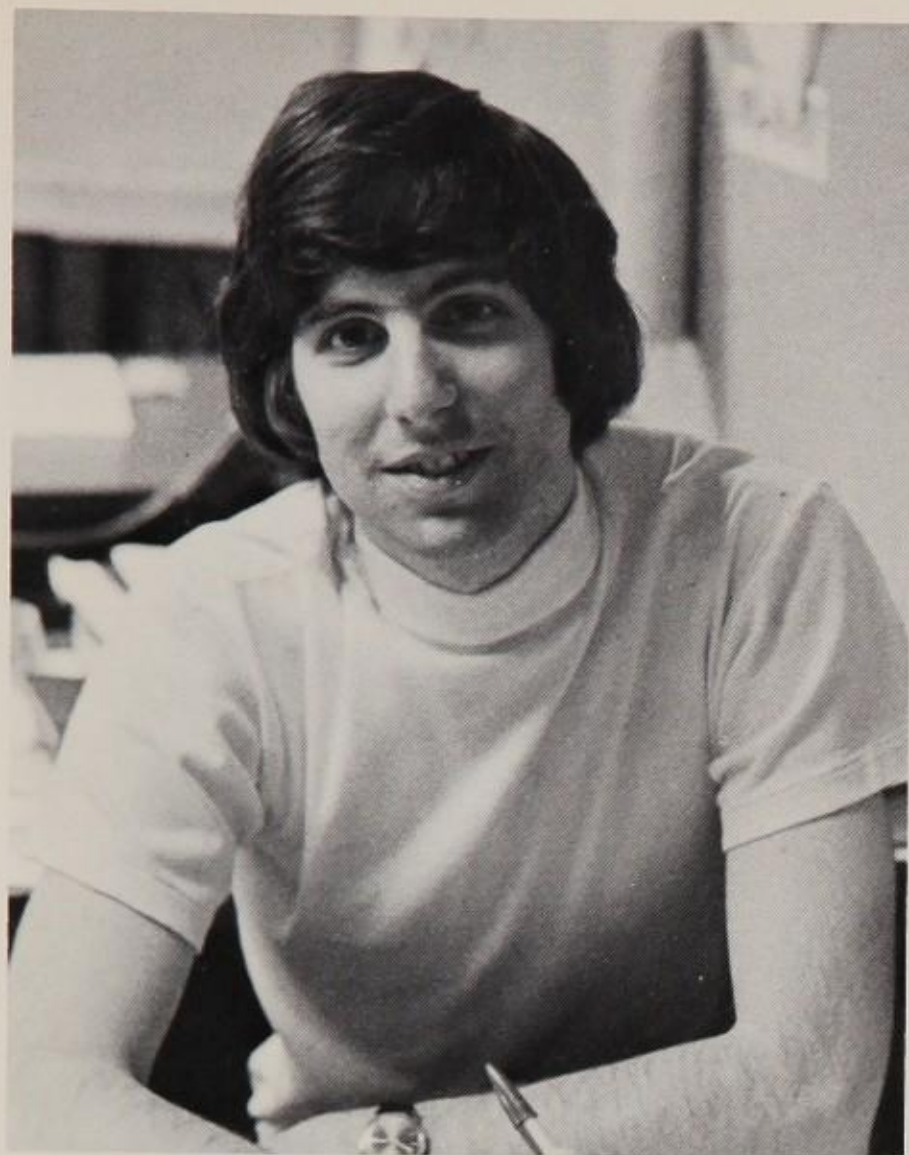


Collegiate students marvel that "It is easier to square the circle than to get out of a Dr. Jenkins' class early." Yet, behind those classroom doors, her students learn more than integration and Mo Kline; Collegiate boys are also the recipients of extremely relevant lessons in Women's Lib and great animals of mathematics.

Elaine Jenkins
Chairman



YES HARRY, TWO PLUS ONE IS THREE.



Quiet. Controlled. Suave. Debonair. Chuck Leiwant, the guy in the Vitalis Commercial. The high plains drifter. Smooth, baby. Obviously knows more than he's saying. What he says makes sense. Cool. Unruffled. Hep. The Joe Willie of the Collegiate Math Team. A leader by example. On the square. A regular guy. We could go on, but this isn't the class of '61. Let's just say that when you get down to the nuts and gritty, old C. L. is the soul of the Math Office. And that's saying a mouthful.

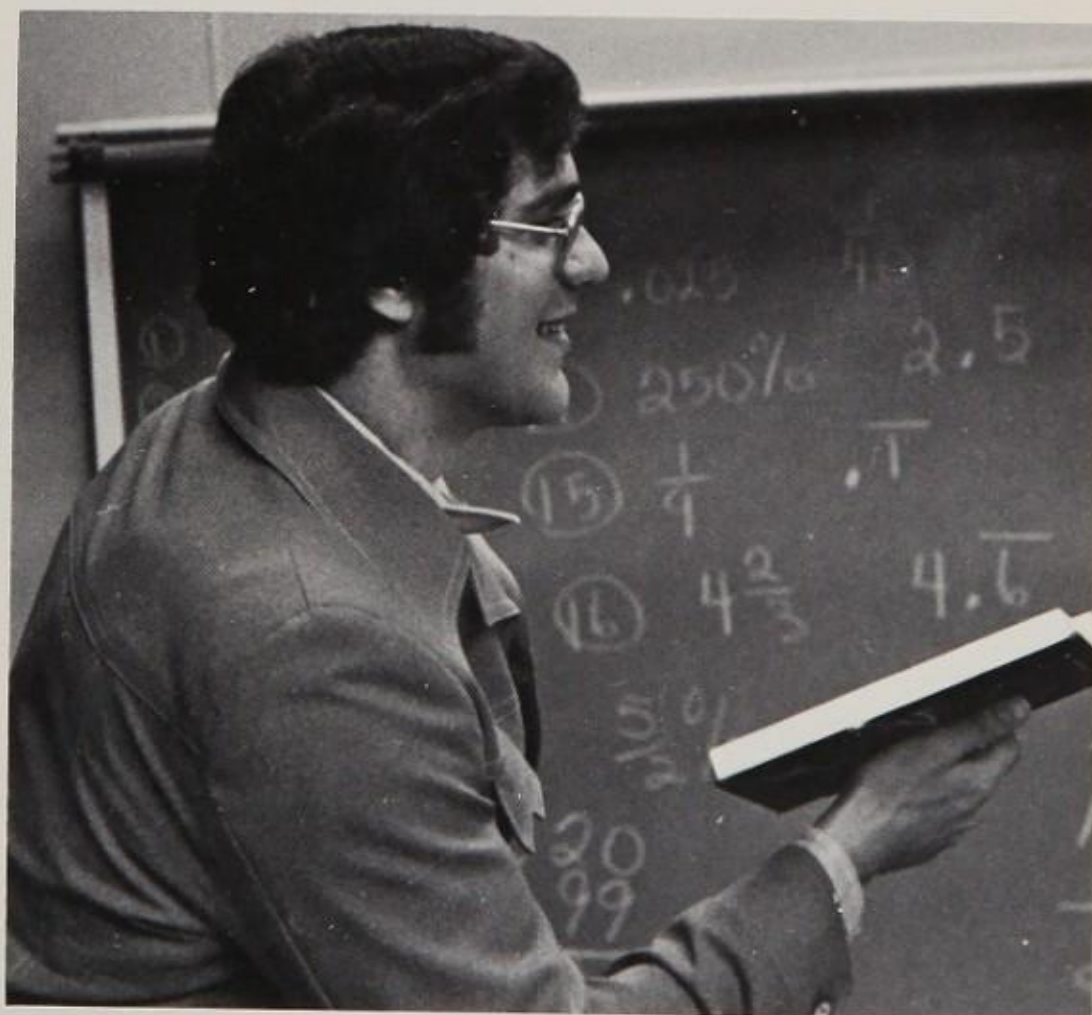
Charles Leiwant

Our feelings towards Mr. Habeeb are thirty percent hard work, forty percent skill, and thirty percent:

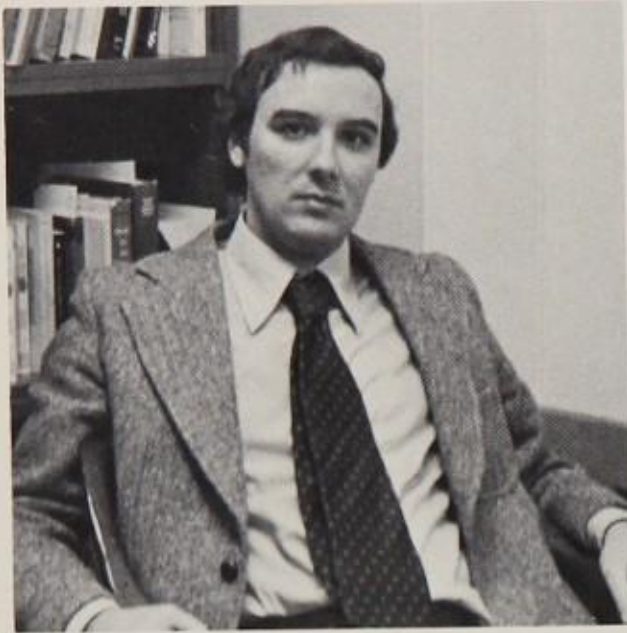
Do, do, do, do, du
Mr. Habeeb,
Do do, do, do, du
Do you know what I mean?
Do, do, do, do, du
Teach me to learn . . .
Do, do, do, do, du
Be my friend!

(Sung to the tune of
"Mississippi Queen")

Gregory Habeeb



SOC. SCI. DEPARTMENT



Massimo Maglione

Dr. Maglione's flapping arms and unremitting smile have alternately alarmed and reassured his concerned students. His wingspan is already part of Collegiate lore. He is a bit naive, though; he still thinks Machiavelli is a nice guy. For fun, ask him about the phases of the Thirty Years War.



Although his attempts to get students to pass him the ball in Phys. Ed. have proved futile, Dr. Clarke has made his mark in other ways. He has begun respectively: The Black Turtleneck Society, The Ming EnChen Fan Club, The Friends of Thomas Bailey Association, and countless other groups that have sprung up under his influence. Years of study under Professor Abernethy have obviously rendered him strong and unflappable. How else could he endure the Baltimore Orioles' outfield? Hats off to this remarkable stoic.



Ryland Clarke
Chairman

As college deadlines grow nearer, Mr. Breimer's importance
in a student's life grows larger . . .

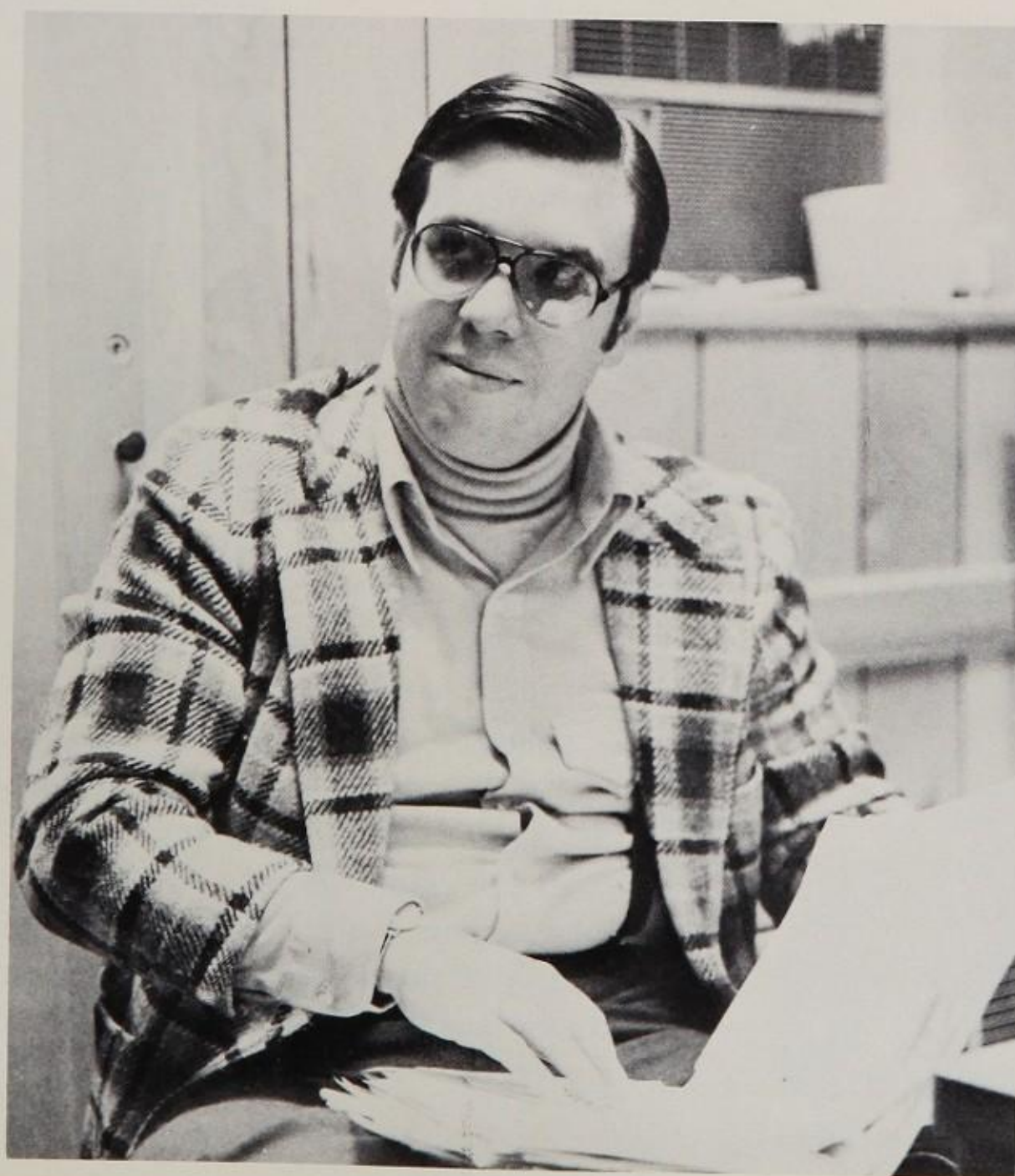
September . . .



November . . .

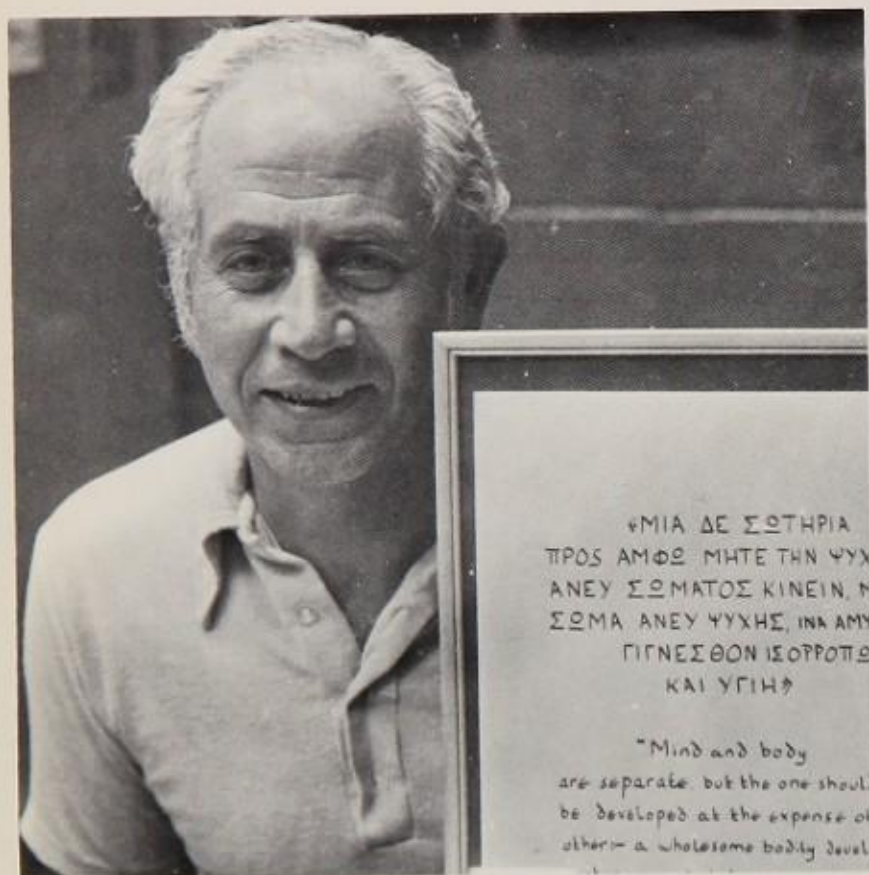


January . . .



Bruce
Breimer

PHYSICAL EDUCATION



The "Silver Fox" is primarily known to students through athletics. However, the master of Gymkhana also teaches Greek history, and his Greco-Blues harp work shows a definite musical inclination. Someday, we'll get used to his radio in the locker room every morning. Until then we'll follow the words of the Greek philosopher, and we'll go into the shower, cut our feet, and go home.

Vassili Attaliades
Director

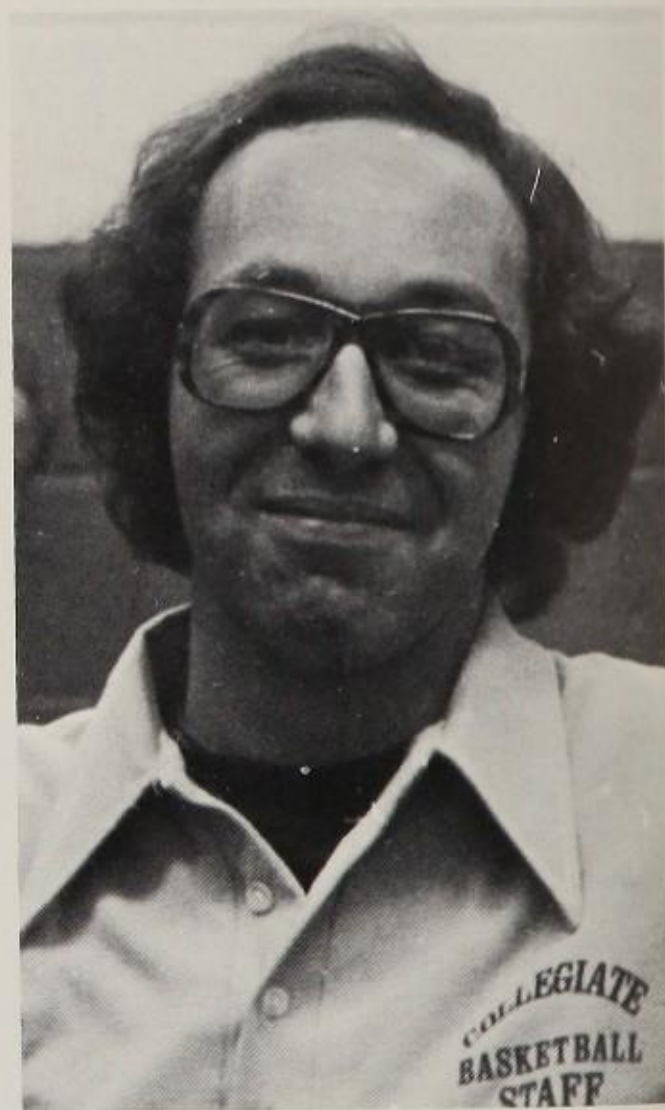
"Left hand, left side" yells fiery coach Jeff Nerenberg constantly during a typical J.V. Basketball practice. This soft-talkin', water bottle throwin' sportsman is Collegiate's closest thing to coach Cleets. Mr. Nerenberg, in addition, is the very successful coach of the varsity tennis team.

Jeffrey Nerenberg



Here is a picture of Larry Byrnes lecturing his players on letting the opponent "pull up for the jump — err. The jump — errr!" Byrnes, one of the most verbal — make that loquacious — members of the Phys-Ed Department, is largely responsible for turning the varsity basketball team into the maniacal wrecking crew it has become.

Lawrence Byrnes





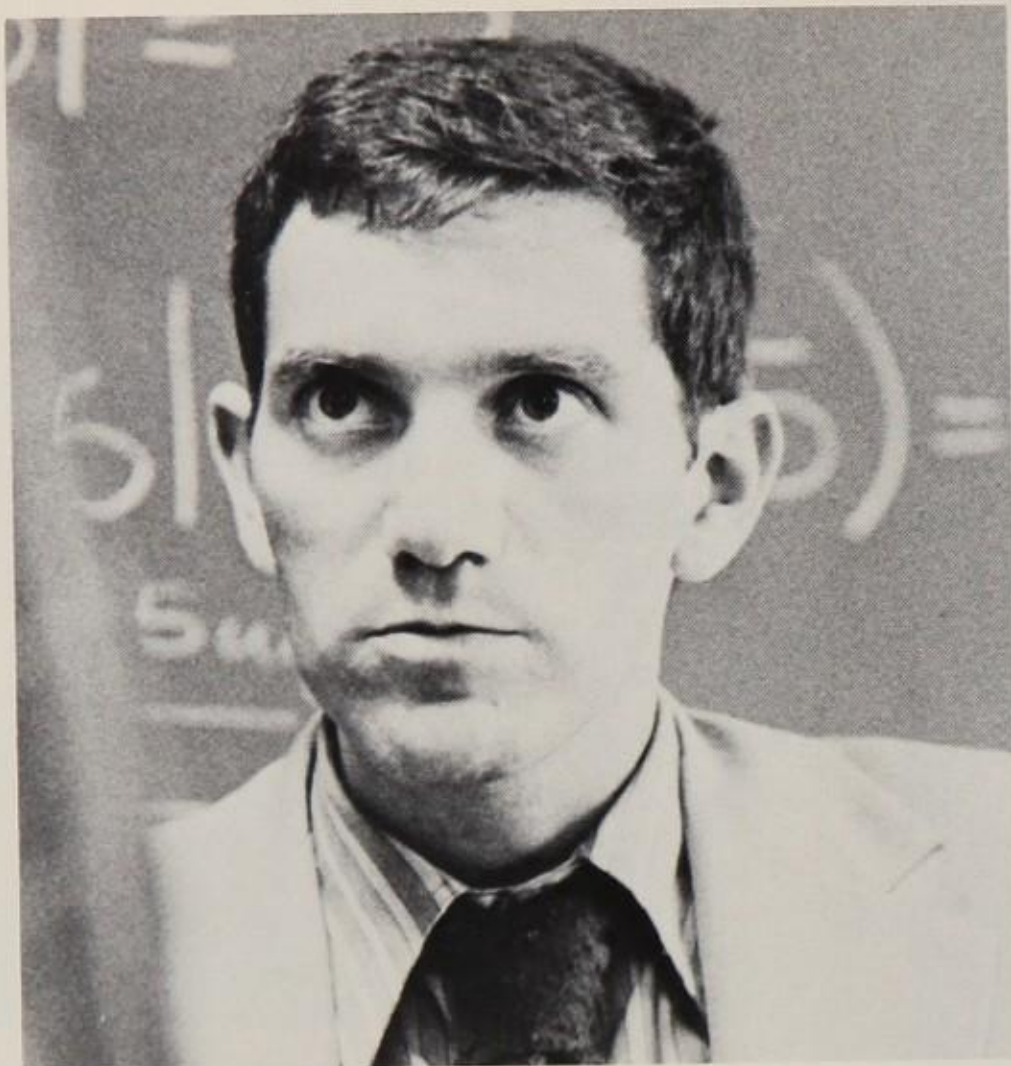
Mr. Calano seems to live for three things: his J.V. soccer team, which is inevitably better than the varsity; the illustrious Intramural Hockey League; and Geoff Jones, his lone advisee. He is a fine Phys Ed instructor, all purpose coach, and master of time, space, and reality.

George Calano

Mr. Rogers is the man responsible for the Collegiate wrestling team as well as countless Phys-Ed periods. He complains about being interviewed too many times for his expert commentary on his various teams. Mr. Rogers is an expert volleyball player who brings spirit — or something — to his job.

Stanley Rogers





Mr. Colucci commutes every day from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to New York, so he must be very tired.

Anthony Colucci

SCIENCE

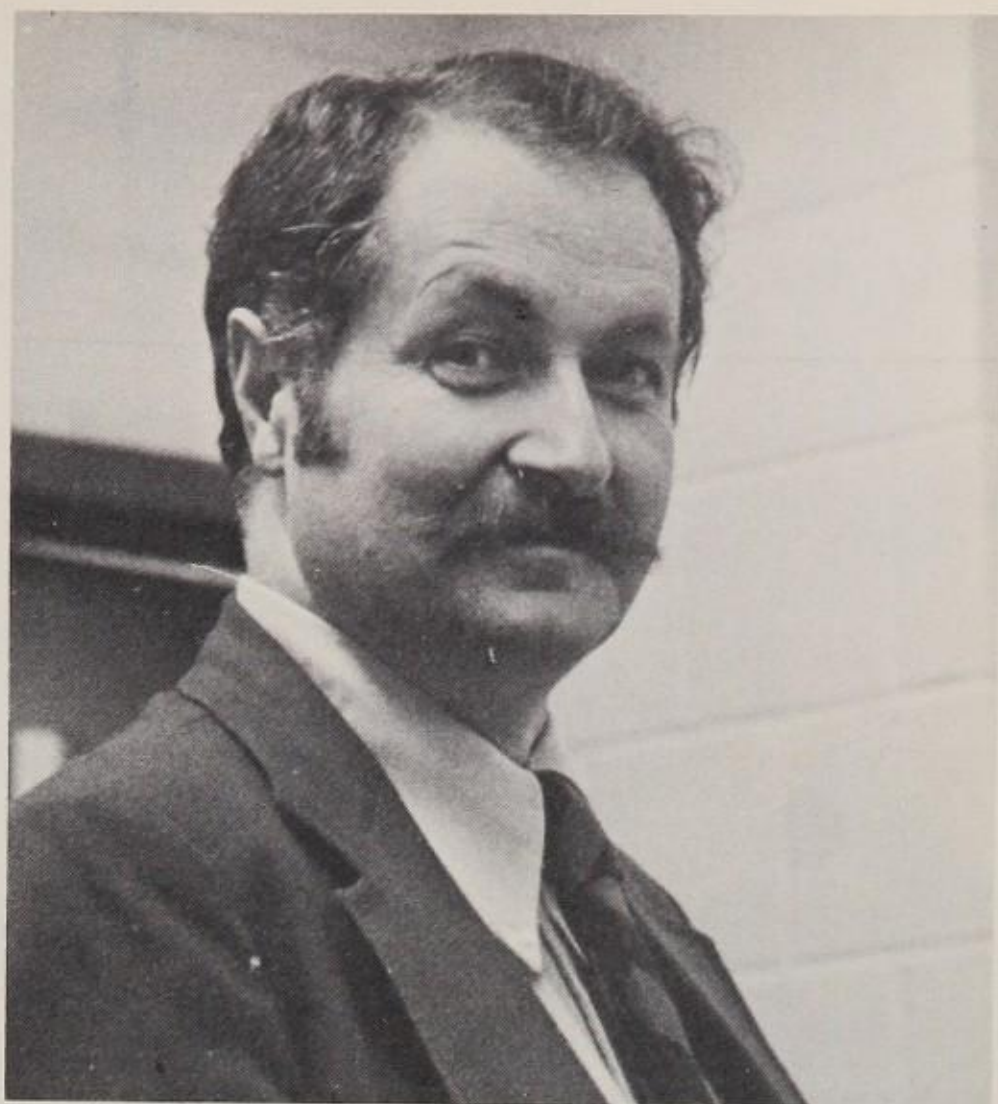
On sabbatical this year from (gasp, ugh) Riverdale, H.S., Ms. Simon is here as a visiting teacher. Students received her with “guarded optimism” for fear that she might conform to the “Oh haaay maaan” Riverdale stereotype. Unluckily she leaves next year.

Toni Simon



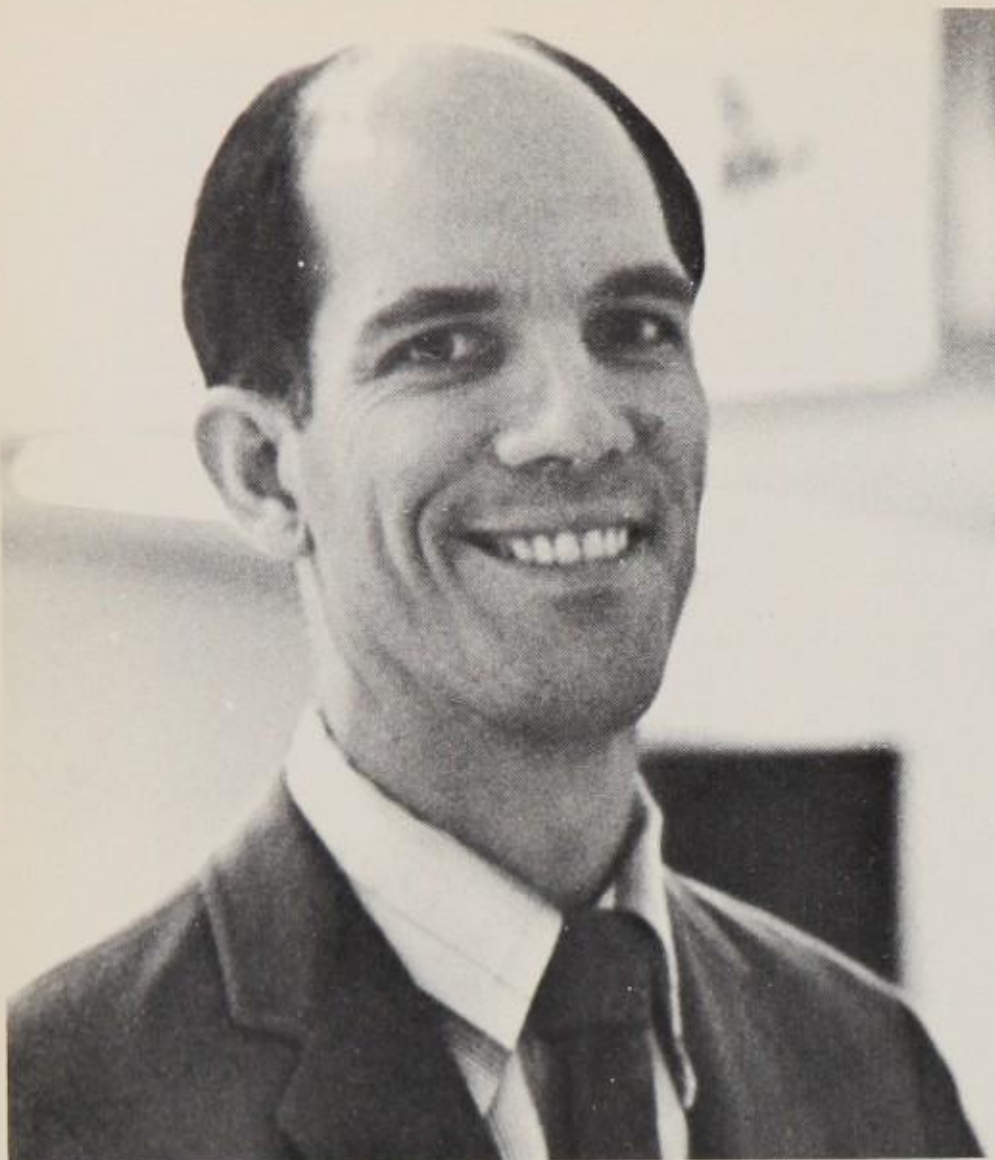
As any student who had graduated from his "rocks for jocks" course will tell you, Mr. Lothrop is a man of humor and imagination, clad in sturdy hiking boots. We see him not only as a purveyor of academics, but as a man of adventure and experience as well. He has this uncanny knack for recalling obscure analogies; often these analogies may seem obscure, but whether they pertain to the subject matter or not, his elaborate tales help make science seem a little less painful for all involved.

Eaton Lothrop
Chairman



A rookie this year, Ms. Lewis is a promising prospect for the future. In the seasons to come she should be watched for that subtle sense of humor and for her amazing ability to snatch a projectile in mid-flight.

Lorna Lewis



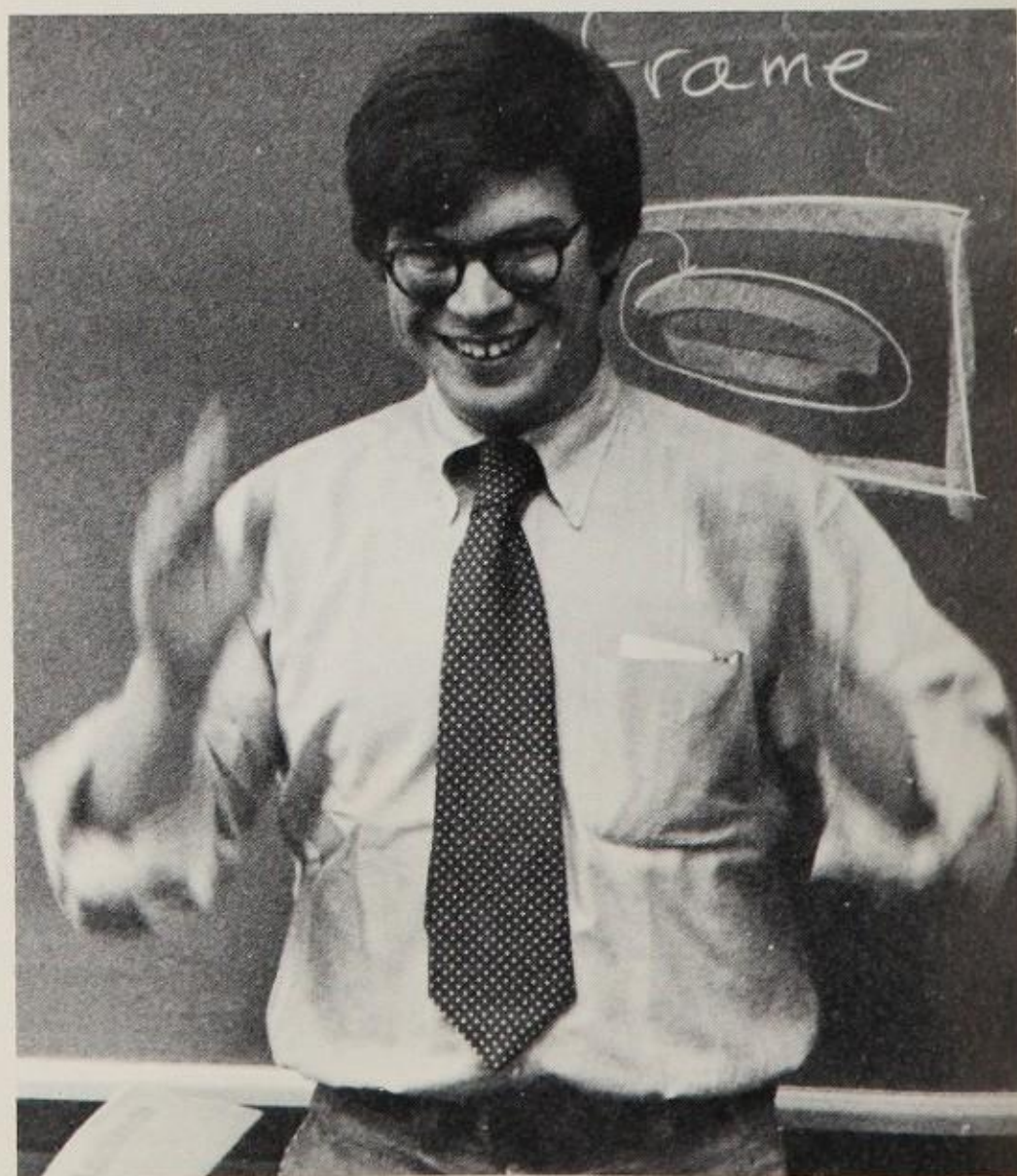
This soft-spoken and good natured soul is a fixture at Convocations and a fine softball player besides. The dapper Chaplain glides unobtrusively around school, spreading warmth and quiet humor wherever he goes. His patience is admirable when you consider that he teaches three Ninth Grade classes a week. It's a marvel that his smile hasn't withered by now.

Kenneth Gorsuch

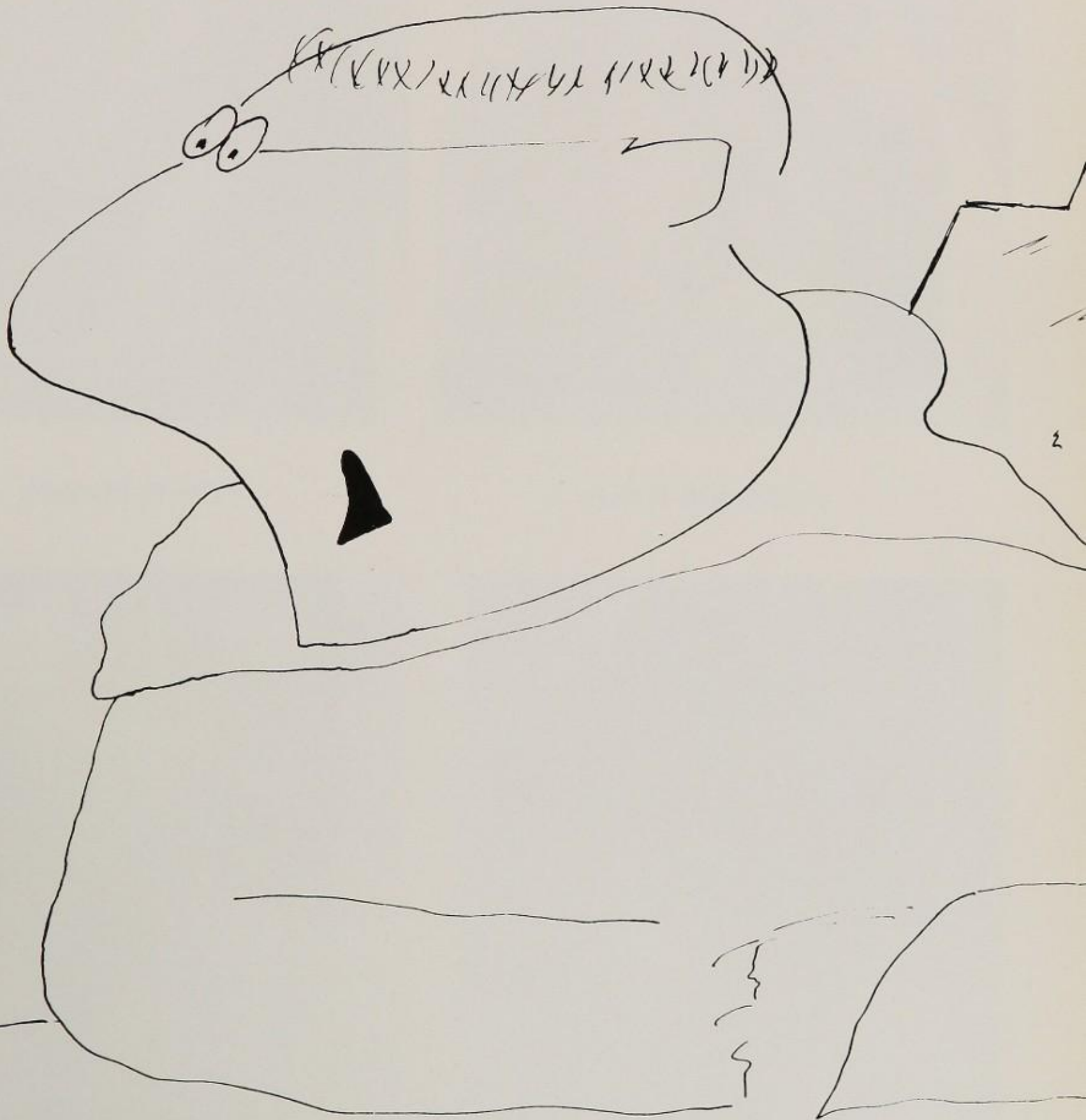
RELIGION

Our devoted "all-purpose" teacher, Mr. Trower, or "the Mouse" as he is affectionately known, enlightens willing students with his classes ranging from the art of sex to the art of philosophy. But do not be deceived by that giggling, blushing veneer, for behind those tinted specs lurks a real devil who has been known to ruin an unsuspecting student's summer vacation by returning a mid-year exam.

David R. Trower



ADMINISTRATION

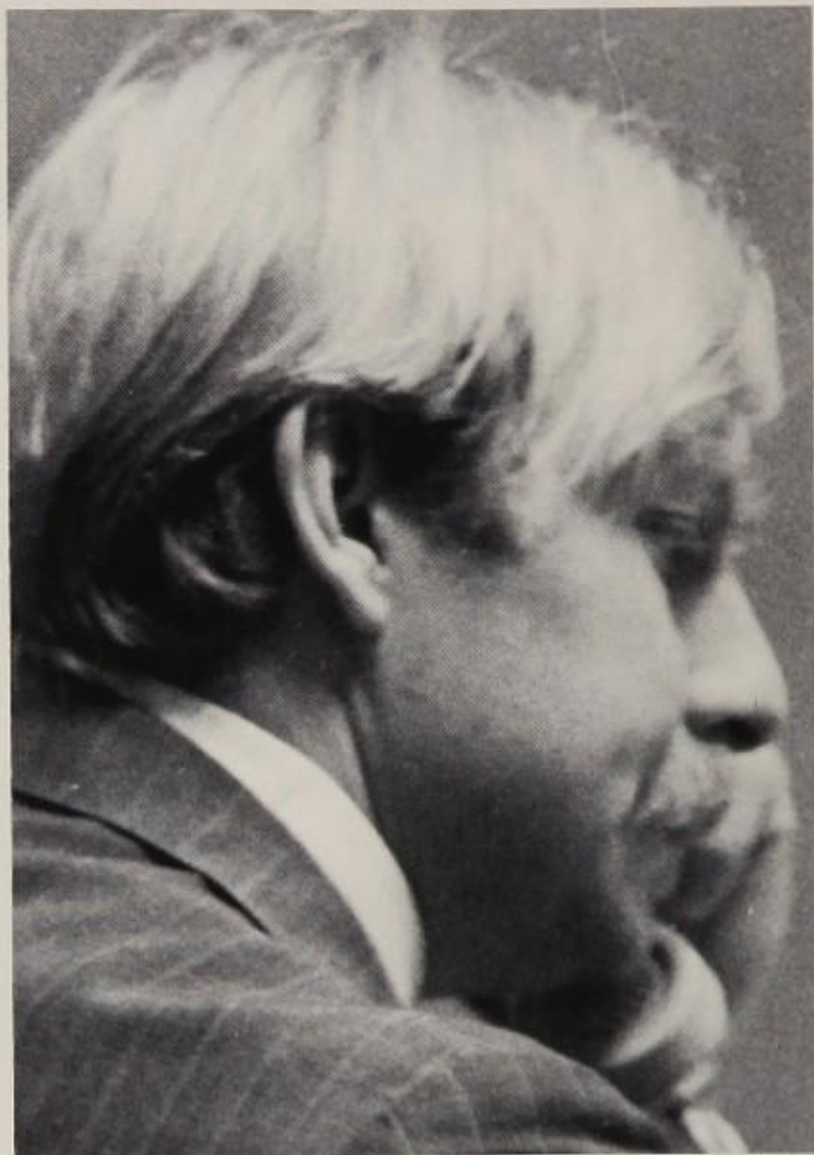


"ADMINISTRATION! ADMINISTRATION! THAT'S WHAT WE NEED!
MORE ADMINISTRATION"

ADMINISTRATION



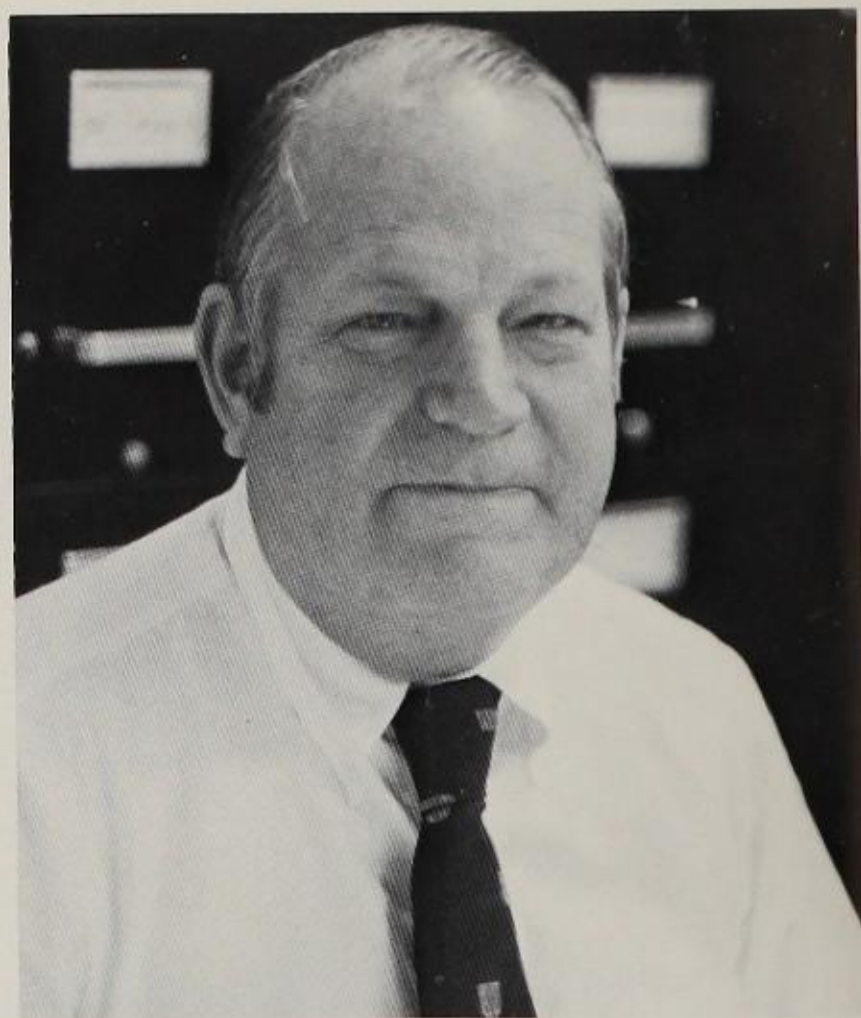
Dorothy Harris



David Mallison



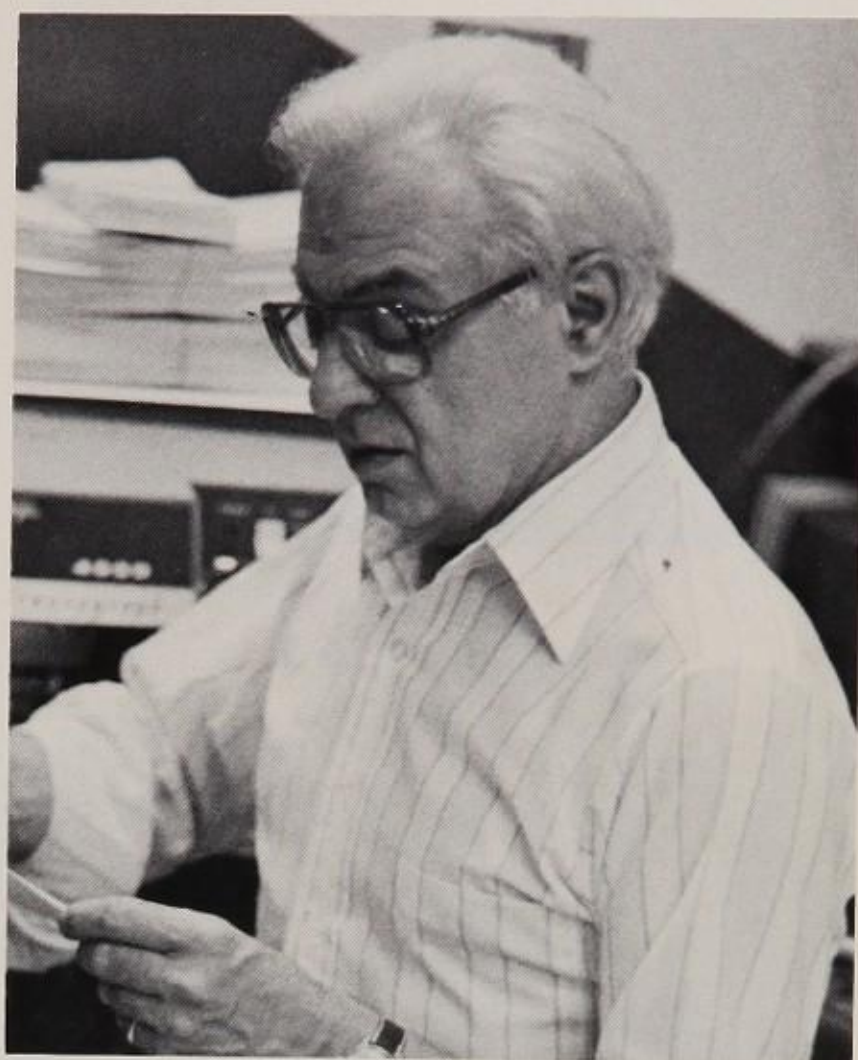
Lynne Vellek



Charles Cook



Eugenie Conklin



Gilbert Vieira



Ethel Mershon



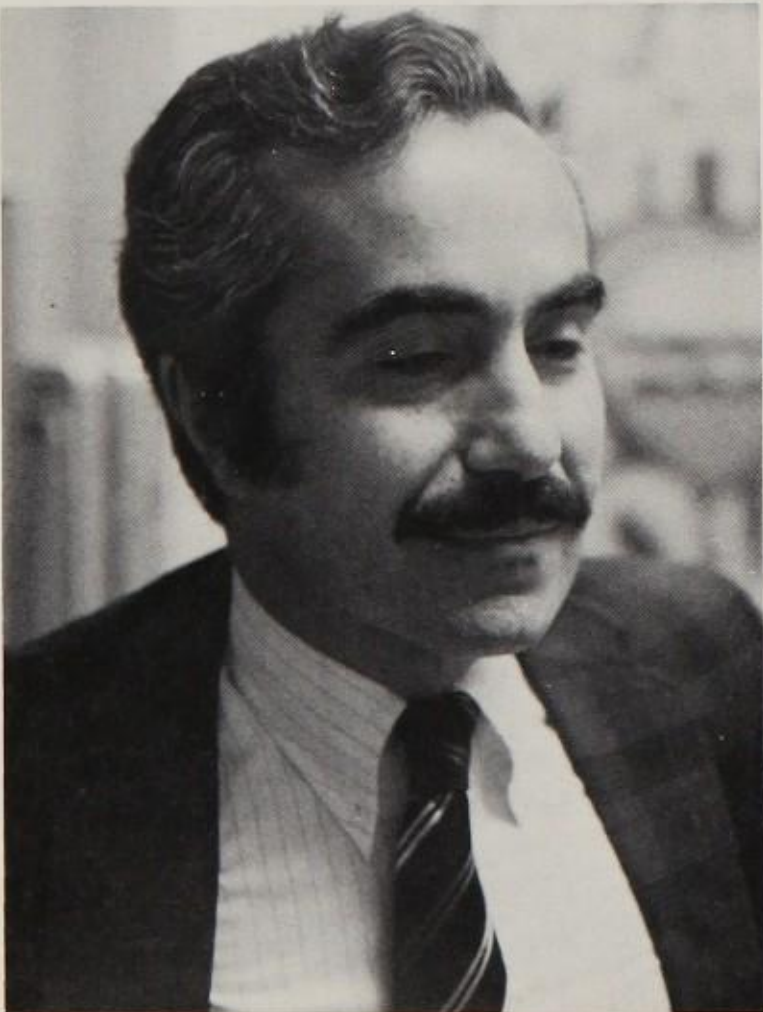
Joseph Doyer



Zen Corredor



Jean Toedter



George Dermksian



Beverly
Zarling



Josephine
Bruno



Eleanor
Shearer



Eileen
Bradley



Helen
Birnbach

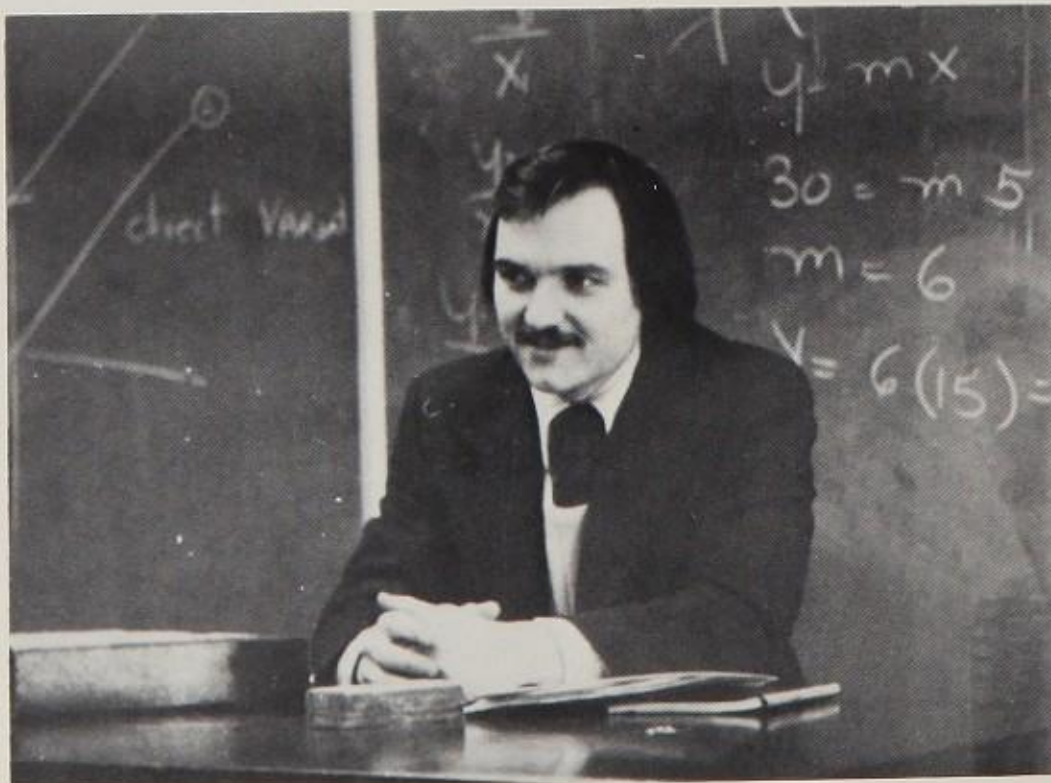


Mr. Gregory Cukor
Director of Admissions

MISSING PERSONS



Samuel Pimentel
Maintenance Staff

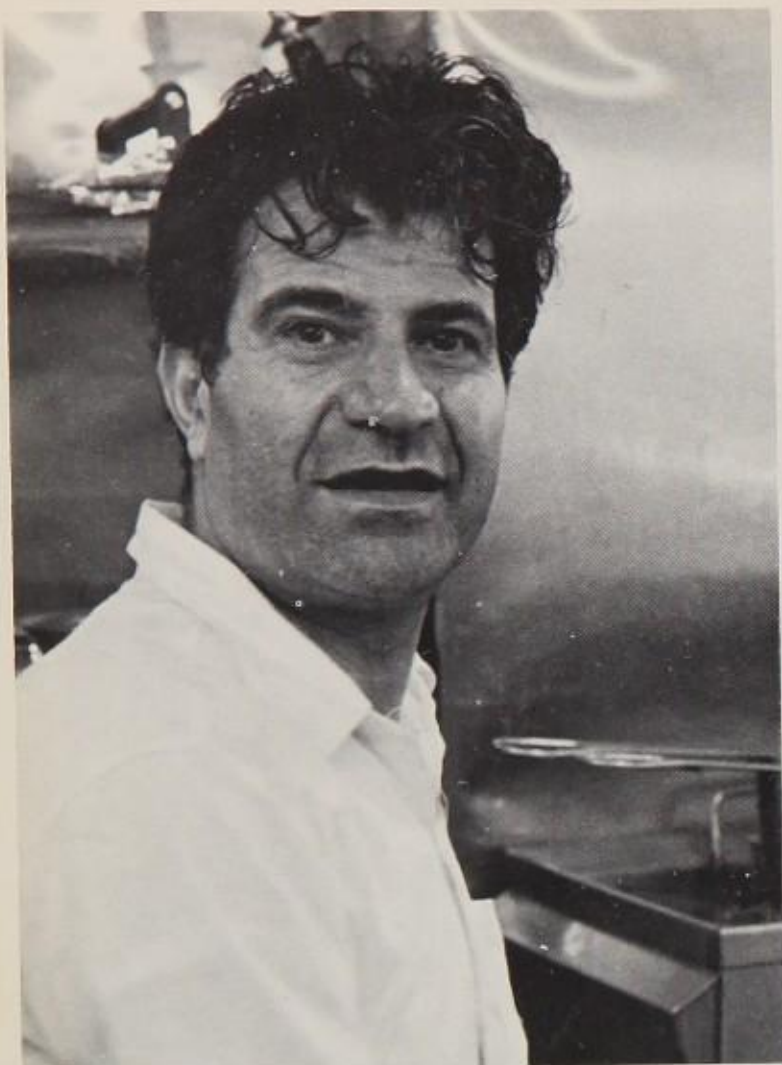


Richard F. Marter
Science Department

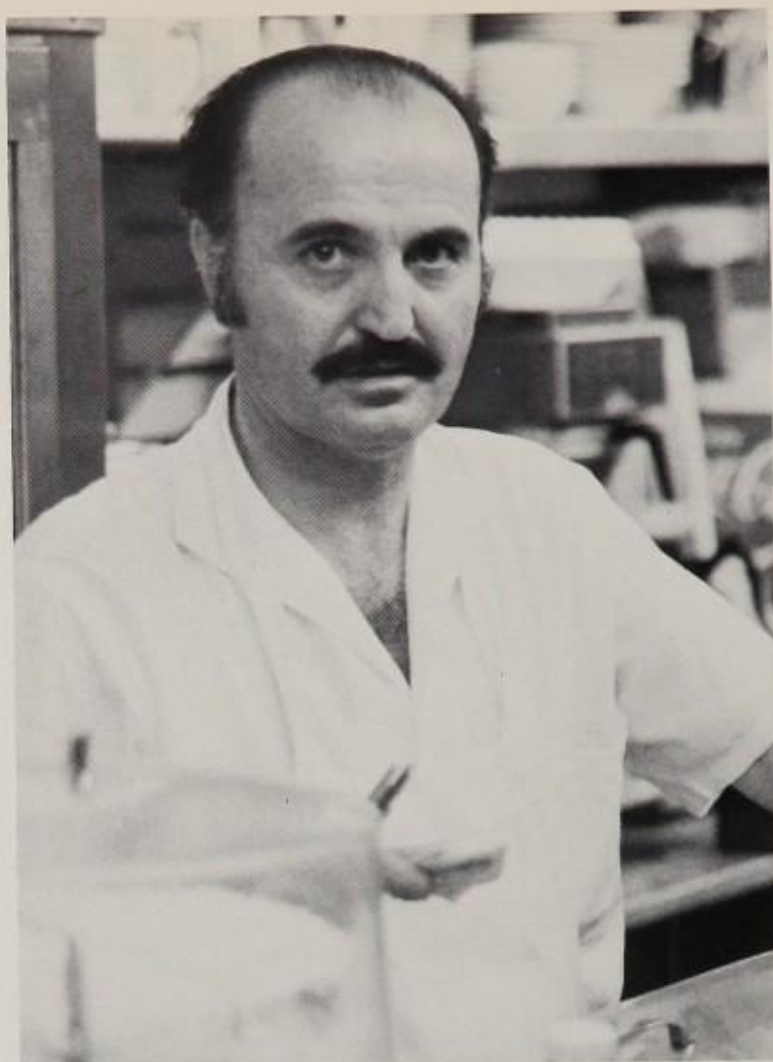


Marion McGee, Louvenia Anderson, John Scales, Joyce Barthelemy, Lonnie Brown. MISSING: Curtis Walker, Thelma Green, Elizabeth Bristow.

KITCHEN STAFF



Andy

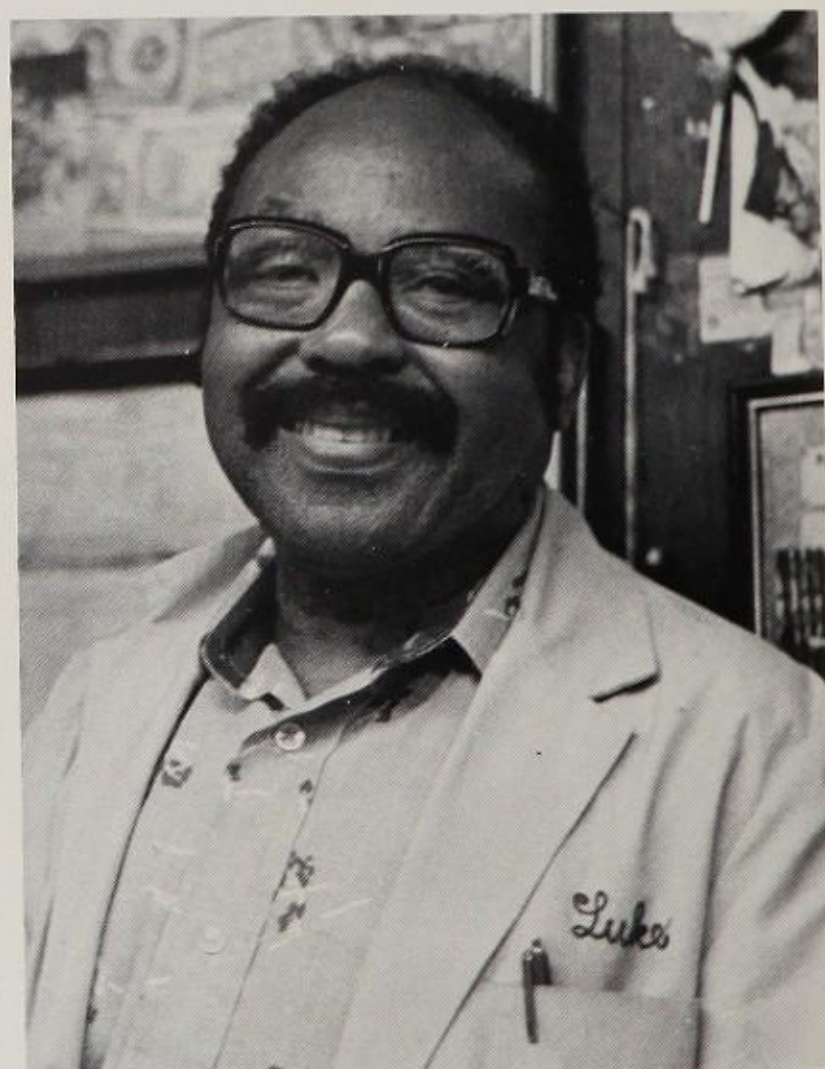


Tom

BURGER JOINT



Johnny

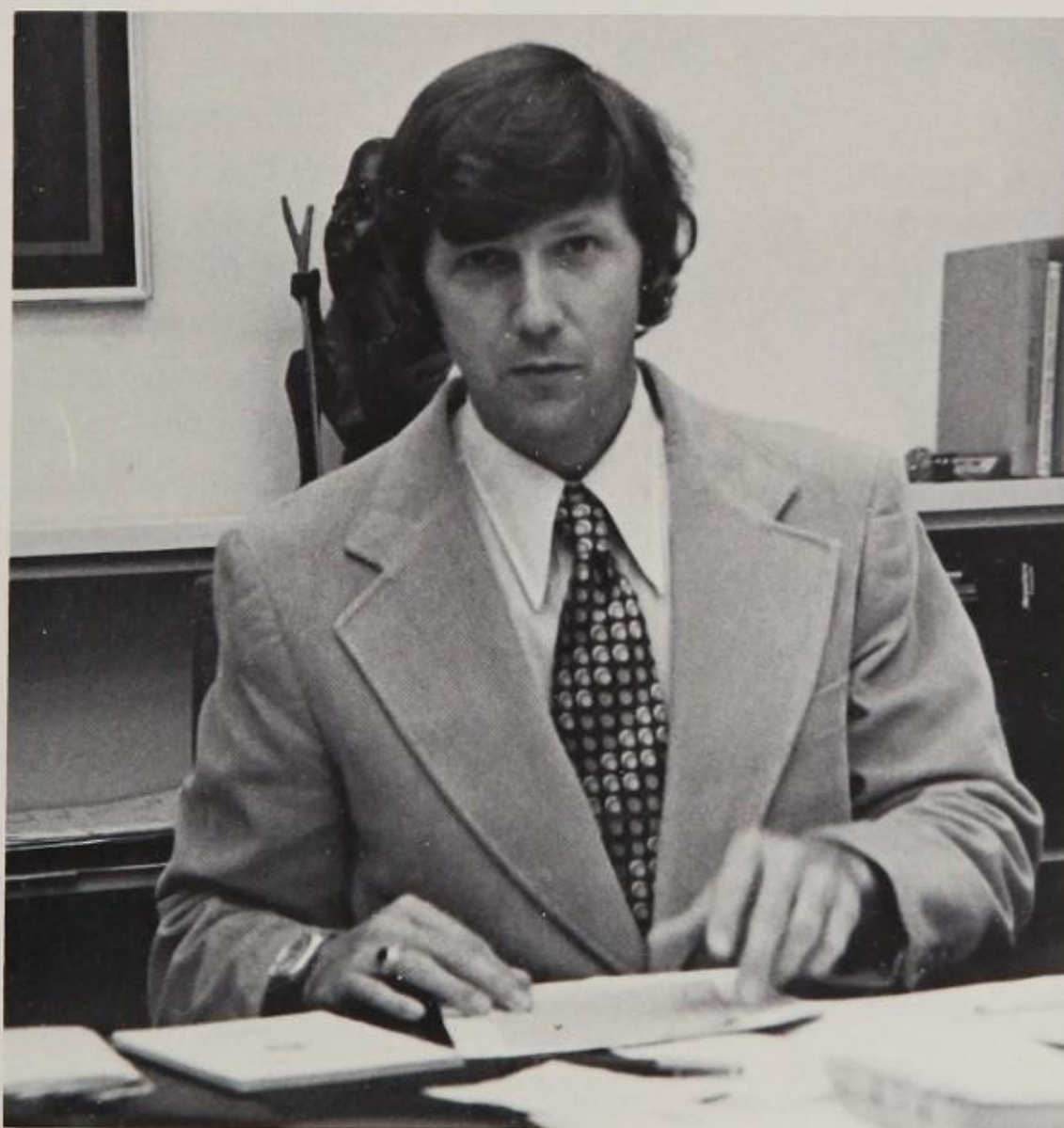


Luke

Hugh Burgess
Head of Upper School



Richard Barter
Headmaster





SAMUEL PIMENTEL

TRIBUTE

Just short of ten years ago, when the new building was actually new, and most of the present senior class thought of twelfth grade as part of their distant future, Samuel Pimentel, who had recently arrived from the Dominican Republic, joined us at Collegiate.

Sammy became a key figure in maintaining the school as a place in which we can all work and learn. He attends to all the practical problems both large and small that the students and faculty rarely bother to think about.

For most students here, however, Sammy has been more than just a face one passes in the halls. His quiet friendliness has affected even the most indifferent of students. His patience and tolerance when driving a busful of rowdy and noisy Middle School soccer and football players is no less than astonishing. Long after a faculty member has been exasperated by the antics of spirited youth, Sam remains understanding. He also lends the school his moral support — when asked, he doesn't hesitate to express his enthusiasm about the baseball team.

Most important, however, Sammy shows faith and interest in us as people. As members of the Senior Class, we will remember Sammy Pimentel for more than just a job well done.

TRIBUTES



CAROLE
BARR

Last spring, the Collegiate community lost one of its most vital members. While we were happy for Carole Barr because she was being married, we were also saddened by her departure.

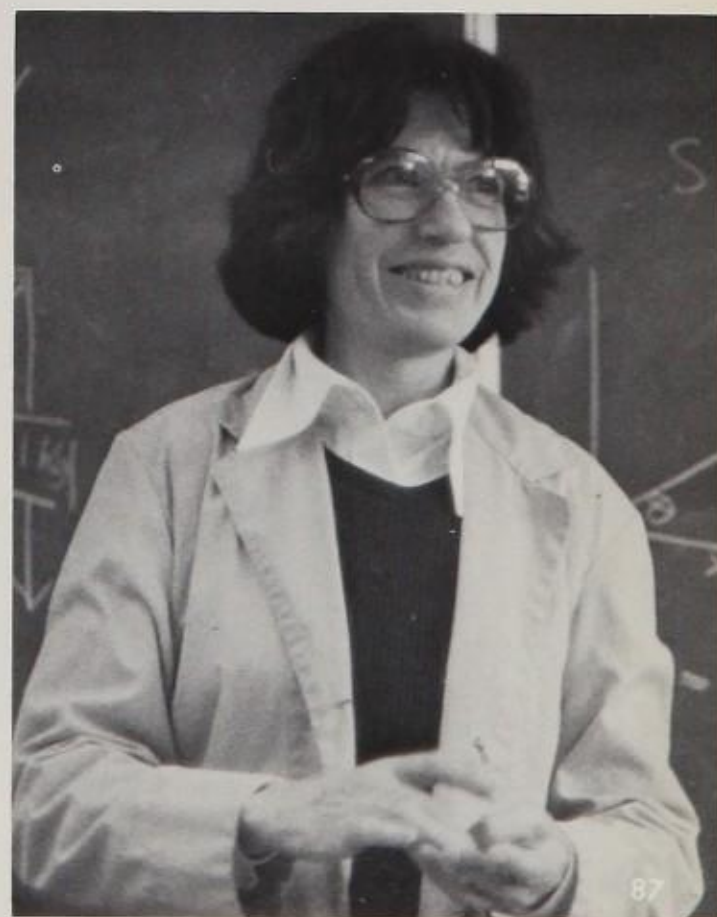
During her six years at the school, she was as much our friend as our teacher. She was always willing to help, whether this help came in the form of explaining something to a student after class, going to bat for the student against the administration, or serving as chairperson of the Senior Projects Committee. Thus, it goes without saying that she was kind to animals. She was constantly involved in special events at school, as shown by her numerous appearances in Collegiate drama productions.

However, her most admirable qualities were her sense of humor and her ability to put everything in perspective. Her classroom style was always lively and her lectures were punctuated regularly by such expressions as "Oh my word! Would you believe?" and "Oh you're brilliant." She also was able to understand the relative importance of her subject to the students she was teaching. As we leave Collegiate we will want to take with us the ability to laugh at ourselves which we learned from Miss Carole Barr.

KRISTIN
GALLAGHER

In all that she has done at Collegiate, Kristin Gallagher has been remarkable for her understanding of the high school student's dilemma. To those of us who have learned from her in Physics, Chemistry, and Math, she has been not only an uncommonly fine teacher, but she also brought a very human sense of perspective to her work. For Mrs. Gallagher, the imperative has never been to glorify her own courses to the exclusion of all others, but rather for her students to derive something more from them: some fun, a little intellectual excitement, or a little insight into the purpose of learning. To those who sought them out, her personality and her advice were always rewarding.

Now Kris Gallagher has moved on, as many teachers do, to bigger and better things. She will be missed for her brilliance, her enthusiasm, and the sense of excitement she brought to each of her students.



MISSING PERSONS



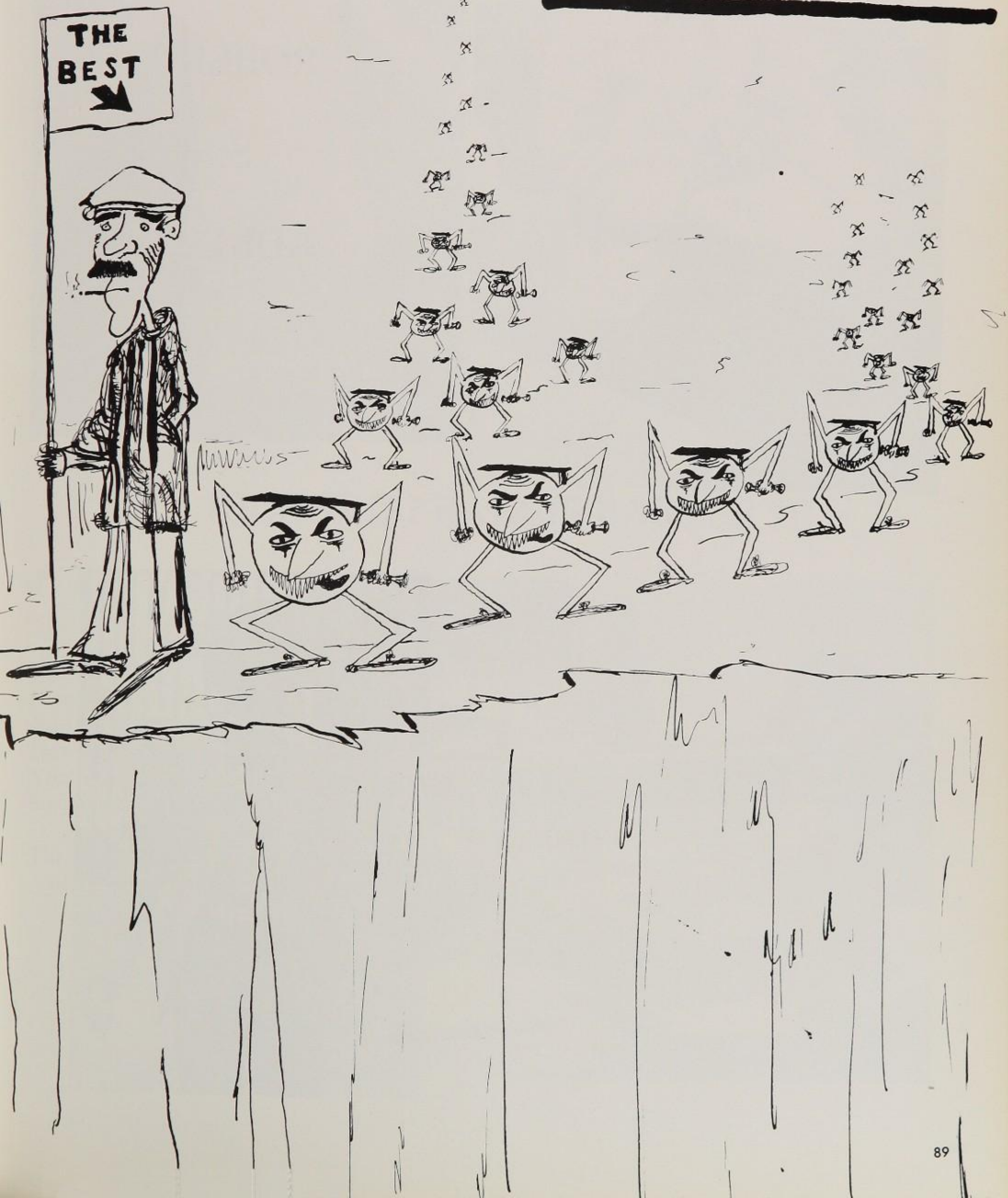
Madeline Muscanto
French Tutor

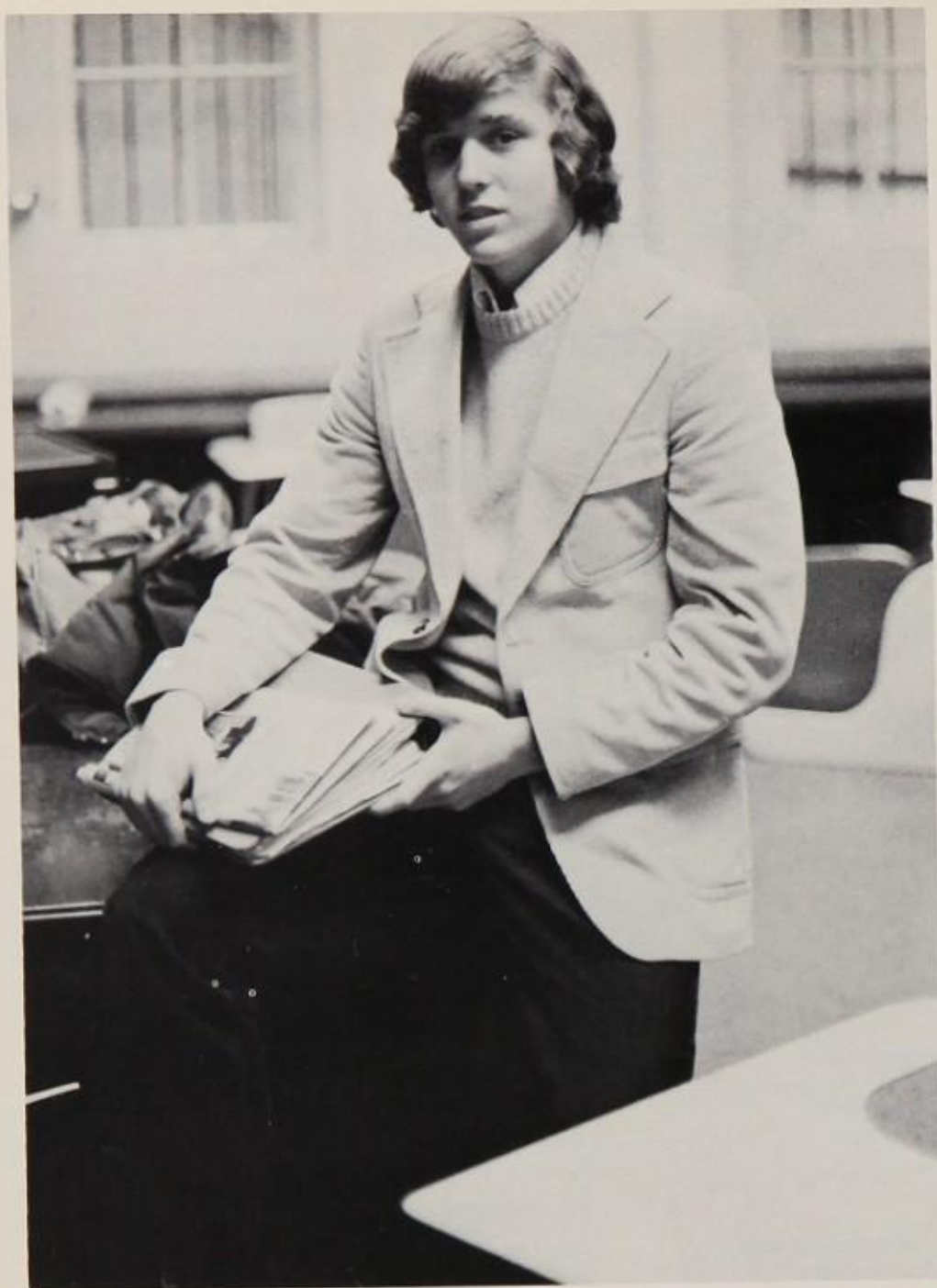


Maria Konovaloff
Librarian



SENIORS





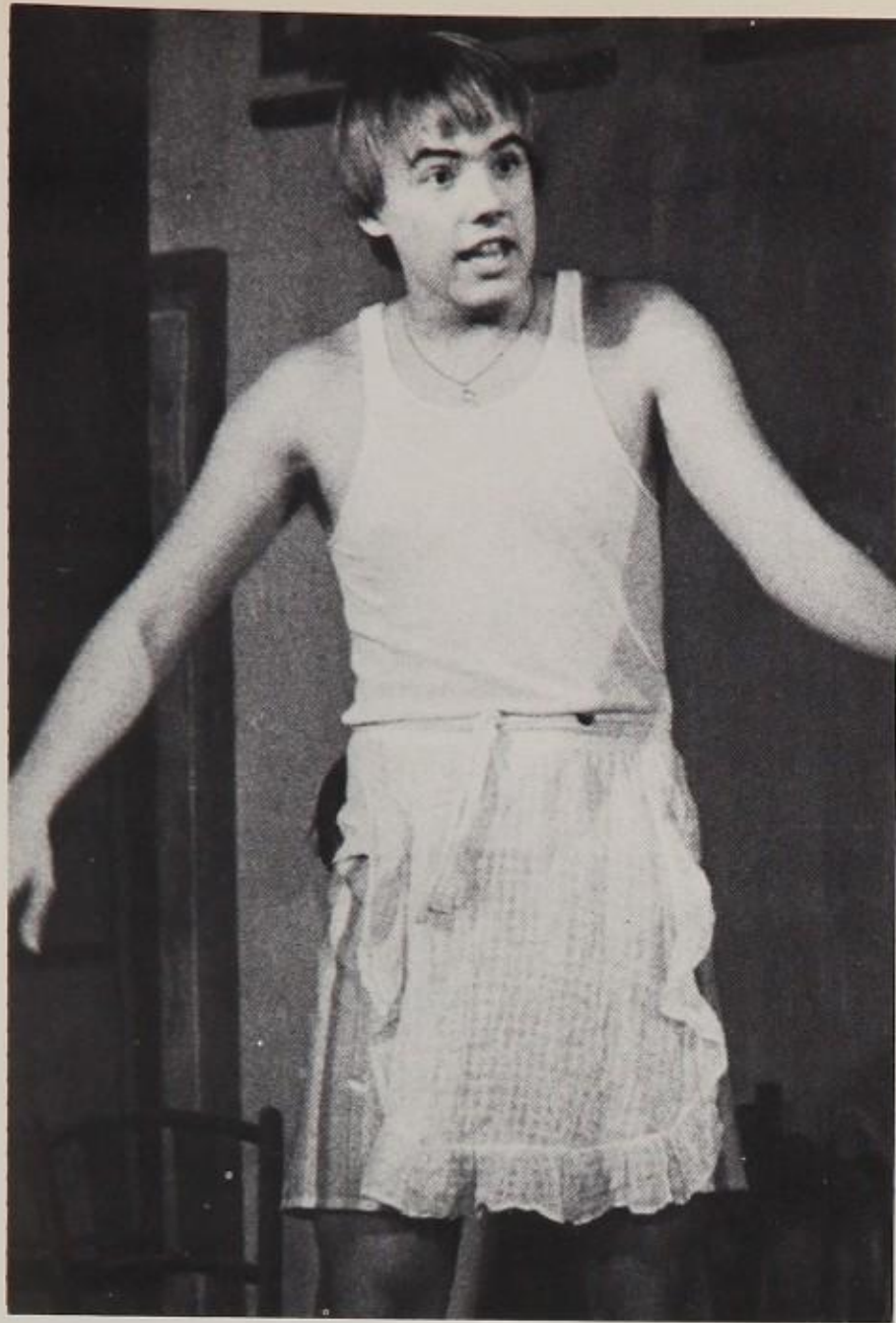
ROBERT

S.

ADRIAN

No tema ir despacio
sólo tema quedar inmóvil . . .





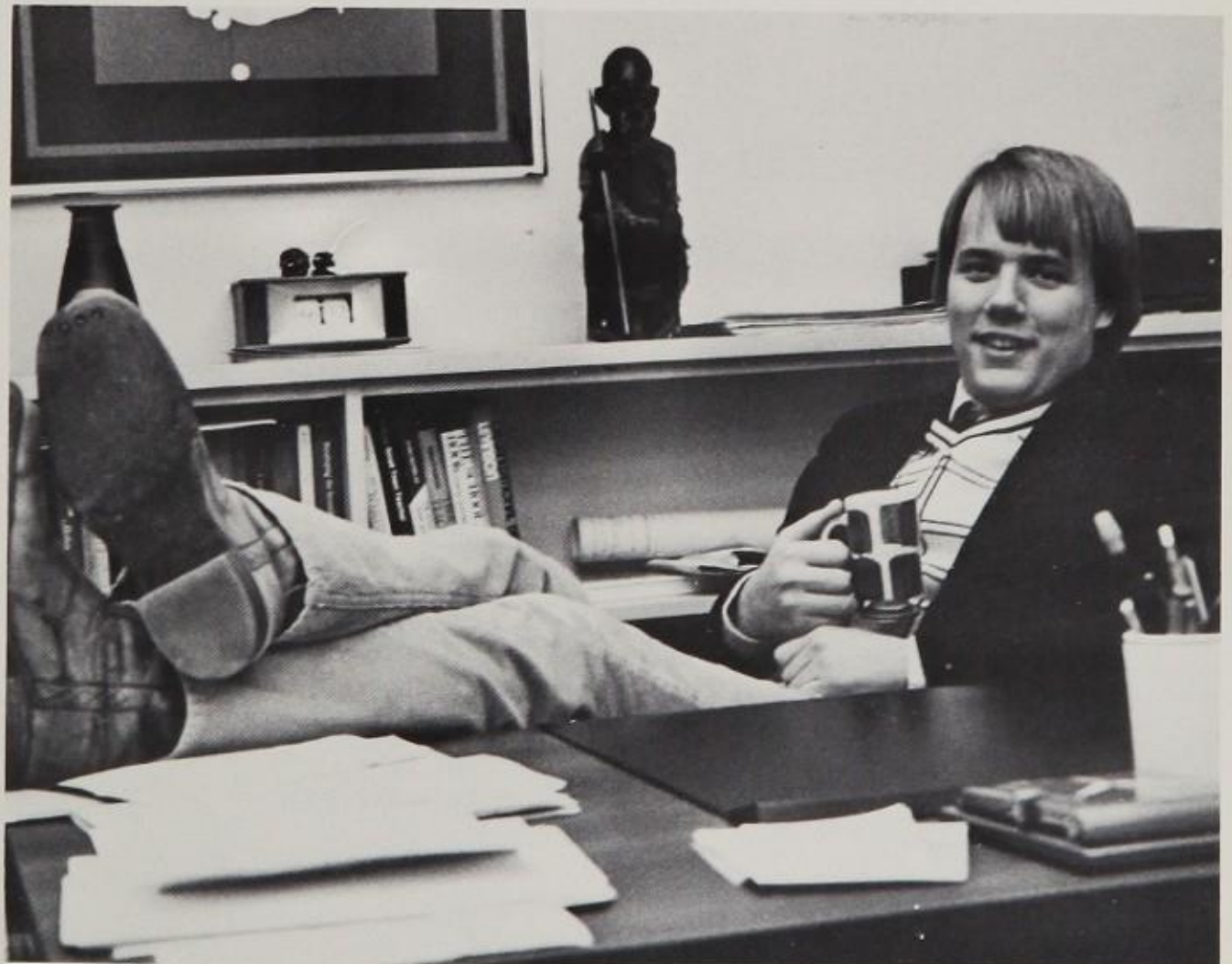
Nothing had ever prepared me for New York that morning . . . I mean, we'd read Thomas Wolfe and the *New Yorker* and passed up Football for Milton Cross and the Met, but when I looked across the river, I knew that New Yorkers could be born anywhere . . . then find home . . . I knew that the city had chosen me.

The New York Experience

RICHARD FRANCIS BARTER JR.

Life's a ball,
If only you know it.
And it's all
Just waiting for you.
You're alive,
So come on and show it
. . . .
There's such a lot
of living to do!

Adams and Strouse
Bye Bye Birdie





BROOKS ALAN TERENCE BITTERMAN



We did not think of the great open plains, the beautiful rolling hills, and the winding streams with tangled growth, as "wild." Only to the white man was nature "wilderness" and only to him was the land "infested" with "wild" animals and "savage" people. To us it was tame.

Chief Luther Standing Bear of the Oglala Sioux

damn everything but the circus

e e cummings

All of a sudden life is very beautiful
there is an everbloom in the center of my existence
I want life to go on forever
among the blossoms of this floribunda which has forgotten seasons
each of whose individual flowers sucks the paps of justice one by one
as they hang from the bosom of the sky
there is a fruit for each one of you I encounter on my path
and one for each that I do not encounter
we shall all meet one day on a long lawn at the age of eighty
and talk over tea or drinks why we did not love each other more.

Nathaniel Tarn



Question: Have you learned from your mistakes?

Answer: I have learned from my mistakes, and I'm sure I could repeat them exactly.

— Cook and Moore

The things that pass
for knowledge,
I can't understand.

— Fagen and Becker



PETER BLAUNER

Life a funny thang.

— Sonny Liston





ROBERT
DOUGLAS
BROWNSTONE

Even in our sleep, pain which cannot forget falls drop by drop upon the heart until in despair, against our own will, comes wisdom through the awful grace of God.

— Aeschylus

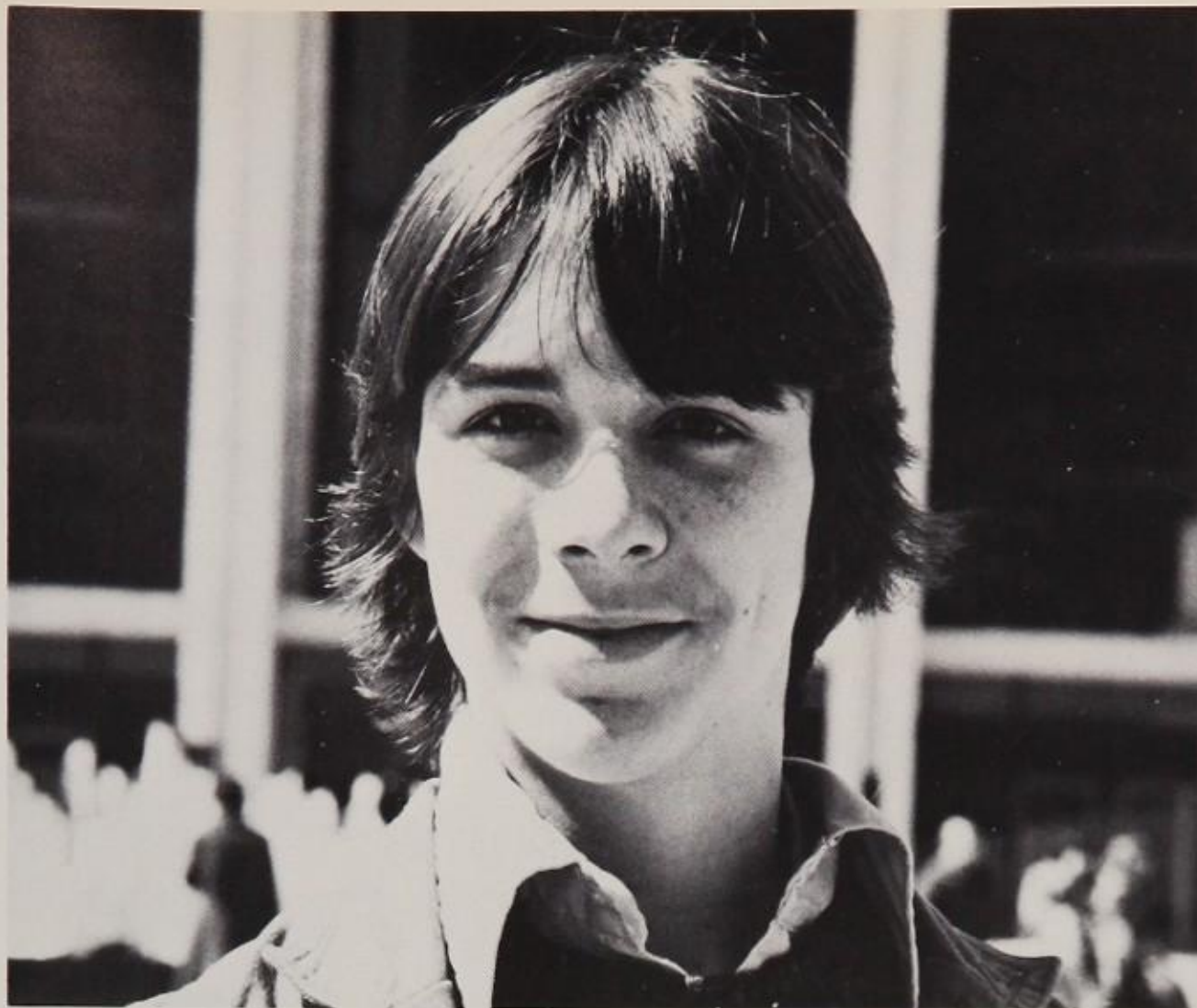


JONATHAN
SETH
BURGESS

Ah, get born, keep warm.
Short pants, romance, learn to dance
Get dressed, get blessed
Try to be a success
Please her, please him, buy gifts
Don't steal, don't lift
Twenty years of schoolin'
And they put you on the day shift.

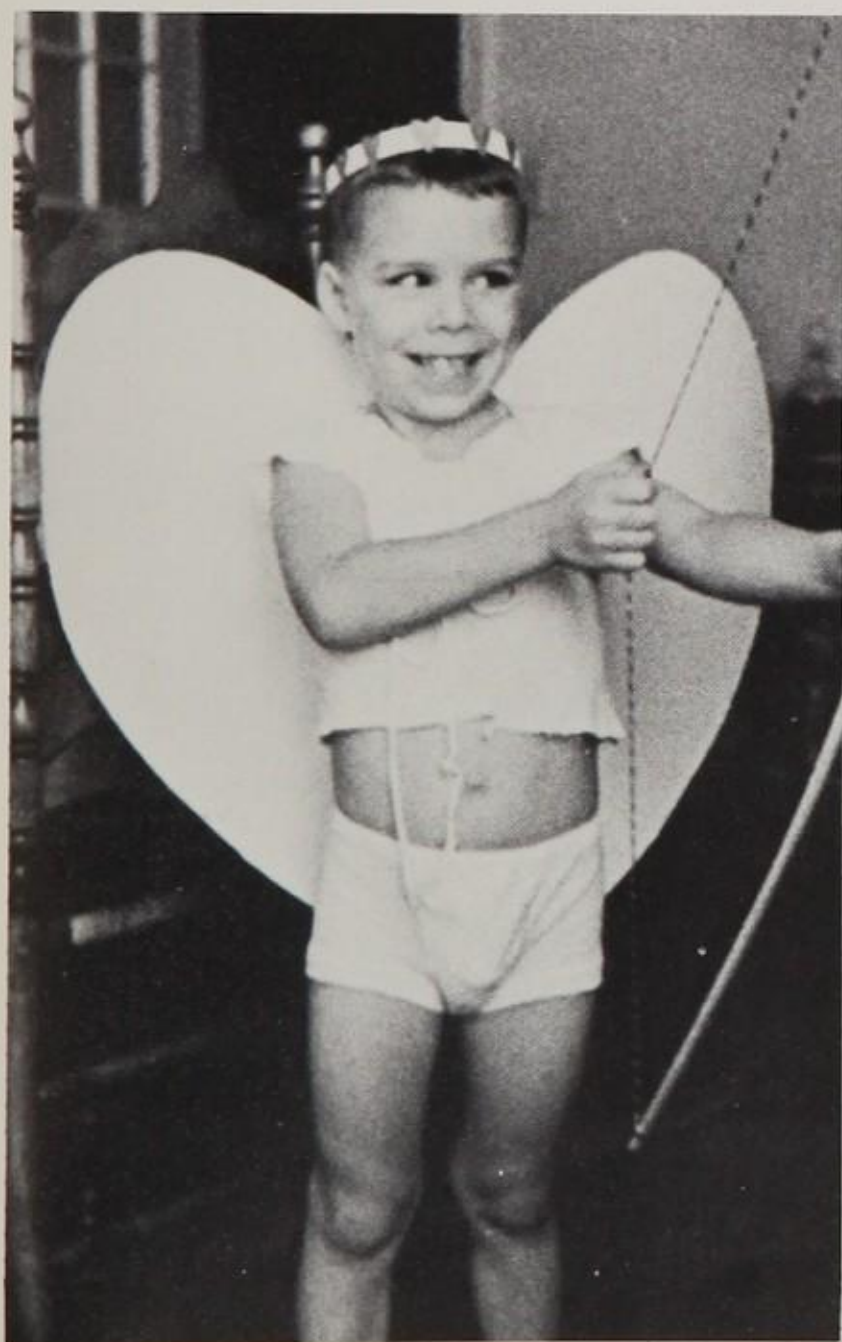
— Bob Dylan

And so . . .



“God, d’Amboise, you get away with everything!”

“How come we never see you?”



“Where have you been?”

“Do you really go —
to Collegiate?”

“Hey! Long time no see!”

“Come on Chris —
do a Triple Tour!”

CHRIS
d’AMBOISE



ALEX de LASZLO

Since these mysteries are beyond me, let's pretend we're organizing them.

— First Phonograph

JEFFREY VAHE DERMKSIAN



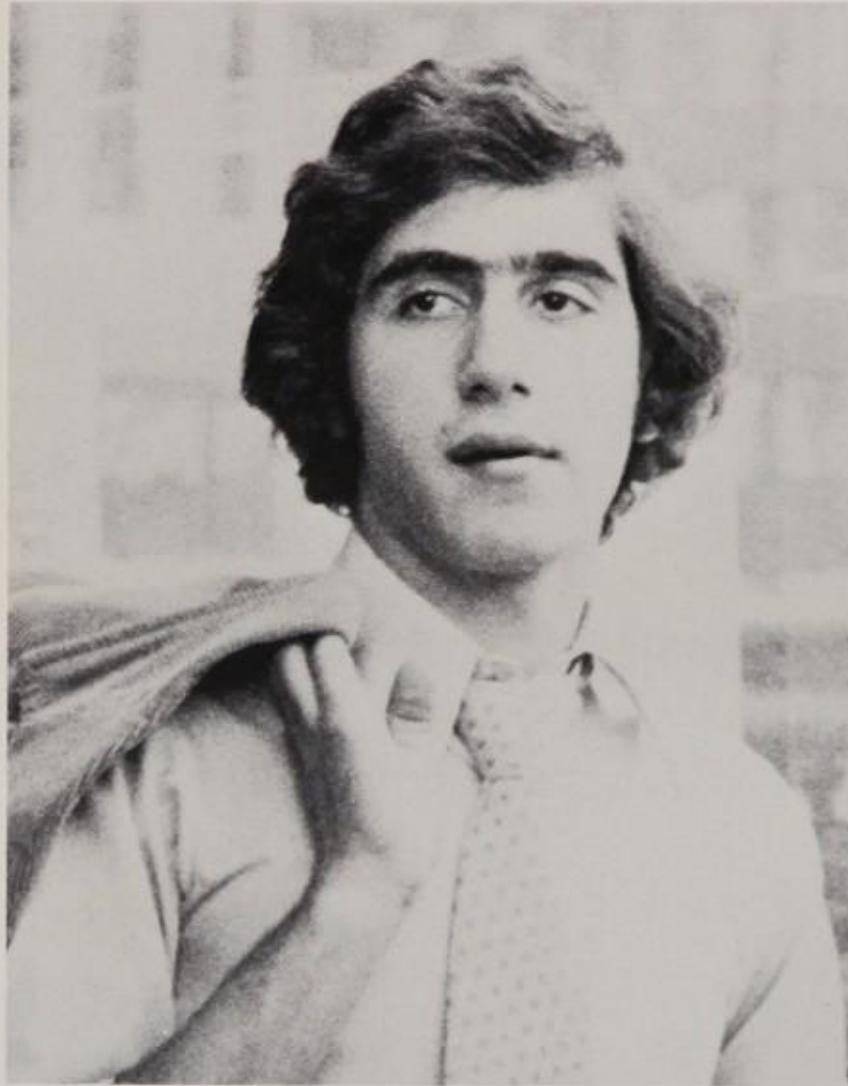
“How’s my stance Bruce?”

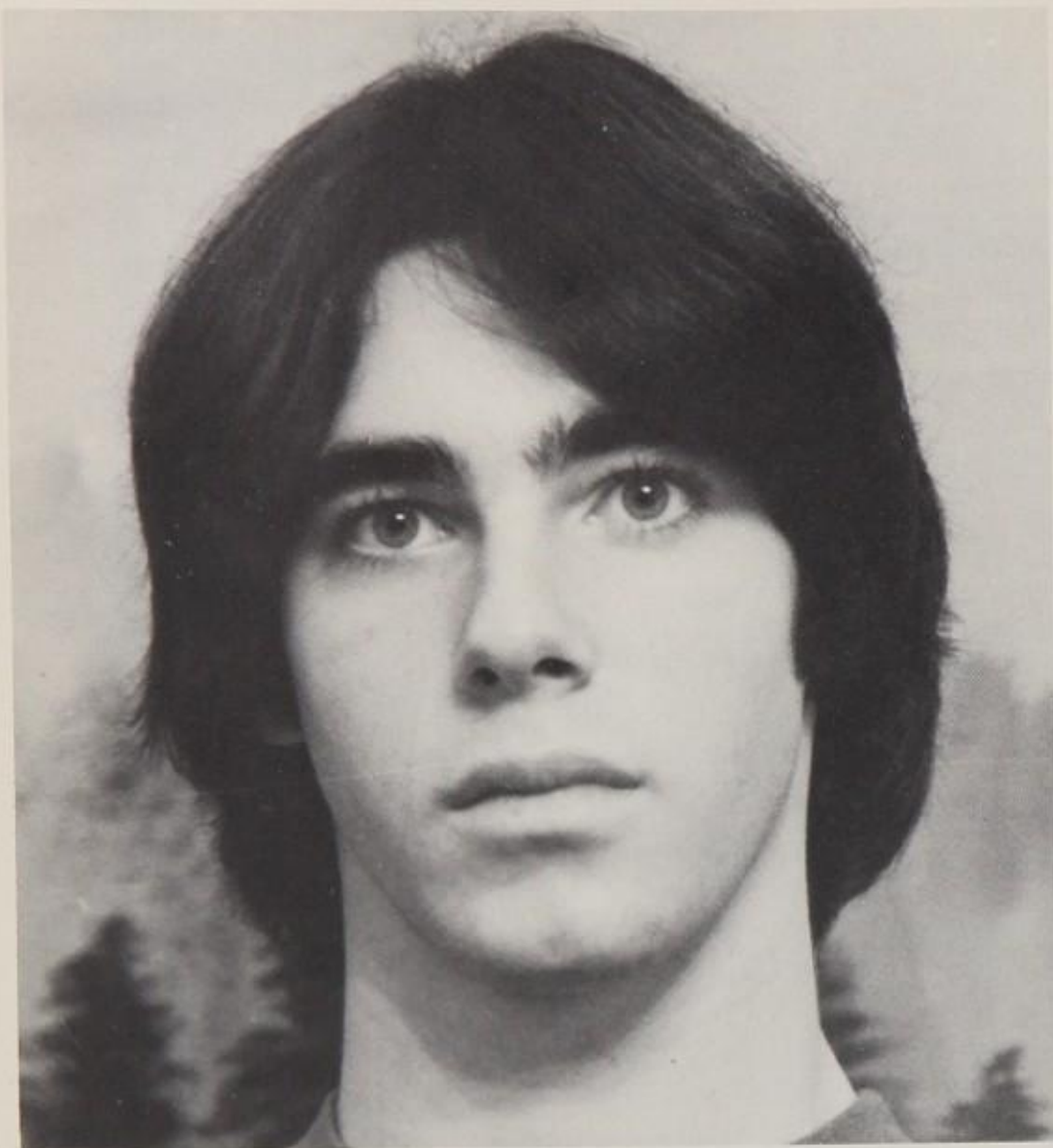
“Armenians were a presence long before the world conceived of nations and nationhood . . . They are a presence even now.”

“But perhaps in the end the message of the Armenians is more particular than mere persistence. Perhaps, if there exists a deeper possibility in the psyche of this ancient, sturdy, and minor race, it is this: the capacity of a people for proceeding beyond nationhood.”

“To be an Armenian has meant that one has been compelled by circumstance to rise above or fall below or, anyway, to skirt those so-called imperatives of nationhood and property.”

— Michael J. Arlen, *Passage to Ararat*





JAMES DREYFUSS

You are young and life is long
and there is time to kill today.
And then one day you find
ten years have got behind you.
No one told you when to run;
you missed the starting gun

Pink Floyd





A todos mis amigos y maestros a
Collegiate!

Muchas
Gracias

DARRYL
ALLEN
DUBOSE





“7½% at the Bowery”

— Joe Dimaggio

Nothing very bad happen to me lately
 How you explain that? I explain that, Mr. Bones,
 terms o’ your bafflin’ odd sobriety.
 Sober as a man can get, no girls, no telephones
 what could happen bad to Mr. Bones?
 — If life is a hankerchief sandwich.

— John Berryman

DAVID WILLIAM DUCHOVNY

I’m never gonna do it
 Without the fez on
 Oh no
 Don’t make me do it
 Without the fez on
 Oh no

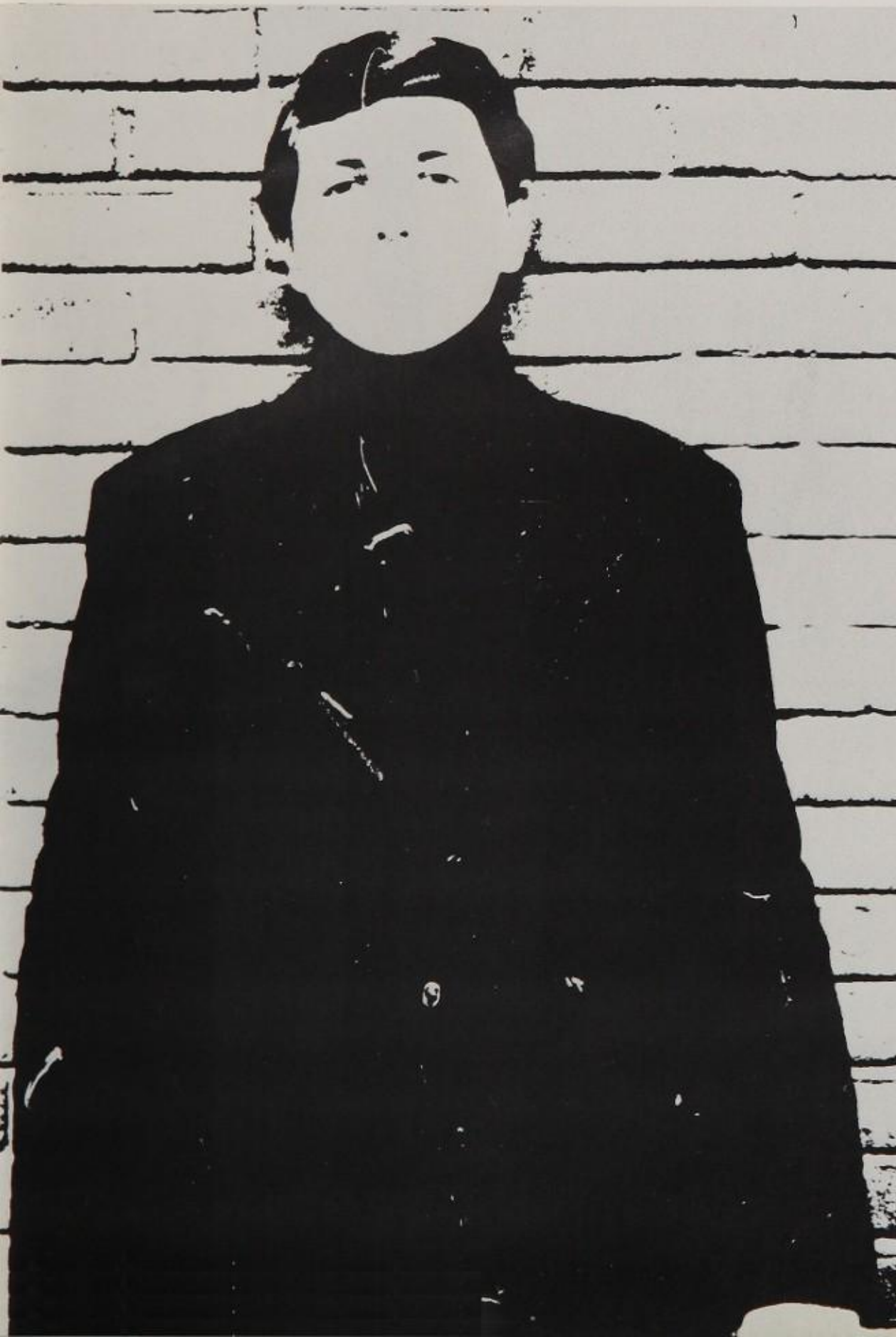
— Steely Dan

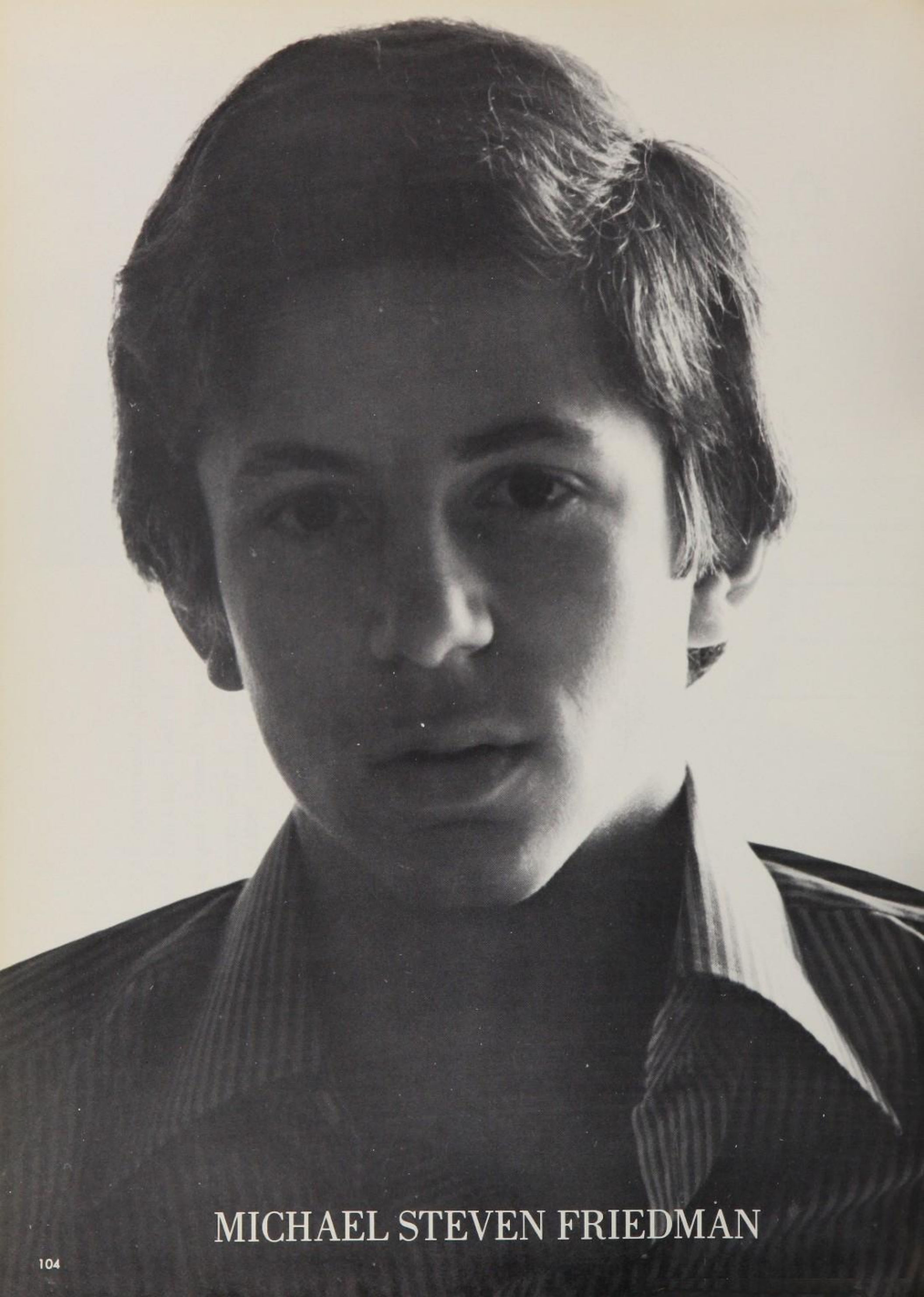


Pimin Fox

... Michaelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and the
Renaissance, in Switzerland they had brotherly
love, 500 years of democracy and peace, and what
did they produce...? The cuckoo clock.
SO LONG, HOLLY.

The Third Man





MICHAEL STEVEN FRIEDMAN

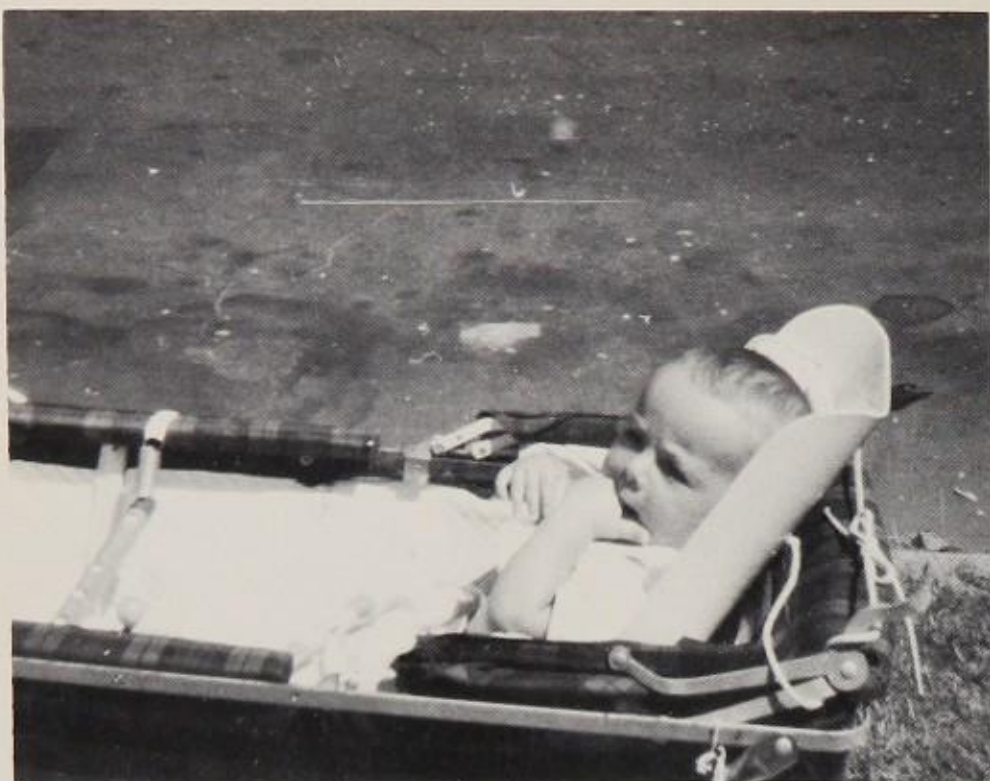


SEBASTIAN MATTHEW GLUCK

The organ is in truth
the grandest, the most daring,
the most magnificent of all instruments
invented by human genius.

Honoré de Balzac



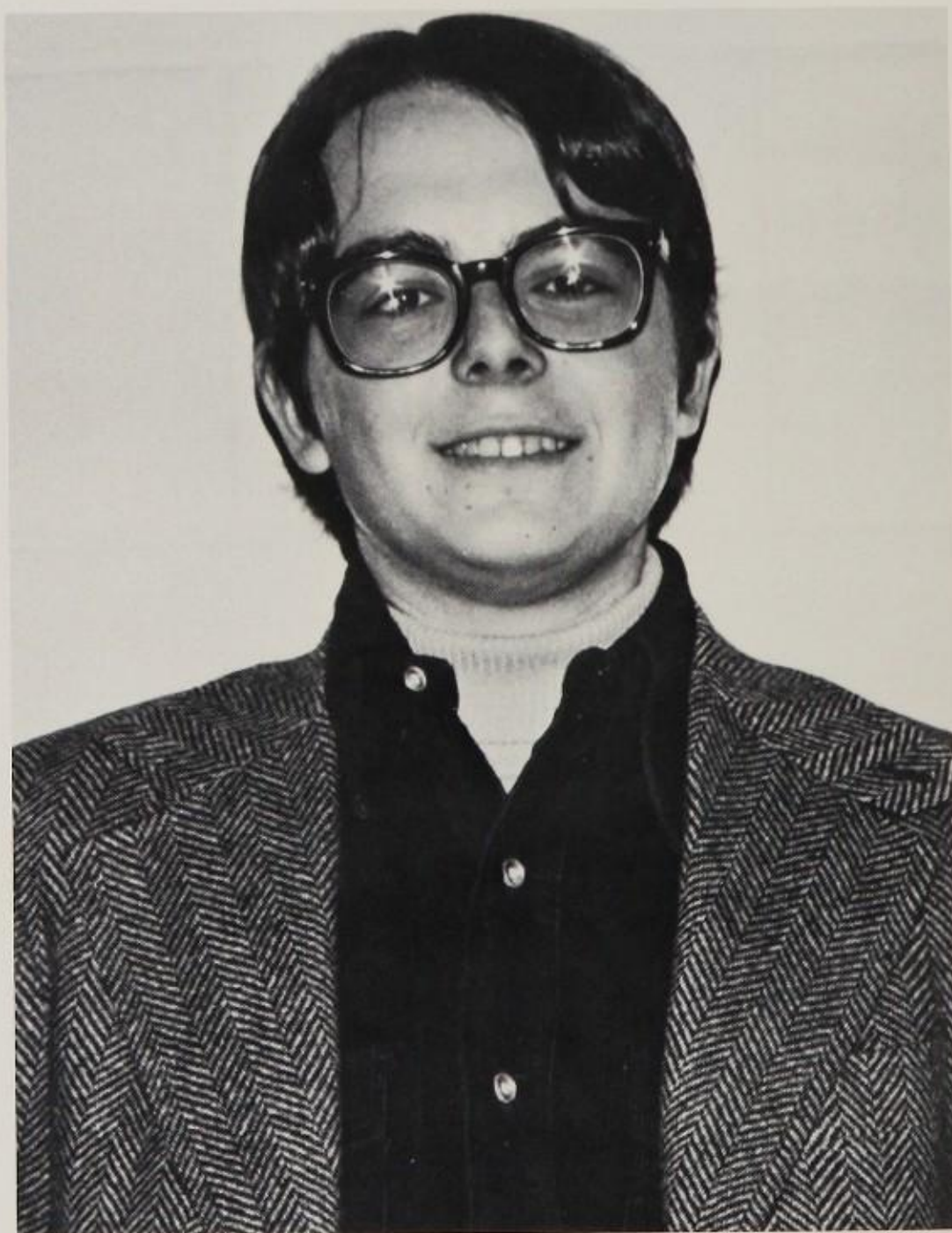


Write injuries in dust,
benefits in marble.
Benjamin Franklin

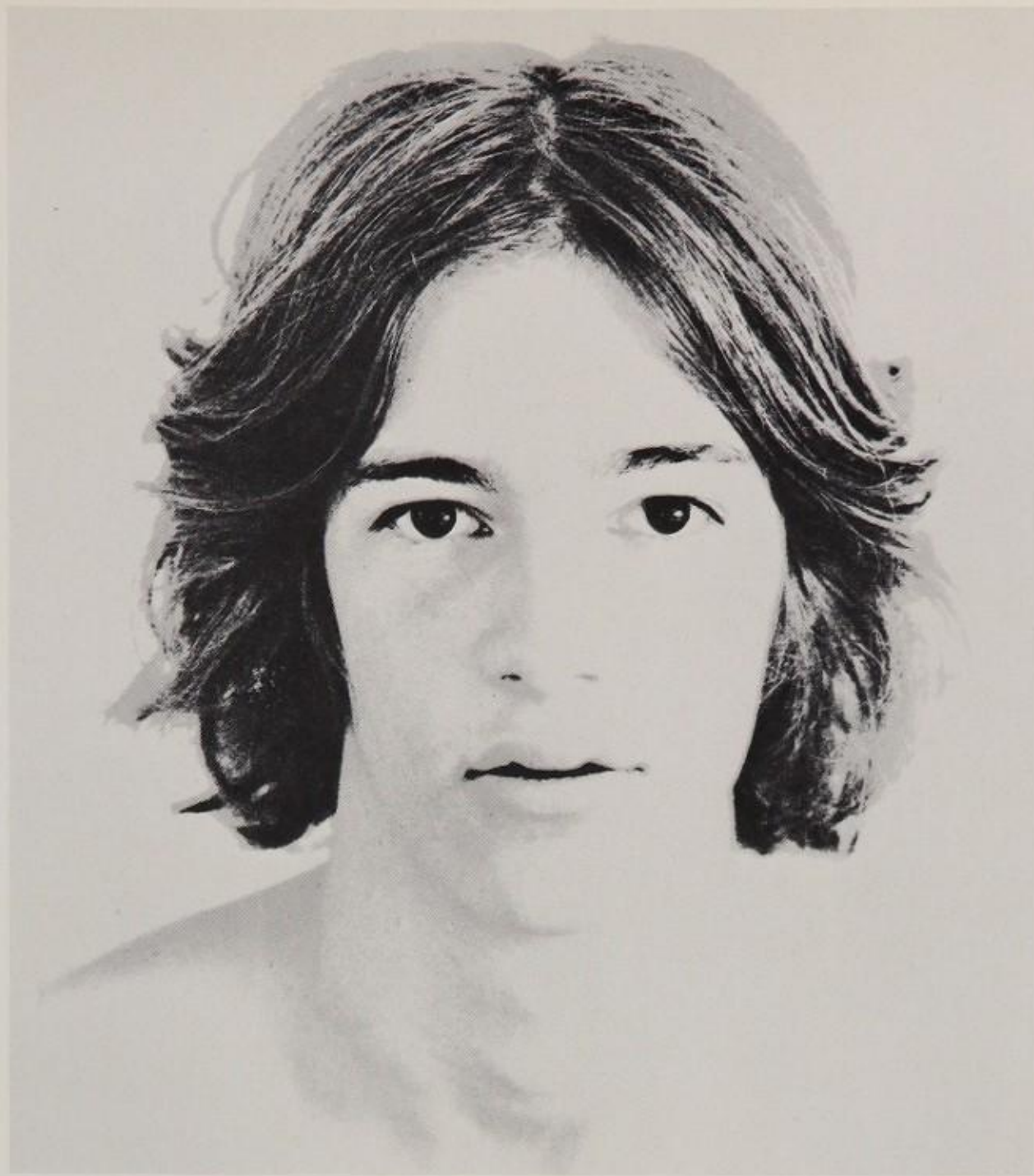
The heights of great men reached
and kept were not attained by sudden
flight, but they, while their companions
slept, were toiling upward in the night.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Liberty cannot be preserved
without a general knowledge
among the people. Let us dare
to read, think, speak, and write.
John Adams

If a man does not keep pace
with his companions, perhaps
it is because he hears a
different drummer.
Henry David Thoreau



RICHARD ALAN HERTLING



GEOFFREY JONES

We're the members of the master race
we don't judge you by your face
first we check to see what you eat
then we bend down and smell your feet
hope that you don't pick your nose!

I'm a fuel-injected legend
I don't wanna be a bore
I just wanna live a rich life
and I wanna die poor . . .

I wanna know if you really go crazy
if you let it sit
I don't want to die
but I wouldn't mind if I was an idiot.

— The Dictators

But the horses didn't want it —
they swerved apart; the earth
didn't want it, sending up rocks
through which the riders must pass
single file, the temples, the tank,
the jail, the palace, the birds, the
carrion, the Guest House, that
came into view as they issued from
the gap and saw Mau beneath:
they didn't want it, they said in
their hundred voices, "No, not yet,
and the sky said, "No, not there."

— E. M. Forster

Well, we're out there havin' fun, in the warm California sun. Cha cha cha . . .

JOHN ROBBINS KOSNER





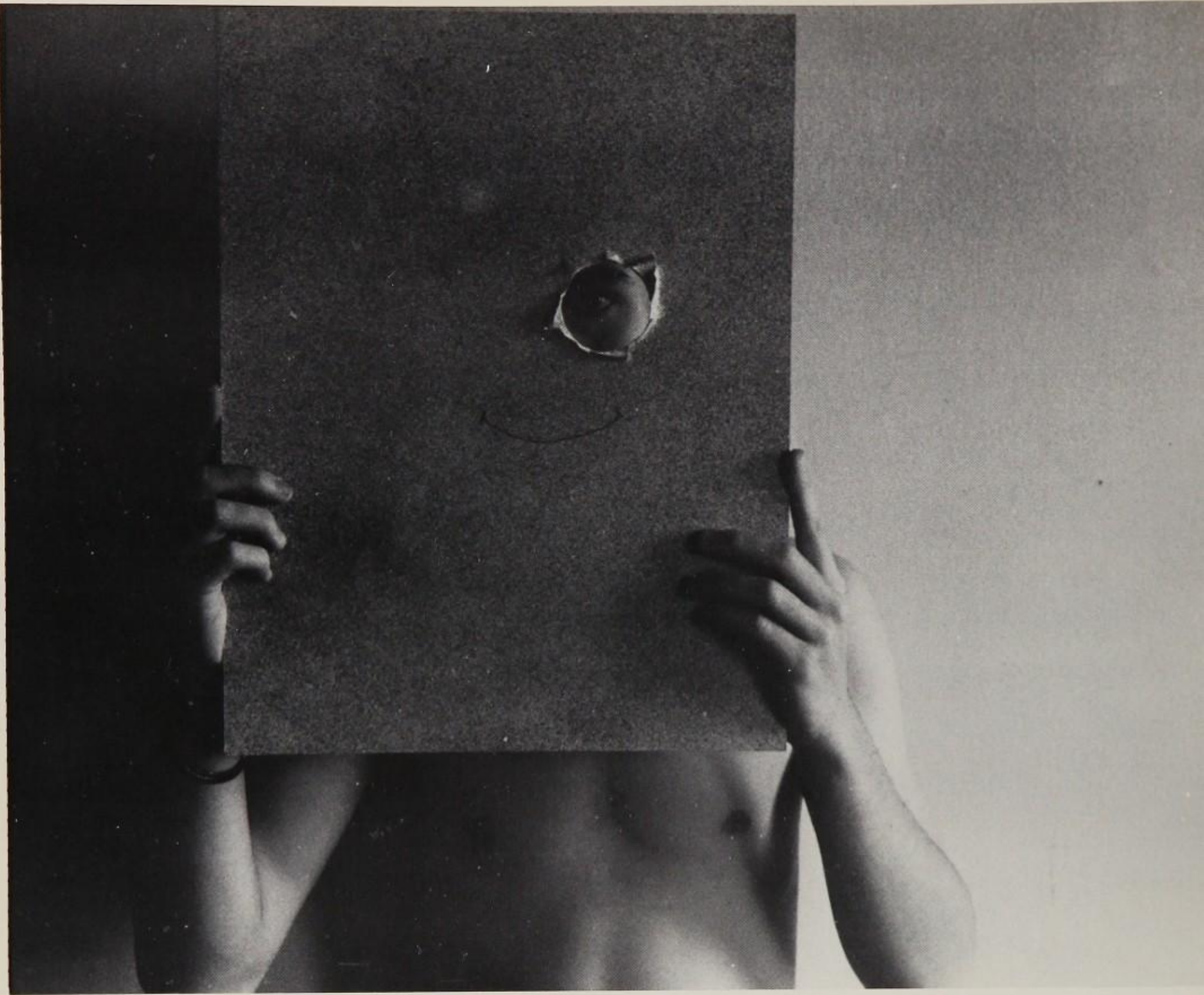
CARLO

LUIGI

KOSTKA

Il faut vivre pour manger et
non pas manger pour vivre

— Molière Selon les Douzièmes)



DAVID KREINDLER



“Well, it’s in the book. Oh, this guy! . . . what am I gonna do . . . is it the B, the P, the G, the C, or the Z? . . . people from elsewhere, none, if any . . . actually, I don’t know *where* you are . . . the sheeps is jus’ hangin’ out . . . Oh, that LABEL brewery . . . tasty . . . jazz. This is bogus . . . clode suk . . . First butt it, then pig it . . . Bolbenian red . . . reeeaaally . . . and, Singer — shuutup.”

Live dangerously.
— Nietzsche



. . . to build a bridge like that of Avignon, on which people may dance for the feeling of Dancing on a bridge. I shall at last see my complete face Reflected not in the water but in the worn stone floor of my bridge.

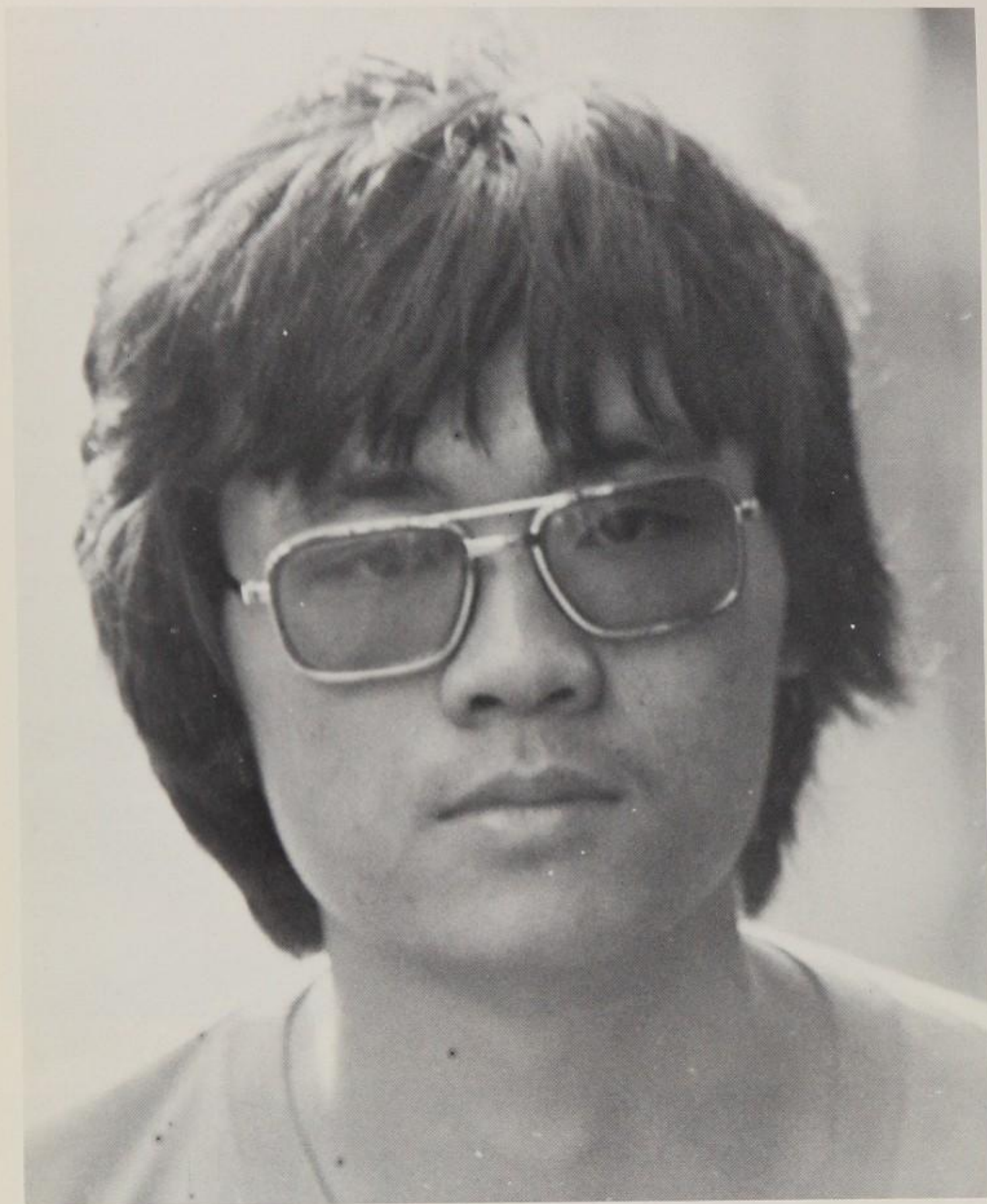
— Ashbery

Je restreins bien selon autrui mes actions
mais je ne les etends que selon moi.
— Montaigne

From I. J.:
Never take candy
From a stranger
unless he is
walking this
way, or offers you
a ride in his car.



DAVID GARY LAUFER



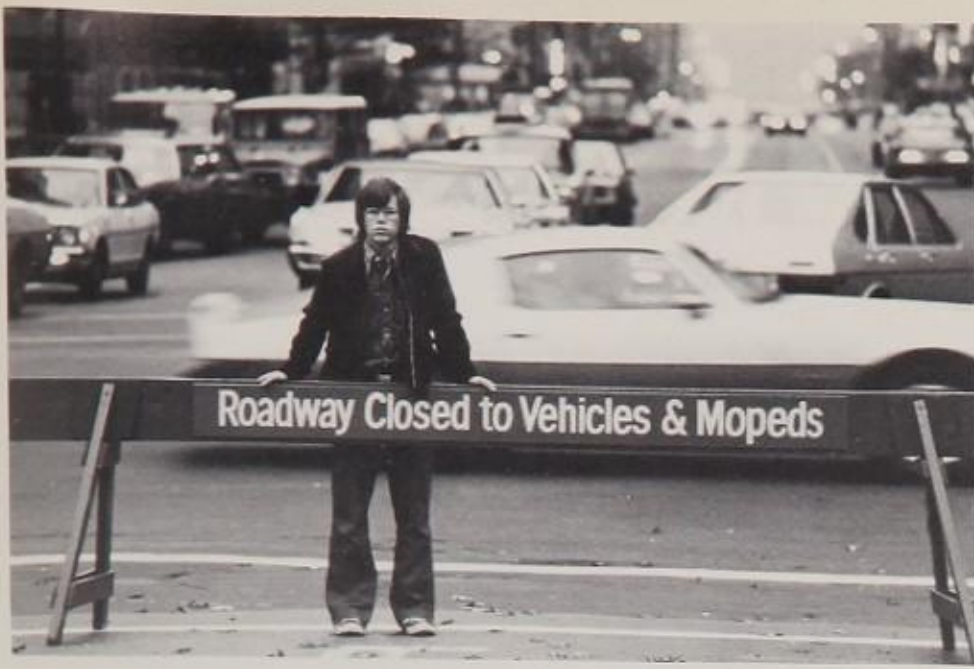
李
駒
熾

“For you
For me
For love
And
For Ever.”

I am the lost child
Of the wind

WHO GOES THROUGH ME LOOKING FOR SOMETHING
WHO CAN'T RECOGNIZE ME THOUGH I CRY.

— Ted Hughes



Just do the steps that you've been
shown
By everyone you've ever known
Until the dance becomes your very
own . . .
No matter how close to yours
Another's steps have grown
In the end there is one dance
you'll do alone.

— Jackson Browne



SETH FRAZER MAGALANER

To be afraid of oneself is the last horror.

— C. S. Lewis

So, before we end (and then begin),
We'll drink a toast to how it's been.
A few more hours to be complete,
A few more nights on satin sheets,
A few more times that I can say
I've loved these days!

— Billy Joel



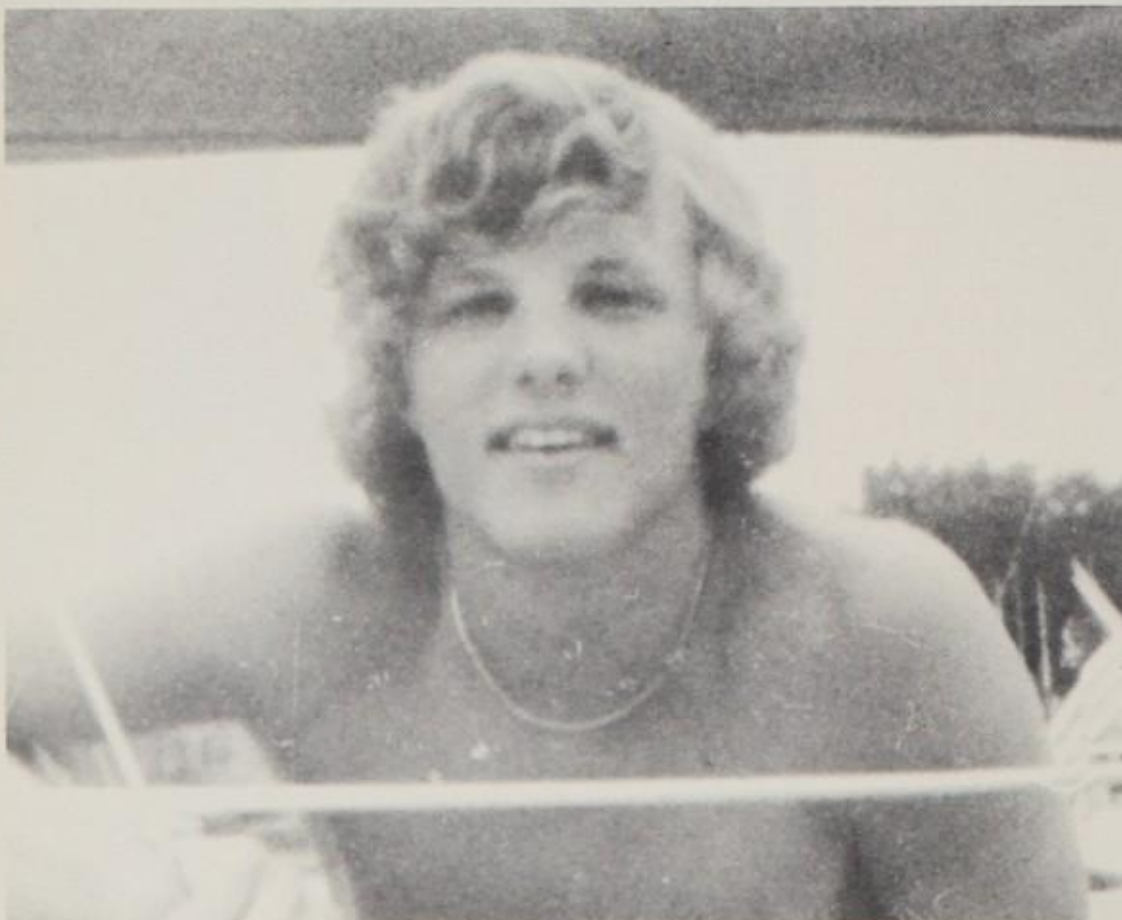


Life is either
a daring adventure
or nothing

— Helen Keller

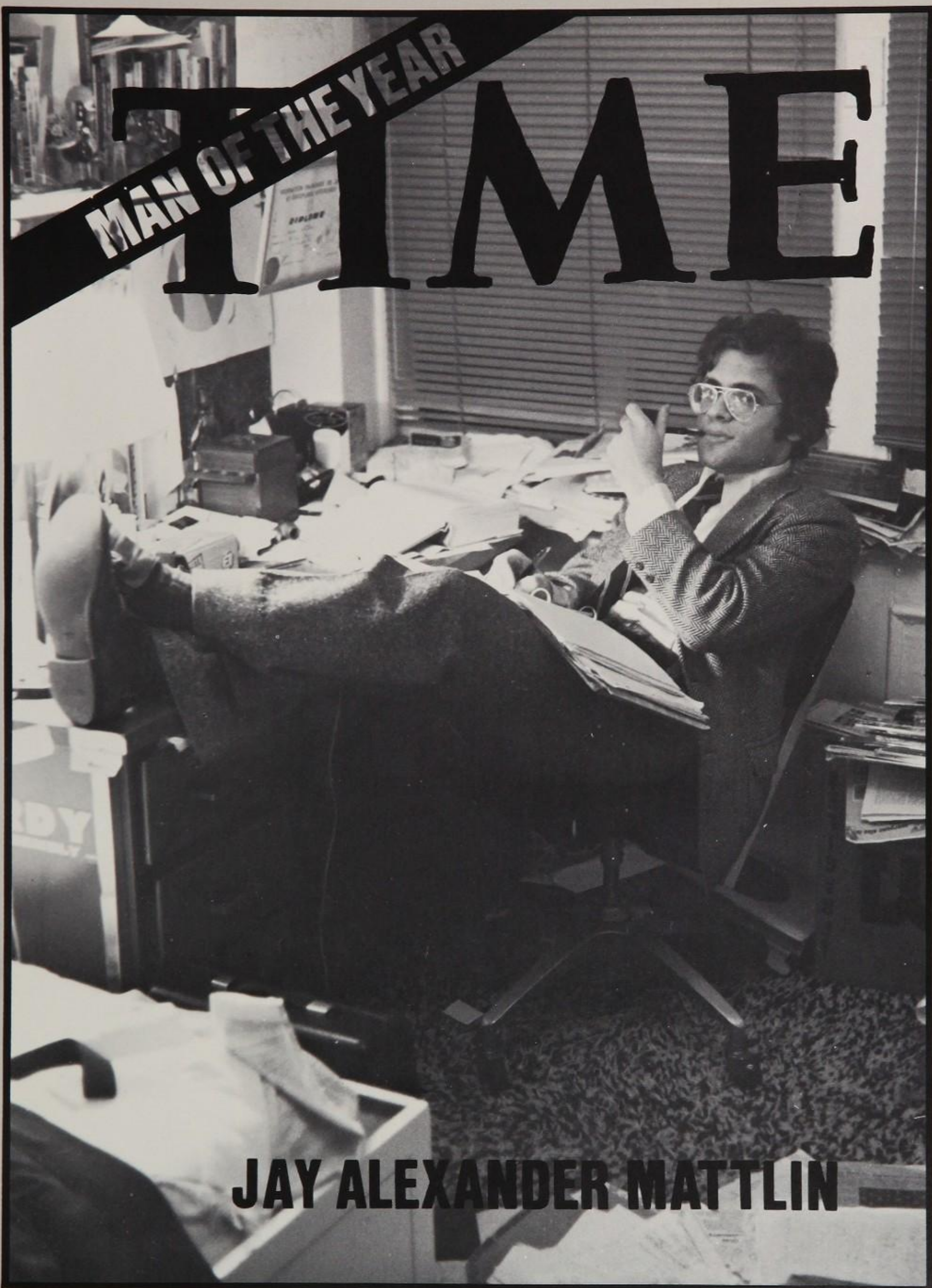


FREDERICK WILLIAM MARTENS III



But by the grace of God I am what
I am: and his grace which was
bestowed upon me was not in vain;
but I laboured more abundantly than
they all: yet not I, but the grace of
God which was with me.

— I Corinthians, 15



Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep and you weep alone.

— Ella Wheeler Wilcox

When all else fails, EAT

— old Chinese proverb

DAVID MCGOWAN



M A C

“This is just one stop
On an endless flight”

— L. Sayer

La vida de una, persona
llega a ser inútil cuando
ya no puede ayudar
a los que estan cerca



MICHAEL
NEWHOUSE

Now this is not the end. It is not even the
beginning of the end. But it is perhaps the
end of the beginning.

Winston Churchill



JEFFREY LYNDEN LEONARD ORRIDGE



Time is too slow for those who wait,
too swift for those who fear,
too long for those who grieve,
too short for those who rejoice,
But for those who love, Time is Eternity.

— Unknown

Special thanks to Mom and Dad



It seems a man exists
Only to say, Here I am in person.
— Louis Simpson



And the landscapes will do
us some strange favor when
we look back on each other
anxiously
— Frank O'Hara



We take
unholy risks to prove
we are what we cannot be. For instance,
I am not even crazy.

— Leroi Jones

OZ



FOR THE RECORD:

Mom dad nana —
diane dana sal bea connie em hannah
bry dwight jennifer (she's a turn on)—
j.p. w.l. wally dom fitz and all the
other slave drivers —
the gang at a.s.
the gang in westhampton
everyone (almost) at collegiate
even the poets —
the extras: suzy tommy (2) rica pete
sandra trica (she threw gravel at me) —
and especially lisa dancing laughing
loving lisa who always
had for me a smile —

thanks for everything i'll not forget
and what is love
but a wish not to know
but to know well enough to remember

JOHN BURNS PATTERSON



A world without Penguins is empty.

— Fiona Doherty

This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.
What falls away is always. And is near,
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow,
I learn by going where I have to go.

— Theodore Roethke



TREY REIK

"Don't worry 'bout me, no . . .
 California, reachin on the burning shore
 California, and I'll be knockin on
 The golden door . . .
 Risen up to paradise
 I know I'm goin to shine . . .
 Trey Reik

Jelly Roll, Jelly Roll
 Sitten on a fence . . .
 If you don't get it
 You ain't got no sense
 Now, I'm wild bout my jelly
 Bout my sweet jelly roll
 Jorma





DANIEL ALDEN SAVAGE



Well I used to be disgusted,
But now I try to be amused.

— Elvis Costello

. . . Come my Friends,
Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding Furrows; For my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

— Alfred, Lord Tennyson

And so it's time to change our ways . . .
But I've loved these days.

Billy Joel

芳村



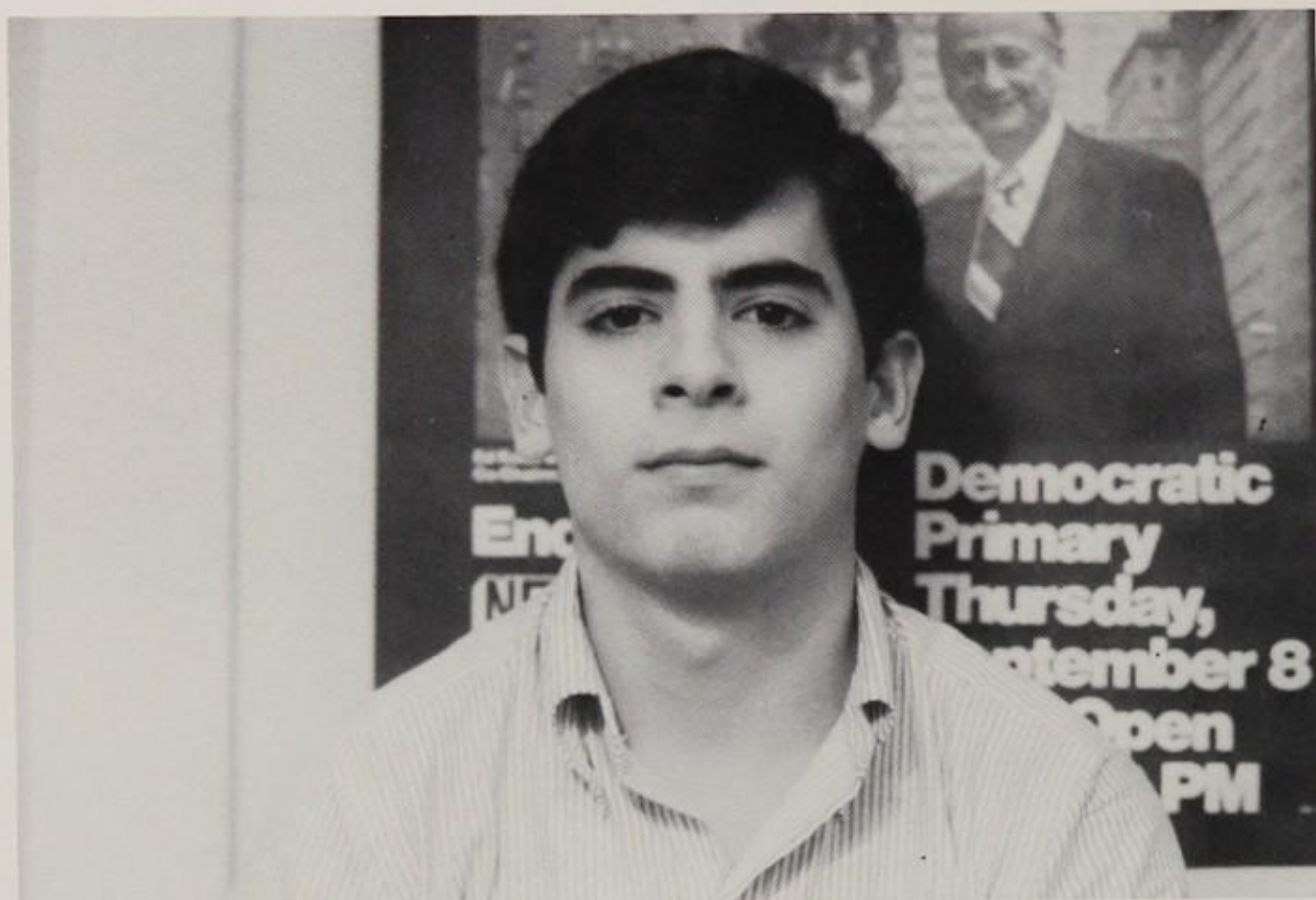
Man's life is like
going a long way
with a heavy load
on, you must not
hurry.

— Iyeyasu Tokugawa

Associate yourself
with men of good
quality if you esteem
your own reputation;
for it is better to
be alone than in bad
company.

— George Washington,
Rules of Civility

YOSHIKI SHIMADA

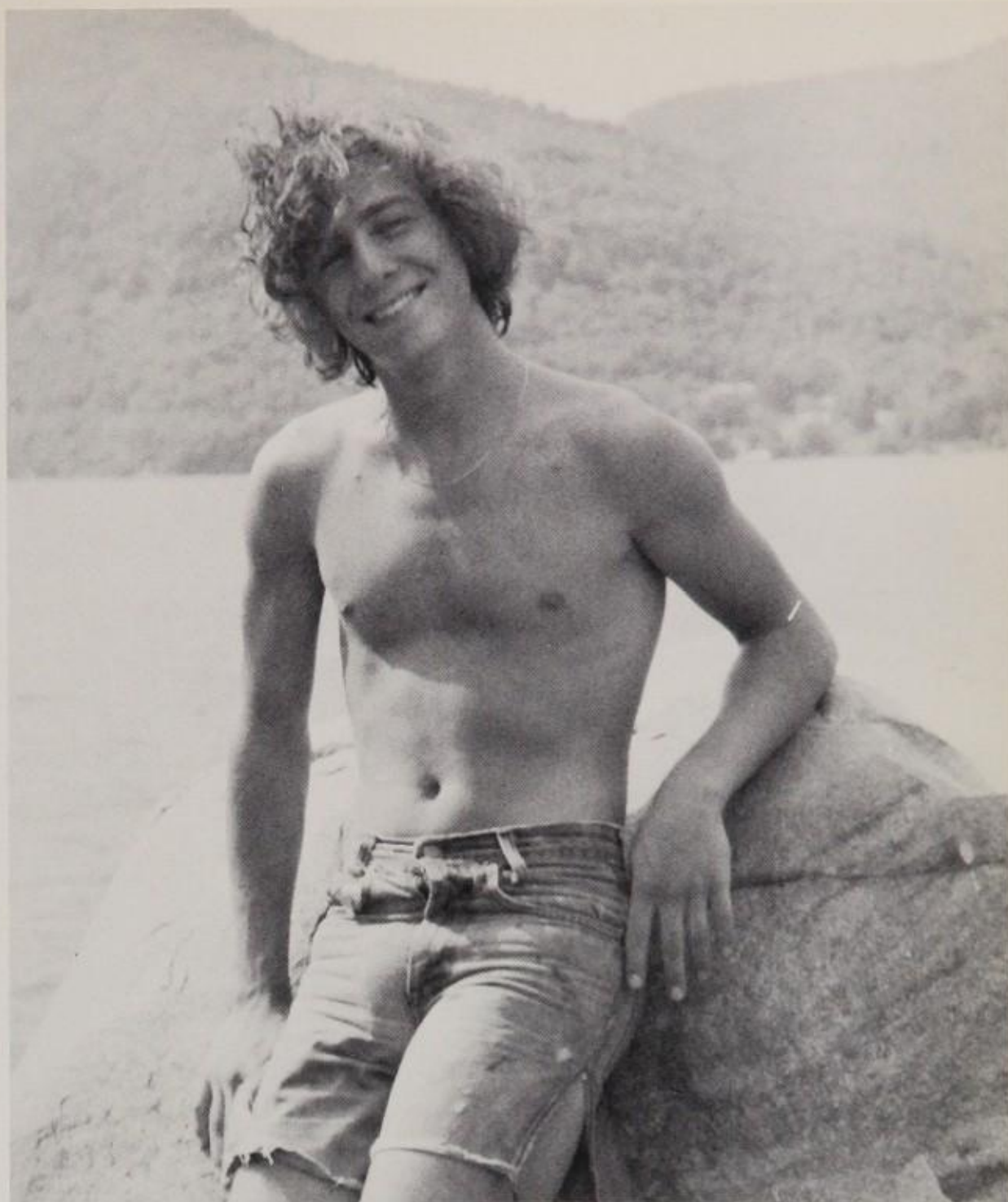


JAMES SASSON SHORRIS

. . . There always comes a time when one must choose between contemplation and action. This is called becoming a man. It is a dreadful wrench, but for the proud of heart, there can be no alternative.

— Camus

Ad astra per
aspera



I get by with a little help from my friends.



It is good for man to judge himself — he is alone in being able to do so.

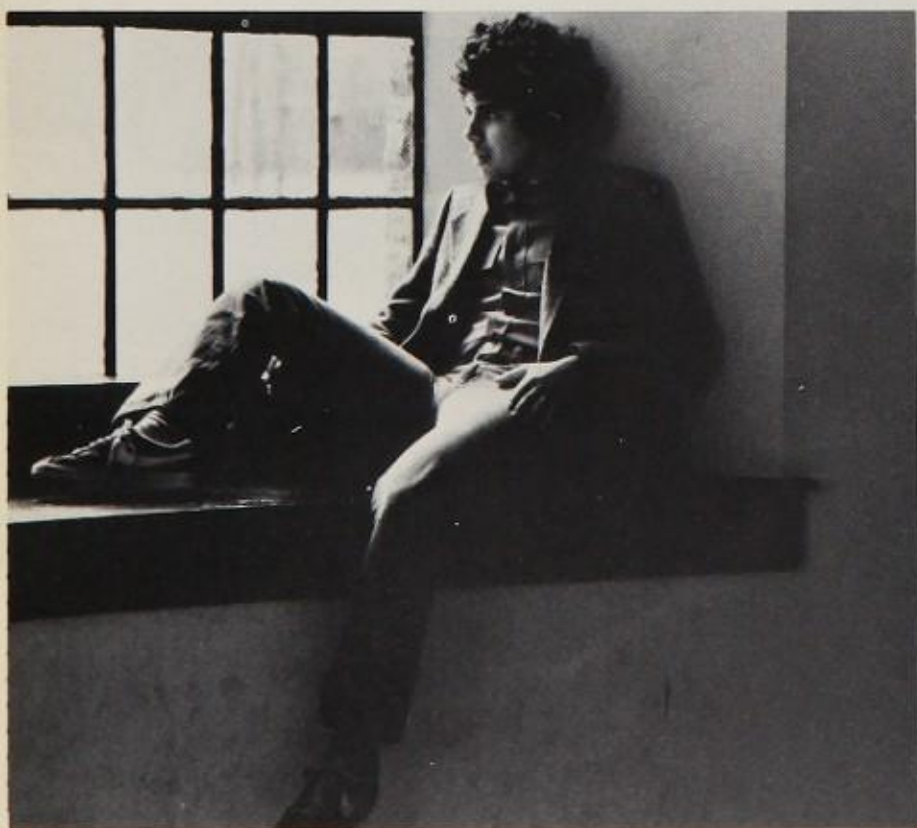
— Camus

DANIEL CHARLES SINGER



Years afterward . . . he seemed to have forgotten the successes of sixth-form year, and to be able to picture himself only as the unadjustable boy who had hurried down corridors, jeered at by his contemporaries mad with common sense.

— F. Scott Fitzgerald



Remember everything you can and then begin again.

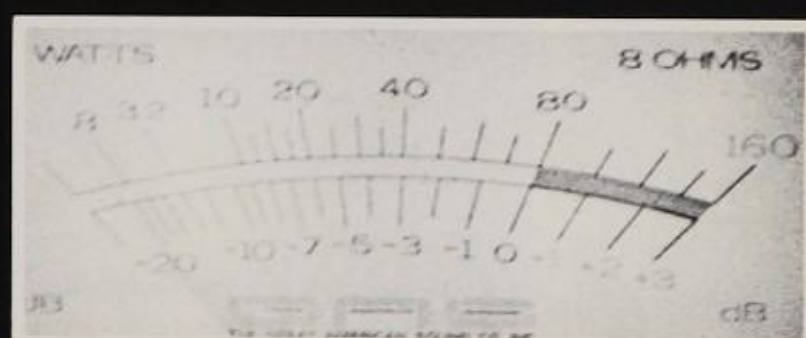
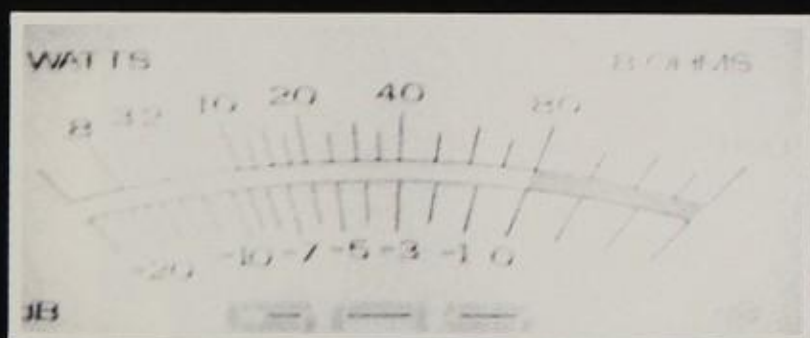
— Jonathan Edwards

CLYDE SPILLINGER

JOHN BRADLEY STANSFIELD JR.



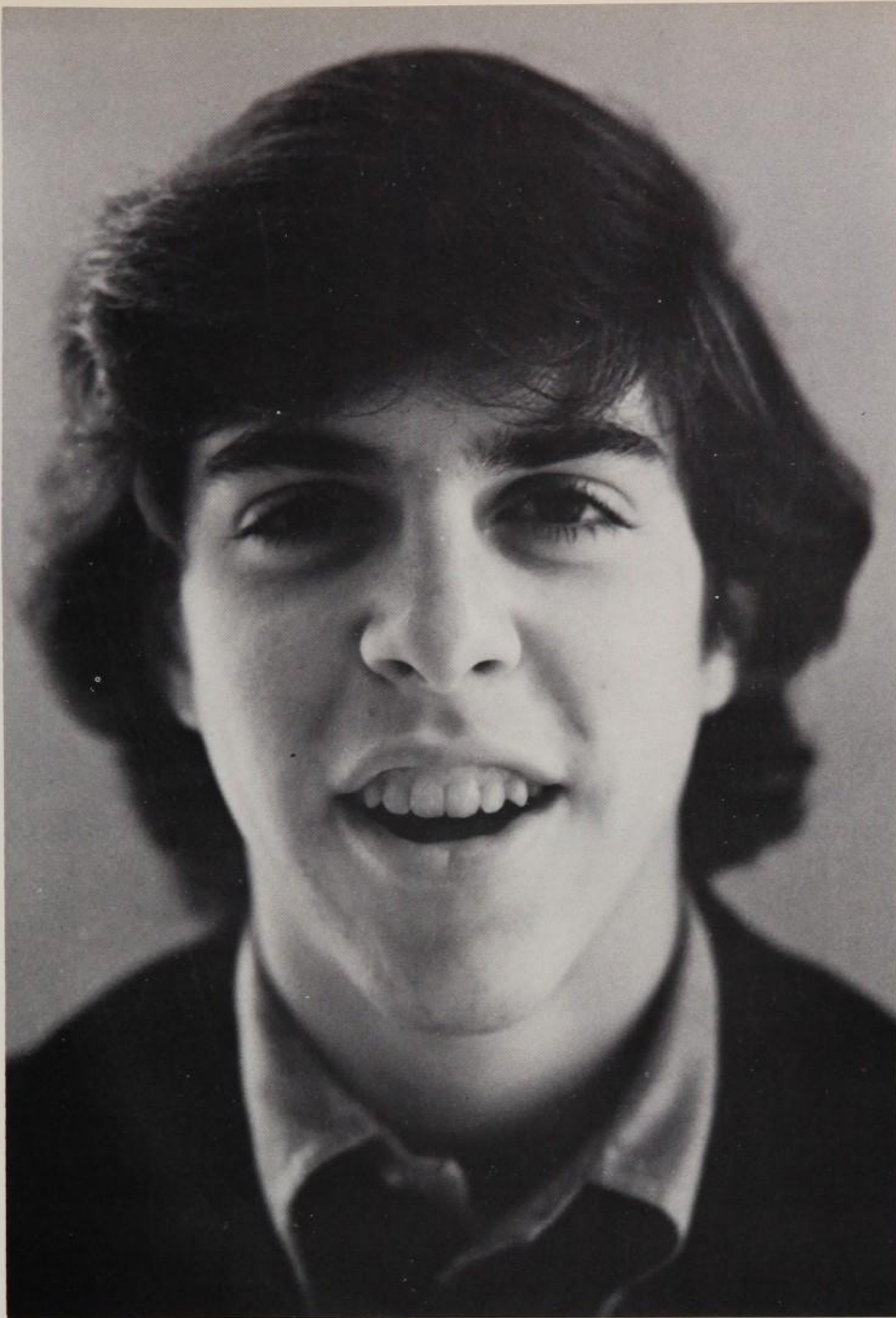
Humor is the opiate of the competent.





WILLIAM CHARLES TRACY, IV





Hic merus est Thyonianus.

— Catullus

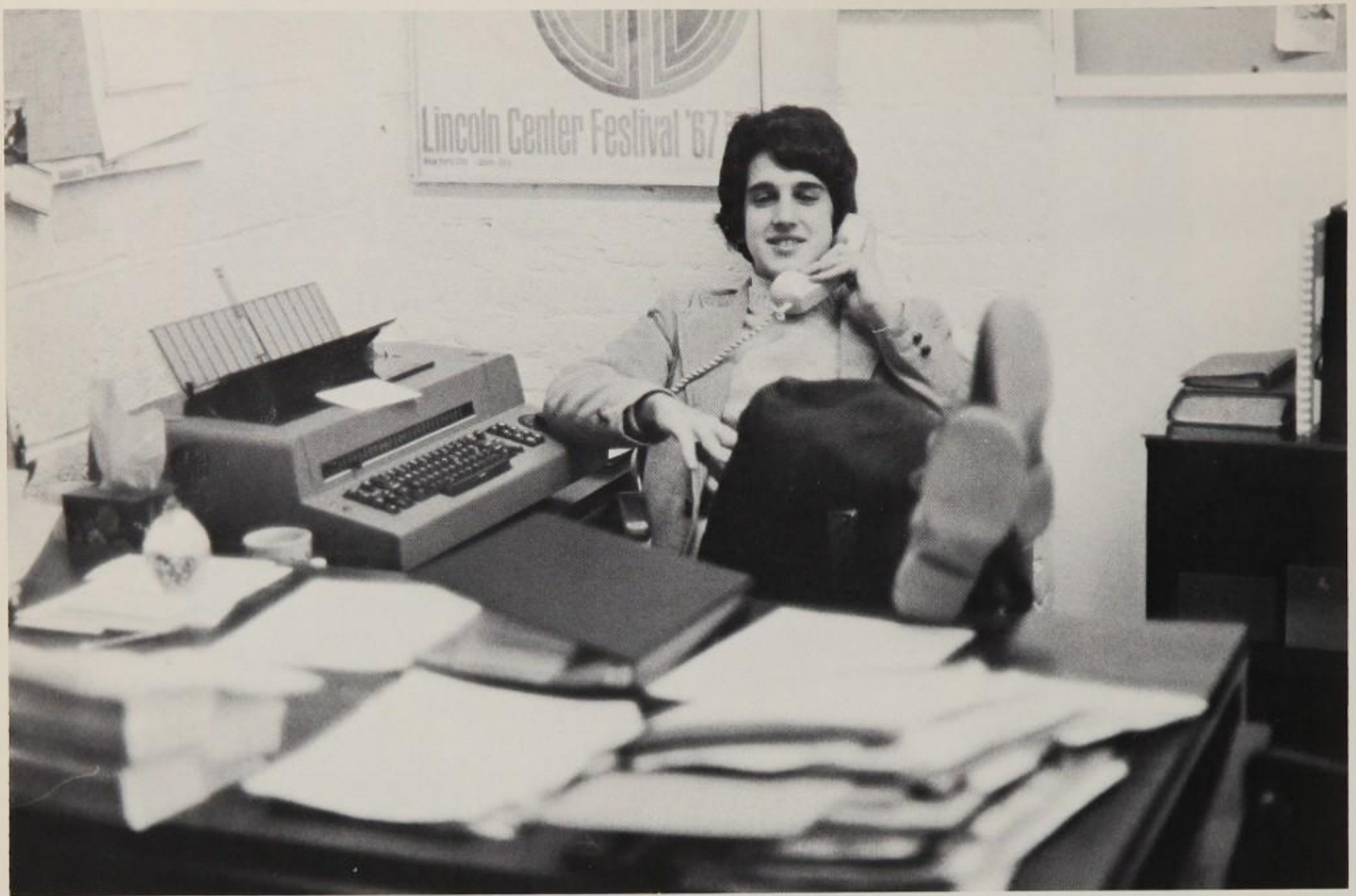
Then the world seemed none so bad,
and I myself a sterling lad.

— A. E. Housman

On s'engage et puis on voit.

— Napoleon

ANTHONY B. ULLMAN



THEODORE HOMER VAGELOS

ROBERT WILDER



Now I must confess
I could use some rest
I can't run at this pace very long
Yes, it's quite insane
I think it hurts the brain . . .

— Jimmy Buffett

GEOFFREY L. WORRELL



When I spoke about incoherence I said I'd try to tell you what I meant by that word. It's a kind of incoherence that occurs, let us say, when I am frightened, I am absolutely frightened to death, and there's something which is happening or about to happen that I don't want to face, or let us say, which is an even better example, that I have a friend who has just murdered his mother and put her in the closet and I know it, but we're not going to talk about it. Now this means very shortly since, after all, I know the corpse is in the closet, and he knows I know it, and we're sitting around having a few drinks and trying to be buddy-buddy together, so that very shortly, we can't talk about anything because we can't talk about that. No matter what I say I may inadvertently stumble on this corpse. And this incoherence which seems to afflict this country is analogous to that. I mean that in order to have a conversation with someone you have to reveal yourself. In order to have a real relationship with somebody you have got to take the risk of being thought, God forbid, "an oddball."

— James Baldwin

DANIEL MAX



God keep me from ever
completing anything.

— Herman Melville
Moby Dick

A S T H E D O G S

NAME	CAN BE HEARD SAYING	PROBLEM	APPROPRIATE SONG	FEMALE EQUIVALENT
ADRIAN	Five	Loud Mouth	Basketball Jones	Petula Clark
BARTER	I Swear	Too Many	My Father, My Love	Barbara Walters
BEGHE	Give Me Naked Ladies	Shyness	Makin' Whoopee	Julie Newmar
BITTERMAN	Nooo . . . Whaaay	Poison Ivy	Rocky Mountain High	Mary Ann Krupsak
BLAUNER	Cut it out, Jason	Anything	Poor Poor Pitiful Me	Sylvia Miles
BROWNSTONE	Driver Ed	Rowdiness	Bullfrog Blues	Janis Joplin
BURGESS	Nothing	Brownstone	Theme Song Of The "Tonight Show"	Barbara Keating
D'AMBOISE	Your season tickets will be ready Thursday, Fitz	School	I Came to Dance	Yvonne De Carlo
DeLASZIO	Oh, that's cruel	Pimm	Let's Misbehave	Diana Rigg
DERMKSIAN	No, that's not how you spell it	Nature	We're an Armenian Band	Colleen Townshend
DREYFUSS	No, Dr, Genkins	Everything but Math	Away From the Numbers	Tatum O'Neal
DUBOSE	Take it light	Getting home	All Day, All Night	Barbara Jordan
DUCHOVNY	Let me do a few suppressions	Brushing his teeth	Duke of Prunes	Angie Dickinson
FOX	I don't care . . . Who cares!	Humans	Bohemian Rhapsody	Lina Wertmuller
FRIEDMAN	Oh, I get it	Life	19th Nervous Breakdown	Renée Richards
GLUCK	If you're Jewish and you know it, clap your hands	Sibling Rivalry	Constipated Duck	Ann Landers
HERTLING	Ask George	Poverty	You Sexy Thing	Nancy Walker
JONES	You (Pause) Like (Pause) the (Pause) Dictators?	Communication	Then Along	Patti Smith
KOSNER	Yeah, right	Tolerance	Came Jones	Britt Ekland
KOSTKA	Anarghkist	Being dribbled	Short People	Charo
KREINDLER	Wull, I think that's sort of stupid, 'cos . . .	Intensity reading too high	Theme from "S.W.A.T."	Squeaky Fromme
LAUFER	'iss guy	Being imitated	Get OFF My Cloud	
			Native New Yorker	Chita Rivera

SEET

LEE	Komplete bake	No book	Hootchie Kootchie	Chang Ching
MAGALANER	Well, I think . . .	Fitzgerald	Can't Buy a Thrill	Helen Reddy
MARTENS	Yeah, Bob	Lost in space	Knocks Me Off My Feet	Anita Bryant
MATTLIN	How esoteric!	Casual freneticism	Dazed and Confused	Shirley Temple
McGOWAN	Oh, a lot	Back to the camera	That's the way I Like It	Shirley Babashoff
NEWHOUSE	Nice,	Peace	Give Peace a Chance	Bella Abzug
ORRIDGE	Is my hair right?	Suavity	Disco Inferno	Donna Summer
OSBORN	I'm so cool . . .	Talking like Fitz	Don't Let Me Be Understood	Sylvia Plath
PATTERSON	Penguins?	Stamina	Penguin In Bondage	Shelley Duvall
REIK	We're off the road	On the ground	Instant Party	Sissy Spacek
SAVAGE	Toot, toot . . . I mean it	Too cool	Send In The Clowns	Joyce Brothers
SHIMADA	Let's keep this city clean!	Bad company	Leader of the Pack	Yoko Ono
SHORRIS	I like horses	Being Waldo	Talk to the Animals	Bess Myerson
SINGER	Whooh!	Insurance	Trip, Stumble, and Fall	Barbra Streisand
SPILENGER	That can't be right	No commercial appeal	Guitarzan	Kiki Dee
STANSFIELD	Are you Mary Queen of all the Scots?	Stability	You Can't Argue With a Sick Mind	Betty White
ULLMAN	He <i>can</i>	Charm	Mr. Wonderful	Marie Antoinette
VAGELOS	Ten Four	Duplicates	Gimme Shelter	Rose Mary Woods
WILDER	I'm looking at other schools	None	The In-Crowd	Mary Tyler Moore
WORRELL	Smack heem	Mumbling	When Smoke Gets in Your Eye	Shelley Winters
TRACY	Duck, you face-master	Eloquence	Gimme Back My Bullets	Minnie Pearl

SURVIVORS 1966 — 1978



Left to Right: Peter Blauner, Alex de Laszlo, Will Tracy, Daniel Savage, Mike Newhouse, Geoff Worrell, Burns Patterson, Jeff Dermskian, Carlo Kostka. Absent: Jason Beghe, Chris d'Amboise.

Faculty Survivors: Vassili Attaliades, Robin Batcheller, Charles T. Cook, Eaton Lothrop, Ethel Mershon, George D. Mitchell, Madeleine Muscanto, Jeanne Ricca, Nancy Saunders, James C. Shields, M. Donald Walker.

He's one of the survivors,
The boppers and the jivers . . .

— Ray Davies

COLLEGIATE ACTIVITIES



RIGHT, LADS, WE'RE GOING TO TRY A REALLY BIG
ONE FOR JUBILEE YEAR.



FRONT ROW: Nick Karp, Hui Chi Lee. BACK ROW: Mr. Leiwant, Tony Ullman, David Kriendler, Jamie Dreyfuss, Nat Polish. INSET: Yoshiki Shimada.

MATH TEAM

The Math Team is one of the newer organizations in the Collegiate School. In fact, it was just launched at the beginning of this year. The team's purpose is to prepare each member for the Annual High School Mathematics Exam offered in March. Qualification in this exam can lead to competition in the National Olympiad, which, in turn, can lead to the World Olympiad. Naturally, the problems on this exam are extremely complex and require much hard work and perseverance.

At this point, there are eight students on the Math Team. Although they all practice together, it is the individual members who ultimately strive for excellence. All in all, the Team provides a unique opportunity for individual acceleration and competition in the mathematical arena.



This year's *Journal* has the great distinction of having the highest staff to issue ratio — roughly seven to one. The staff's alacrity was only outdone by the general student interest in the publication.

For the first time in years, the *Journal* provided student-interest pieces on hi-fi, records, and books. Also, several interviews with faculty appeared regularly. Even a trivia quiz was included in the first issue. As is evident, the *Journal* came a long way this year from its days of hat-rack journalism.

The staff worked hard and churned out gutsy, no-holds-barred articles. For example, a piece questioning the contents of the pickle bowls at the Burger Joint created a considerable controversy. Nick (alias "I won't compromise with quality") threatened to turn the author into "two scrambled, extra browns."

In general, however, the *Journal* has received enthusiastic responses. Many students commented on how much they liked the shiny paper.

Editorial Board

Editor-in-Chief — Yoshiki Shimada
 Executive Editor — Daniel Savage
 Managing Editor — John Kosner
 Managing Editor — Mike Friedman
 Associate Editor — Jay Mattlin
 Associate Editor — Robert Brownstone
 Assistant Editor — James Brown
 Advisor — James Rogers

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Marc Silver, Richard Hertling,
 Brooks Bitterman, Dan Rivkin,
 Burns Patterson, Brad Stansfield,
 Robert Wilder, Pimm Fox, Roberto Velez,
 David Kriendler, Clyde Spillenger,
 John Oakes, David Sultan, Tony Ullman,
 Jimmy Hertling, Jeremy Ben-ami,
 David Davis, Randy Schrade,
 Nick Karp, John Barnard, Mike Miller,
 Theodore Vagelos

THE JOURNAL



Adam Merims, Nick Karp, Jonathan Diamond, Mme. Antonioli, Tom Perlmutter

FRENCH CLUB

The French Club is a newly-founded Collegiate organization started this fall by Madame Antonioli. She and the club's members — Tom Perlmutter, Jonathan Diamond, Nick Karp, and Adam Merims — meet weekly to plan activities such as a dinner at a French restaurant, visits to various museums, talks with visiting Frenchmen, and bits of French theater. Naturally, all the activities are conducted in French. The club operates this way in accordance with Madame Antonioli's French Club philosophy: The French Club should provide "une porte ouverte" to students who want to improve their French and get a little taste of French culture.

However, the French Club is more than just a group of budding French scholars; the club provides a definite feeling of unity and togetherness among its five members. This feeling is clearly the French Club's greatest asset as well as its most significant contribution to the atmosphere of Collegiate School.

UN



CLUB



FRONT ROW: Jamie Dreyfuss, Carlo Kostka, Richard Hertling, Tony Ullman, Peter Herzig. SECOND ROW: Jason Kliot, Jonathan Diamond, Tom Perlmutter, David Laufer, Jonathan Weintraub, John Oakes, Robert Brownstone, Tom Janover, John Solomon, Dan Singer, Dr. Maglione. THIRD ROW: Jay Mattlin, Mike Newhouse.

The Model U.N. Club reappeared on the Collegiate scene last year, after a three-year absence. Last year's team consisted of twelve students, but the growth of the club has been astounding; this year, the club's membership has swelled to twenty. In order to deal with this increase in student interest, the group met to elect officers at the end of last year. Jay Mattlin was chosen as president, and Richard Hertling as vice-president.

Though the U.N. Club has its own officers and consists of a large group of enthusiastic students, the arrangements are all handled by Dr. Maglione, the faculty advisor and chaperone. Without his help, the club would not function.

This year's club is scheduled to attend three conferences, the same number as last year. However, none of this year's conferences were on last year's list. This year's conferences are at Harvard, Rye, and Manhattan. All of the students participating have been enthusiastic. It is expected that they will carry their energies to the conferences and, once there, will demonstrate their diplomatic skill.

STUDENT ADVISORY COUNCIL

The Student's Advisory Council was created in 1973 to fill the obvious need for a student government at Collegiate. It was composed of nine members, three chosen from the senior class and two from each of the other Upper School classes. Its power was minimal; it merely served as a sounding-board and clearing-house for student opinion. Various committees were created yearly under its auspices which discussed various topics pertaining to the life of the school. Some of them were: the Development, Athletic, Alumni, Admissions, and Student Upper School Affairs Committees. Last year, the latter body somehow developed more clout than the SAC had. Hence, the members of last year's SAC and Mr. Burgess decided that Collegiate's student government had to be changed.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Larry Beckhardt, Ed Burns, Daniel Max, Mike Miller, Will Bruno, Jay Mattlin, Jonathan Diamond, Bradley Stansfield, David Duchovny.

This year, although the SAC has retained its basic nine-member structure, it has gained new powers and responsibilities. At Mr. Burgess's direction, the old Student Upper School Affairs Committee was dissolved, and all of its former decision-making prerogatives were given to the SAC. Although it is doubtful that the body will ever be able to implement any of its decisions of far-reaching consequence, its potential is great. The SAC still has to test its breadth and the extent of its influence. Under the leadership of Jay Mattlin, it should be a more active and functional body than it has been in the past. It has already discussed several touchy issues which have never been seriously considered on the SAC level before. Many ideas about the school's funds, curriculum, and teachers have been brought up and will be decided on in the near future. It is vital that the SAC establish itself so that students have a chance to make some of the decisions that affect their experiences at Collegiate.



FRONT ROW: Clinton McClain, Ricardo Rivera, Arthur Yee. MIDDLE ROW: Raymond Dubose, Jeff Orridge, Cornell Pearce, Oswaldo Cruz, Antonio Goodsell, Hui Chi Lee. BACK ROW: Geoffrey Worrell, Darryl Dubose.

Founded in 1969, JAMAA is an organization which seeks to create among minority students a sense of pride while easing the difficulty of entering the Collegiate community. Most of JAMAA's members receive financial aid; they can't afford expenses such as college visits, admissions tests, and application fees. By sponsoring community events, JAMAA raises the money to aid its members in meeting the high costs of the college search. This year, the society's president, Geoffrey Worrell, is confident of accomplishing these tasks.

Unlike other school organizations, the JAMAA Society is totally dependent upon student responsibility in meeting its all-important goals. What is noteworthy about the JAMAA Society is that it meets its goals every year.

JAMAA

PRUFROCK

Since the purpose of a literary magazine, in my mind, is to reflect the range of creative and expository writing in a community, a magazine limited to any small segment of that community can only fail. This year, *Prufrock* has not been a production of any group but the senior class, it has not been a reflection of the community as a whole, and it has, therefore, failed.

The problem is one of participation. Despite the flexibility and informality of the production process, we have been unable to involve any member of the ninth grade or the tenth grade in it. And despite the tolerance shown in selecting and editing, we have been unable to print anything from the ninth, tenth, and eleventh grades or from the faculty, simply because they have not submitted any work. Whether the cause of this nonparticipation be apathy or merely shyness, it has, unfortunately, prevented *Prufrock* from becoming an integral part of Collegiate.

— David Kreindler
Editor

STANDING. Left to Right:
Geoffrey Jones, Daniel Rivkin, Seth
F. Magalaner, Michael Friedman.
SITTING. Left to Right: Richard
Fitzgerald. MISSING: David
Kreindler, Burns Patterson, John
Osborn.





Left to Right: C. Spillenger, D. McGowan, J. Mattlin, D. Atmosphere, S. Magalaner.

CUM LAUDE

Faculty Members: Vassili Attaliades, Richard F. Barter, Robin Batcheller, Hugh Burgess, Charles T. Cook, Eaton S. Lothrop, Ethel Mershon, George D. Mitchell, Madeleine Muscanto, Nancy Saunders, James C. Shields, Paul Sprecher, M. Donald Walker.



Left to Right: Clyde Spillenger, Jay Mattlin, Seth Magalaner. Inset: David McGowan

Since its birth in May, 1976, the Collegiate Debate Team has been attracting the interest of more and more budding rhetoricians. It was founded by its current faculty advisor, Dr. Ryland Clarke, and several students. Since then, this squad of pseudo-scholars has proved its mettle in several debates with other New York private schools. Usually, to insure perfect fairness, Collegiate and its opposing school hold two simultaneous debates, one in which Collegiate argues the "pro" side, the other in which it argues the "con."

Although the team and its advisor have sought out competition with many other schools, Collegiate's primary rivals have been Trinity and Dalton. Collegiate defeated Trinity in its first debate ever in May 1976. The following year saw a victory and a tie against Dalton and the same against Trinity. These debates brought the Team's record to 3-0-2. Since last year, Dalton has lost its Debate Team advisor, Coach Brugnolotti, who is now Collegiate's librarian. This year, she has been helping Dr. Clarke to manage the Collegiate Team. So far, with Robert Brownstone and Richard Hertling as co-presidents, the Team has won a forfeit from Regis and a victory over Trinity again, making their all-time record 5-0-2.

Debates are arranged two to three weeks in advance, but most of the preliminary work seems to take place during the hectic day before each debate. Dr. Clarke refers to the team's victories as "triumphs of Wednesday night preparation for Thursday debates." The team members call it "ingenuity."

DEBATE TEAM



FIRST ROW, Left to Right: Jay Mattlin, Richard Hertling, Robert Brownstone, Michael Newhouse.
SECOND ROW: Dan Rivkin, Tony Kleckner, Janno Lieber, Jeff Shapiro, Peter Herzig, Jonathan Weintraub, Nick Karp. THIRD ROW: Dan Savage, Robert Wilder, Dr. Clarke, David Shorr.

The *MIDDLE SCHOOL FILM CLUB* has become a permanent fixture at Collegiate. For some odd reason many Collegiate students feel a strange inclination to express themselves cinematically. The administration has, if not financially at least spiritually, supported the club's activities. The club has exemplified the possibilities for a more diverse and creative education. The Film Club has, also through its creative endeavors, become renowned well beyond the doors of 241 West 77th.

Even after a decade of sprocheting, the club is never for want of ideas for their group projects. Once again, resourcefulness has been displayed in the individual member's attempt to use the city environment to its fullest potential. The So Ho Community is the subject matter for the club's latest group effort. This year's group of twenty-five members should prove as energetic and imaginative in this project as they are in their individual efforts.

Filmmaking at Collegiate has proven to be more than just a good course of after school amusement. Some members have gone into the field professionally and the club should be proud of the fact that in many cases it supplied the initial impetus. The club looks forward to its tenth festival with confidence and a justified sense of accomplishment.

Chess became the new craze at Collegiate this year. The instigator of this renewed interest has generally been seen to be the new *CHESS CLUB*, which drew ten members during its first week of existence — a startling figure for any new Collegiate organization. After establishing the club in mid-January, co-captains Nick Karp, Ming-En Chen, and Jamie Dreyfuss organized a ladder tournament. On February 8, the competition will end and the top five people on the ladder will go on to face a squad from Trinity. Another match is also being planned against Horance Mann.

Naturally, the club is extremely optimistic about its prospects. Since interest in this activity has grown so dramatically, it's likely that the club will continue to flourish in the coming years.

Adult Volunteers:

Mitchell Cramer
David Fisher
James Jacob
Lorri Gramer
Dr. John Lidstone

HIKING CLUB

Mr. Hugh Burgess
Mr. David Trower
Mr. Richard F. Marter
Brooks Bitterman
Robert Wilder
Pat McKibbin
David Burgess
Andrew Roffman

BEDROCK

For Masa
Snowmelt pond warm granite
we make camp,
no thought of finding more.
and nap
and leave our minds to the wind.

on the bedrock, gently tilting,
sky and stone.

teach me to be tender.

the touch that nearly misses —
brush of glances — tiny steps —
that finally cover worlds
 of hard terrain.
cloud wisps and mists
gathered into slate blue
bolts of summer rain.

tea together in the purple starry eve;
why does it take so
long to learn to
love,
 we laugh
 and grieve.

Gary Snyder

DRAMA

The last few years have seen the rise of drama to a prominent position in the hallways of Collegiate. The student body teems with self-styled actors: beard scratchers are commonplace and the accents of the South ring out from every corner. It is not surprising that there has been a corresponding rise in formal drama. The theatre has been filled with happy sounds this past year as students have taken drama out of the classroom and put it on the stage where it belongs.



During the third trimester last year, Collegiate enjoyed the presentation of three plays, including one small, generally unrecognized, yet excellent production of Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*. Phil Bentley, a veteran student director, succeeded in conveying a striking and eerie mood for the play. The play, itself, takes place in St. Louis and revolves around the three Wingfields — the restless son, Tom, the shy and crippled sister, Laura, and their mother, Amanda, who yearns for the past.

Bentley was able to achieve a consistently high level of performance among his actors. Diane Scott, in her stage debut, was impressive in her portrayal of the imposing Amanda. Matthew Finch as Tom, did a superb job in creating a character who built an emotional bond with the audience. The much missed Chauncey Parker managed to be both serious and funny as the "gentleman caller." Mary Martin, then a senior at Chapin, proved herself capable of handling the extremely difficult part of Laura.

Several of last year's drama oriented seniors were concerned about what would happen to the Collegiate theatre after their departure since their class had been so enthusiastic. Their fears were laid to rest with two student-directed fall productions, *Inherit the Wind* and *Billy Liar*. The plays were directed by Jay Mattlin and Pimm Fox respectively.

The two plays were entirely different. *Inherit the Wind*, a dramatization of the 1925 trial of John Scopes in Dayton, Tennessee, is centered on the clash of personalities and beliefs of two famous lawyers, Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan (called Henry Drummond and Mathew Harrison Brady respectively in the play). Senior Seth Magalaner and sophomore Andrew Rosenthal, led the cast, a good many of whom were newcomers to the stage.





Rosenthal was making his theatre debut as Brady, and his appearance and demeanor were quite distinctive in the role. Seth Magalaner's firmness, persistence, tenderness, and middle-aged manner as Drummond made him thoroughly convincing and effective. Dan Max's cynical portrayal of Hornbeck was exemplary, though it is rumored that he is not much different in real life. Cates (read Scopes) and Rachel Brown were played by Seb Gluck and Uma Gattegno. Other fine individual performances included Robert Brownstone's rendering of the zealous Rev. Brown and Richard Hertling's

portrayal of Tom Davenport, the circuit district attorney. Lighting was executed efficiently by Peter Herzig and Robert Coker.

In *Billy Liar*, director Fox successfully combined Billy's hilarious lying with the play's somber underlying theme. Senior Peter Blauner delighted his audiences with his loose, casual movements in his humorous portrayal of the lazy, incorrigible Billy. Another senior, Alex de Laszlo, shone in his role as Billy's father, Geoffrey, whose harsh practicality contrasted so sharply with Billy's happy-go-lucky existence, de Laszlo's consistent accent and his paternal manner were very realistic. Of course, he had every reason to be angry with his son. Billy is courting two girls at once and has been able to fool each one into thinking he is going to marry her. The plot is complicated by the death of Billy's grandmother and by all of the lies he had told his friends and family. Billy's little world seems to collapse around him. His old girlfriend Liz, and his fellow-worker Arthur are his only comforts. Senior Bradley Stansfield was delightful as Arthur. The five girls in the show, Maria Gurewitsch, Lee Steadman, Claudia Silver, Melissa Kaish, and Susan Schoenfield delivered noteworthy performances in their supporting roles.

Of course, there is always a Christmas show at Collegiate, and this year, senior Rick Barter directed a production of *A Christmas Carol*. Though he had little time to prepare for the play, it turned out rather well. It was difficult to hear the actors since the acoustics in the church are not too good, but Jay Mattlin displayed his acting ability and his parsimony as the famous Scrooge, and John Osborn, in his first acting stint at Collegiate, played the role of Bob Cratchitt with energy and skill. Mrs. Brugnolotti, Collegiate's new librarian, also contributed her talent and her genuine British accent to the production. Comic relief was provided by the Stuyvesant Singers and Mr. Barrett who triumphed over their material. All in all, the production was well-received and made for a pleasant beginning to a much-needed vacation.





The second trimester will see the performance of a musical called *Runaway*, which involves a large number of people from all areas of the school's operation — faculty, parents, and, of course, students. Dr. Leach, the show's author, will direct the production, and Mr. Barrett, Collegiate's new music teacher, will orchestrate the music. Mr. Attaliades, who has been working at Collegiate since 1961 but who had never appeared on its stage, will organize the Greek dancing numbers, play his familiar harmonica, and even dance a bit himself. Mr. Attaliades's contribution will be supplemented by two Collegiate mothers, Carrie d'Amboise and June Middleton. Mrs. d'Amboise will direct the ballet and jazz numbers, and Mrs. Middleton, the tap and comic ones. This musical will be the first large scale dancing production ever at Collegiate.

Runaway, which concerns the travels of a boy and his parents in Greece, stars senior Chris d'Amboise. In the lead role of the boy, Peter Leon, he is expected to display his dancing experience and talent. Cynthia Snyder, a McBurney senior, will dance alongside him. Junior Josh Shapiro, who plays the Greek inn-keeper Nik, should be amusing. Another highlight should be Brearley junior Melora Wolff in the role of Carol Matthews. If the play's many novice actors come through, it should be something to see.

Three student-run productions are scheduled for the spring, one a musical, another a straight comedy, and the third, a melodramatic mystery. Peter Blauner tentatively plans to stage his original *The Kids Are Alright*.

Rick Barter's production of Cole Porter's famous *Kiss Me Kate* is now well under way. Barter, a veteran actor, will be assisted by musical director Tim Vernon, and director of choreography, Ms. Beth Tashlik. The result of their combined efforts should be interesting. Anthony Shaffer's *Sleuth*, a five-character play full of intriguing twists of plot and dialogue, will also be performed. Jay Mattlin will test his sanity by taking on the role of Andrew Wyke alongside Brad Stansfield (as Milo Tinkle) and director Pimm Fox. All, except Fox, expect to work extremely hard to make the show effective.

Drama has certainly earned its place as one of Collegiate's most important activities. Student interest and participation are extremely high. The drama program will doubtlessly continue to draw on the talents of both experienced Collegiate performers and neophytes for many years to come.



FRONT: Peter Blauner. REAR, Left to Right: David Laufer, Pimm Fox, Alex de Laszlo, Dan Singer, Jay Mattlin, Michael Newhouse.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Peter Blauner
Executive Editor	John Kosner
Assistant Editor	Seth Magalaner
Arts Editor	Pimm Fox
Sports Editor and Typing	John Kosner
Activities Editor	Jay Mattlin
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Assistant Photography Editors	Brooks Bitterman
	Dan Singer
Associate Editors	Clyde Spillenger
	Alex de Laszlo
	Mike Newhouse
Faculty Advisor	James C. Shields

DUTCHMAN STAFF

Contributors:

Jason Beghe
David Duchovny
Richard Hertling
Geoff Jones
David Kriendler
David Laufer
Hui Chi Lee
John Osborn
Burns Patterson
Daniel Savage
Brad Stansfield
Yoshi Shimada
Nat Polish
Barry Baxter
Janno Lieber
Theo Lieber
Richard Fitzgerald
Peter Madden
Joe Leigh
Andrew Feder
John Tormey
Anthony Ullman
Robert Wilder

Nancy Martin Saunders
Adams Merims
Tom Janover
Virginia Hesel
David Fisher
Blanche Siegal
Suzanne Yellin
Susan Peterson
Christine Bell
Andrew Blauner
Members of:
The Fourth Grade
The Third Grade
The Second Grade
The First Grade

Outside Contributors:

Mr. and Mrs.
William C. Tracy
Steven Blauner
Mrs. Sheila Druckman
Terri Seligman
Mr. Edward Kosner

Many has been the time in past years when a confused parent has flipped through the disordered and upsidedown pages of the yearbook and moaned knowingly: "Oh! That was the year they were all on drugs." Needless to say, this is not the case with your 1978 Dutchman. In meeting each of our deadlines, the staff and I have been able to pull together as a team to leave everything to the last minute. In displaying this organizational prowess which has stunned the school community into silent awe, we've attempted to make a complete and entertaining book.

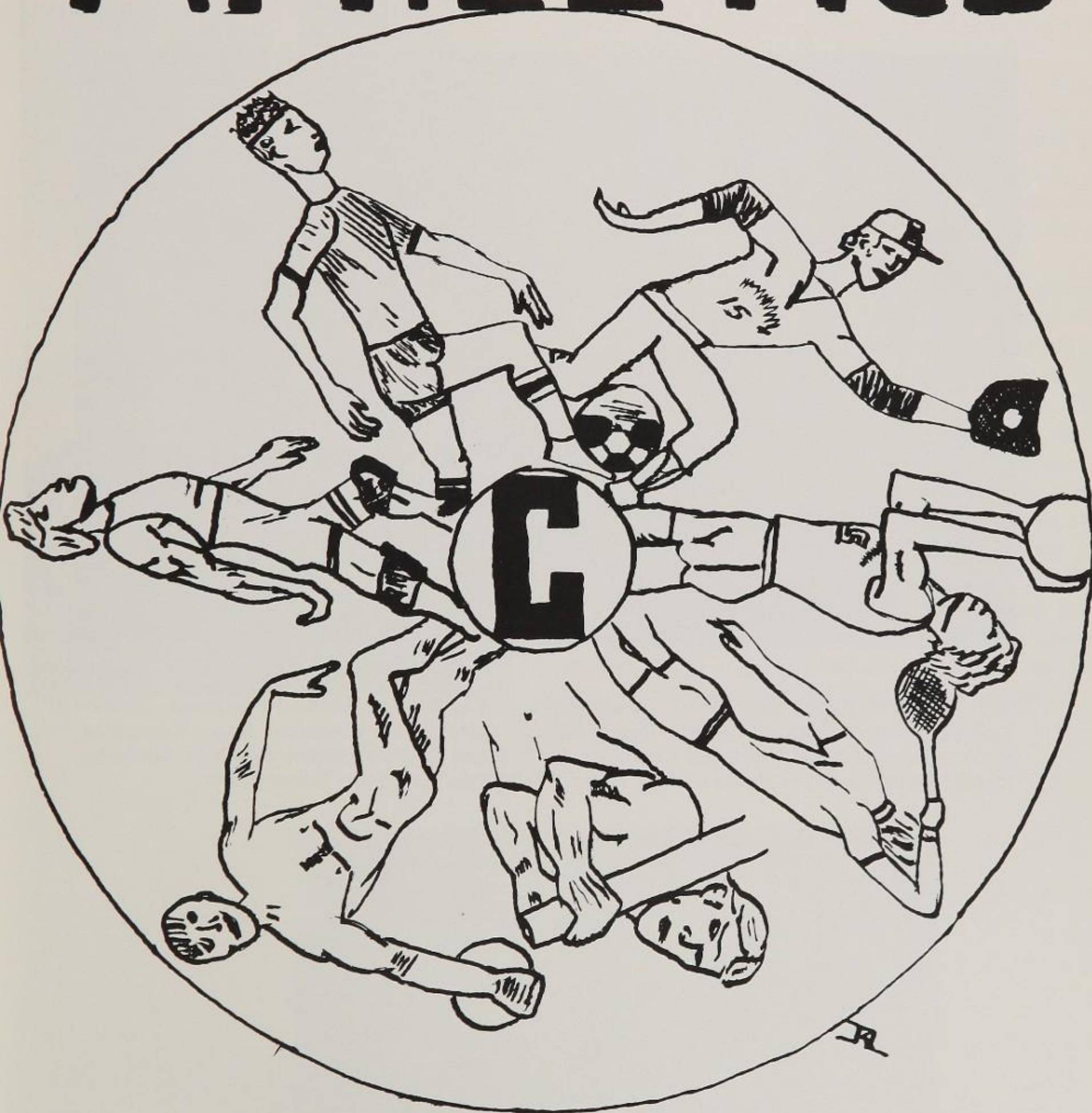
Overall, I think we've done quite well. Credit must go to all members of the staff who have been described by a number of adjectives, among them "a bunch of lovely boys" (myself excluded, of course), and who have interjected laughs and creativity into the book while mastering the manly art of cropping. Thanks also go to non-staff contributors. Once again, we hope you enjoy The Dutchman; it's our best shot, and you know that can't be bad.

— Peter Blauner,
Editor.



STANDING, Left to Right: Trey Reik, Seth Magalaner, Will Tracy, Brooks Bitterman, Geoff Worrell. SITTING: John Kosner. MISSING: Clyde Spillenger, James C. Shields, Ted Vagelos.

ATHLETICS



VARSITY SOCCER



REAR, Left to Right: Tom Janover, Jim Hertling, Craig Barnett, Michael Newhouse, Andrew Roffman, Carlo Kostka, Tim Flynn, Randy Slifka. FRONT: John Rosenthal, Roger Westerman, Roberto Rossi, Jim Dorf, Michael Friedman, Geoff Jones, Burns Patterson, Coach V. Attaliades, David McGowan, Yoshi Shimada, Brad Stansfield, Andrew Hay, Peter Tannenbaum.



It was all a complicated plot. That's what the rumor is. They did it as part of a master plan, a divine idea which would one day lead to a dynasty. No, Geoff Jones really was an "offensive weapon," Tony Ullman could score on an open net, and, that's right, Michael Friedman wasn't really injured at all. Yes, the Collegiate soccer coach was too devious to have a winning season. He basically wanted his team to lose. Over-confidence is the key. Next year, when opposing team's field fourteenth stringers, Collegiate's mighty blue and orange will strike fast and hard, one goal after another.

The 1-14 record we see before us this year, is only the first step on the way to a dynasty, a legend! It is said that in the shadows of a dark city street one night before the season's opener, the team gathered and voted to forego this season so that the future would be unforgettable. It was by all standards the work of a genius.

The rumors are endless, such as the one that John C. Osborn was asked to leave the team simply for playing too well. Yes, the talk goes on and on. Certainly the low point of the season was an upsetting victory over McBurney in the final game of the season. Though the varsity players played very badly, they could not be subdued by the always pathetic McBurney team. Still, Vassili Attaliades has much to be proud of. Little does the rest of the M.A.A.P.S. League know how foolish they looked beating a vastly superior team. Captain McGowan did an excellent job of leading his team to defeat. Certainly the future is bright thanks mainly to the sacrifices of what may be the best crop of soccer players ever to hit the Collegiate School.



J.V. SOCCER



FRONT ROW: J. Hermann, J. Hammer, A. Wagner, E. Chalfin, D. Ackman. SECOND ROW: H. Levin, A. Yee, C. Plaut, fool, P. Greenberg, D. Monroe, T. Amos, J. Solomon, Coach Calano. THIRD ROW: D. Taffner, C. Ward, G. Knapp, R. Rossi. FOURTH ROW: R. Devido, A. Jenks, S. Weiner, C. Rochell, R. Podos.



The J.V. soccer team, made up mostly of raw Ninth Graders and hoary veterans, was led by coach Cat Calano to a rip-roaring 12-2 record. They displayed both a solid offensive attack and a steady defense, which many experts say is all a team needs for a winning season. Calano's inspiring leadership provided the catalysing element that made the team more than just a collection of talented Bozos, and which led Richard Hertling, on more than one occasion, to refer to him as "George." Among the more photogenic members of the team were Roberto Rossi, who also distinguished himself with the Varsity, Dean Monroe, Andy Wagner, Eli Chalfin, and goalie Henry Levin. They looked very good in the lobby corridor under "The Fall Scene." They should garner hefty ducat in endorsements and also win many games as varsity players.

CROSS-COUNTRY



Left to Right: Chris O'Neill, Oswaldo Cruz, Ricardo Rivera, David Burgess, Cornell Pearce, Daniel Rivkin, David Sultan, Charles Huschle, Coach Carey Gross.

"Listen to this, it's really fantastic . . ." says Coach Carey Gross before launching into discussion about one aspect of the cross-country team. Coach Gross's enthusiasm for his runners has certainly been justified many times over this season. The cross-country squad, in only its second year at Collegiate, finished the season with a 3-3 record. Last year a cross-country team was formed amid confusion and uncertainty. There was no uncertainty this year. After a rough opening loss to Poly Prep, Collegiate steadily improved. The runners would lose only two of their last five and capped off the season with an exciting rematch victory over Riverdale.

Cornell Pearce and David Sultan led the attack all season with Stefano Basilico leading a strong freshman corps. Part of the excitement of this season's team, though, was that each member was important in the successful season.

Cross-country is a young sport at Collegiate and the team's members were also youthful. There were no seniors and only two juniors on the squad. Despite these obstacles, the team came off with a season that can unquestionably be called a success, not only in record, but also in each runner's individual achievement. Although a season summary is in order, one cannot help looking forward, for these talented freshmen, sophomores, and juniors will be even bigger, stronger, and faster next year. The future looks good for the team and thanks is due to Coach Gross and each runner for firmly establishing cross-country at Collegiate.



KNEELING: Andy Kimball. FRONT: Sam Simmons, David Kramer, Yale Fergang, John Anz, Alex Benedetto, Roger Barnett, Randy Weiner. BACK: Alan Maesaka, John Ferro, David Koosis, David Gold, Bill Broder, Jimmy Janover, John Watts, Mike Hirschorn, Julian Heath, Duffy Williamson, Taylor Mali, Coach Stanley Fogers.

7th AND 8th GRADE SOCCER — ORANGE

Tale of the Orange

DATE	PLACE	OPPONENT	SCORE
Oct. 5	H	St. Bernards	0-5
Oct. 6	H	McBurney	0-0
Oct. 13	H	Dalton*	0-4
Oct. 19	H	Buckley*	0-7
Oct. 20	A	Berkley	1-4
Oct. 26	A	Allen-Stev.*	3-0
Nov. 1	A	St. Bernards	2-4
Nov. 3	H	Trinity*	1-1
Nov. 9	H	Browning*	3-1
Nov. 27	A	Birch Wathen	2-3

*denotes league game

Team overall record 2-6-2;

League record 2-2-1

7th AND 8th GRADE SOCCER — BLUE



KNEELING: Dylan Jones, George Lindemann, Steve Gutwillig, Tony Fisher, Matt Weseley. SECOND ROW: Ronald Caporale, Will Pockman, Geoffrey Brown, John Watts, Adam Ernster, Mark Fox, Adam Mansky. THIRD ROW: William Schoenfeld, Michael Chalfin, Chip Brainerd, Pat Crossman, Richard Peaslee, Tom Gartner, Kazuki Shimada, Mark Andrejevic, Coach Charlie Cook. ABSENT: John Penney.

RECORD

DATE	PLACE	OPPONENT	SCORE	DATE	PLACE	OPPONENT	SCORE
Oct. 4	A	Day School	0-5	Oct. 20	H	Englewood	0-1
Oct. 5	H	St. Bernards	0-3	Nov. 1	A	St. Bernards	0-2
Oct. 6	A	Allen-Stev.	PPD.	Nov. 7	A	Day School	1-0
Oct. 12	H	Grace Church	1-2	Nov. 4	H	Grace Church	0-2
Oct. 18	H	Birch Wathen	0-6				

Team Record: 1-7 Goals for: 2; against: 21

7th AND 8th GRADE FOOTBALL



FRONT: Adam Casdin, Deke Banks, Sam Fortenbaum, Andy Blauner, Bill MacCary, Ron Vassallo.
SECOND ROW: Lincoln Anderson, John Alexander, Chuckie Brown, Jeb Blaugrund, Andy Lipsitz.
THIRD ROW: Manager Billy Stan, Stewart Wilson-Turner, Brad O'Neill, Alan Friedman, Mark Tompkins.
FOURTH ROW: Coach Michael Lockett, Mathew Saal, Danny Novack, Steve Polikoff, Steve Seltzer, Tony Marr, John Wirth, Thad Bereday, Hank Baer, Alec White, Coach Gregory Habeeb.
ABSENT: Alex Worth, Ricky Singer, J. R. McKechnie, Lucas Tanner, Peter Allen, John Romero.

The Seventh and Eighth Grade football team finished its fine season with a 4-1 record. The team was a small unit made up of a tough defense, an offensive line that opened up holes all season, a receiving crew which accounted for all but two of the touchdowns, and a flashy backfield, consisting of Lincoln Anderson, Jeb Blaugrund, Chuckie Brown, Stewart Wilson-Turner, and Andy Blauner.

Collegiate's first game was a close contest against a considerably bigger Montclair team. Led by the tough defense and a 30-yard T.D. pass from Q. B. Blauner to Andy Lipsitz, the Dutchmen prevailed 6-0. Next, Collegiate, again buoyed on by its rugged defense, thrashed Dalton, 27-6. Then came the low point of the season, a rough 21-0 loss to Buckley in a pouring rain. The team came back well, however, topping a good Allen-Stevenson team 13-6. The final game, like the previous four, was marked by strong defense, Collegiate winning over Trinity by 7-0.

Much of the reason for the team's 4-1 mark was the great coaching provided by mentors Gregory Habeeb and Michael Lockett. They kept a somewhat inexperienced team under control throughout.

7th & 8th GRADE BASKETBALL: A TEAM



REAR, Left to Right: Manager John Ferro, Andrew Blauner, Andrew Lipsitz, Mark Murphy, Lincoln Anderson, Jeb Blaugrund. FRONT, Left to Right: Brad O'Neill, Sam Fortenbaugh, Alan Maesaka, Andrew Kimball, Yale Fergang.

7th & 8th GRADE BASKETBALL: B TEAM



REAR, Left to Right: David Martens, Chuckie Brown, Roger Barnett, Steven Miller, Steven Polikoff. FRONT, Left to Right: David Kramer, Tony Marr, John Wirth, James Solomon, Hank Baer.

7th & 8th GRADE WRESTLING



KNEELING: Stuart Wilson-Turner, John Alexander. FIRST ROW, Left to Right: Thad Bereday, Dan Noveck, Michael Chalfin, Rick Singer, Stephen Gutwillig. SECOND ROW: Taylor Mali, Dike Banks, Tom Gartner, Ali Benedetto, Mark Andrejevic, Jim Janover, John Watts, Bill McCary, Pat Crossman, Alexander Worth.

J.V. TENNIS



FIRST ROW, Left to Right: J. J. Veronis, J. C. Castelli, Jason Kliot, Matthew Root, John Herrera, David Dorian. SECOND ROW: Michael Danziger, Peter Bass, Tom Amos, Curtis Claymont.

VARSITY WRESTLING



FRONT: Dan Wakin, Lesley Leeds, Jason Beghe. SECOND ROW: Andrew Rosenthal, John Abbott, Anthony Goodsell. THIRD ROW: Danny Ackman, Rafael Bringas, Craig Barnett, Craig Jordan, David Sultan, Curtis Claymont.

The Collegiate Varsity Wrestling Team is regaining its stature as a team to beat in the MAAPS League. Under the tutelage of Coach Stan Rogers, the younger wrestlers developed their strength and skills. The more experienced members of the team, while few in number, were consistently victorious. In fact, captains Dan Wakin and Jason Beghe were looked upon by their opponents as virtually invincible. Besides the two captains, tough Craig Barnett, agile David Sultan, and competitive Andrew Rosenthal all made their presences felt. With additions like Ming En Chen (a surprise winner in his debut against Fieldston), the team was long in both headbands and comic relief. If the team can keep Ming intact for next year, even the redoubtable Dr. Clarke would have to admit that the future is indeed bright.



KNEELING: David Duchovny. Left to Right: Coach Larry Byrnes, Billy Wirth, Robert Adrian, Clint McClain, Fred Martens, Andy Hay, Greg Brown, Janno Lieber, Jeff Dermksian, Darryl Dubose, Keith McAllister, Jeff Orridge.

VARSITY BASKETBALL



It happened on schedule. This past winter, six seniors who had played together for four years, with help from five juniors and a sophomore, captured a MAAPS League title and established themselves as perhaps the most successful varsity basketball team in Collegiate history. The team exhibited both an ability to blow out teams and a propensity for taking charge in the final minutes of close games.

Although their success was attributed to their overall *team* play — critical observers of the team claimed that its raw talent failed to match that of some previous Dutchmen squads — the season was ultimately the story of individuals. For David Duchovny and Darryl Dubose, the season was confirmation of their reputation as outstanding scorers and tough competitors. For Greg Brown, it was another step toward becoming perhaps Collegiate's most dominant all-around player ever. For seniors Fred Martens and Robert Adrian, it was justification for the starting positions that their hard work finally earned them. For Clinton McClain and Janno Lieber, it was graceful adaption to less glamorous but no less important roles. For Jeff Orridge and Jeff Dermksian, it was disappointment at the limited playing time that curtailed what were once high varsity expectations. For Keith McAllister, Andrew Hay, and Billy Wirth, it was another learning year on the way to varsity glory next year. And few would disagree that coach Larry Byrnes did a magnificent job of teaching, motivating, and guiding his players.

Pressure defense, a searing fast break, and balanced scoring — Duchovny, Dubose, Brown, Martens, and McClain were all significant scorers — marked this year's varsity. Perfect execution of the pressure and running game enabled Collegiate to rout Peddie, 102-82, in the final of the latter's annual tournament; yet when the Dutchmen were forced into a more controlled offense, as in the 79-72 thriller over Horace Mann, they were able to execute their plays and tough out a decision. Other key victories included a 73-64 defeat of Locust Valley before a riotous crowd of Collegiate rooters.

The seniors on the squad — Duchovny, Dubose, Martens, Adrian, Orridge, and Dermksian — together provided much of the heroics this year, not only leaving a nucleus for a strong team next year, but also the memory of an extremely exciting and successful team.





KNEELING; Will Bruno, Ray Dubose. SECOND ROW: Eli Chalfin, Matt Jablow, Sam Sunshine, J. J. Veronis, Andy Wagner, Jeff Hammer. THIRD ROW: Freddy Brown (Manager), Eddie Burns, Adam Shapiro, Doug Campbell, John Solomon, Coach Jeff Nerenberg.

Two years ago J.V. Basketball Coach Jeff Nerenberg had it all, Clint McClain called the "10" play every other minute, Clyde Spillenger short circuited the opposition's best offensive players, Robert Adrian came back from an injury, and Fred Martens from the cosmos to play brilliantly. It was a sweet time. Then, last season the team wasn't so hot, and it turned out to be a long haul for all involved. This winter, however, happy days were here again. The Dutchmen started fast, sagged, and then pulled together and finished strong. The heroes were many. Billy Wirth, when on sabbatical from varsity chores, showed up to dominate play and demonstrate his fine (?) taste in haircuts. Ray Dubose stole the ball often, Will Bruno rebounded, and Eli Chalfin performed well on the wing. Adam Shapiro, a strongman inside, proved himself to be the Fred Martens of the future. The biggest hero, though, had to be Coach Nerenberg. Like varsity coach Larry Byrnes, he is a superb teacher and his talent became even more apparent late in the season when his young squad romped over capable Loyola and Locust Valley teams. While Nerenberg will not have Wirth to dribble around next year, he will have enough young stars to help him remember the grandeur and glory of '75-'76.

J.V. BASKETBALL



INSET: Robert Adrian. LEFT TO RIGHT: Coach Jeff Nerenberg, Jon Burgess, David Laufer, Fred Martens, Janno Lieber, Brad Stansfield, Marc Silver.

Although they miss ex-coach Milton Phillips and his exciting car rides, the members of this year's tennis team have finally arrived in the big time, and, well, even the very successful have to make some sacrifices. Led by second year mentor Jeff Nerenberg, Collegiate compiled a fine 10-4 mark last season. This spring — with all starters returning and some newcomers ready to impress — the prediction is for even more fun.

Those who should lead the netmen are Bruce Diker (the top singles player) and Robert Adrian (team captain for the third straight year). Presented with the deepest and most talented bunch of tennis players in recent years at Collegiate, Coach Nerenberg will have ample opportunity to mix and match lineups depending upon the opposition. Since Adrian and last year's surprise star Marc Silver are superb in both singles and doubles. Nerenberg could use them as the first doubles team if need be and choose from among seniors Brad Stansfield, David Laufer, and Jon Burgess, junior Janno Lieber, sophomore Henry Levin, and freshman Bobby Savitt to fill in the open singles spots.

Whatever moves he makes and whatever shots they hit, Coach Nerenberg and his players cannot help but be successful — together they are that good.

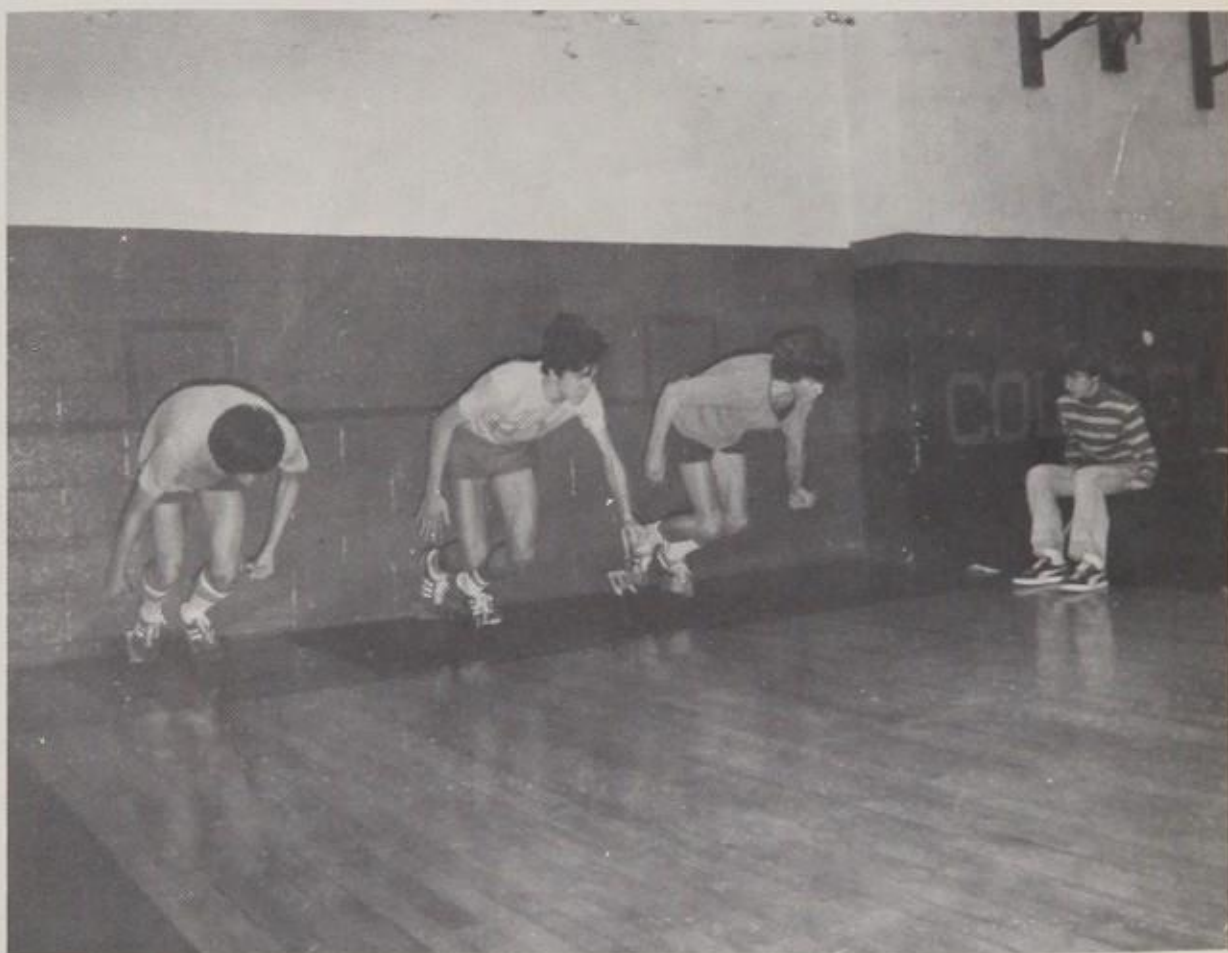
VARSIITY TENNIS

VARSITY TRACK



FRONT: Clint McClain, Billy Wirth, David Burgess, coach Vassili Attaliades, Jeff Orridge, Dave McGowan, assistant coach George Calano, Courtney Ward, Mike Friedman. SECOND ROW: Anthony Goodsell, Dan Rivkin, Jamie Dreyfus, Robert Wilder, Doug Campbell, Adam Roffman. THIRD ROW: Will Tracy, Dan Elish, Michael Pinney, Burns Patterson, Hui Chi Lee. FOURTH ROW: Greg Brown, Darryl Dubose, Tony Kleckner, Charlie Huschle, Nat Polish, Peter Horkitz. BACK: Ray Dubose, Cornell Pearce, Tony Freundel, Nicholas Austrian, Greg Knapp, Peter Tannenbaum, Stefano Basilico.

Rather than have veteran coach Vassili Attaliades pull their ears "Greek style," members of this year's track team will probably settle for mundane things — like becoming the best group of runners, jumpers, and throwers since the 1975 squad that won all regular season meets and finished second in the MAAPS Championships. The Dutchmen will be well served in terms of number (an astounding total of 51 runners will make up the unit) and talent. Among those who will go 4-3-3-3'ing into the sunset are captains Dave McGowan (880) and Jeff Orridge (100 yd. dash, high jump). Billy Wirth, the high jump prodigy, offered to pole vault without a pole and serve as a javelin if it would ensure competition against top high schools which require these events. Other excellent performers are David Sultan (880), Burns Patterson (mile), David Shorr (high jump), and Darryl Dubose (shot put). While this fine and massive configuration of athletes is not quite ready for the Olympics in 1980, after some exposure to the infamous "passing drill" the team should be ready for its league opponents, if not Moscow.



VARSITY BASEBALL



FRONT: Dean Monroe, Jamie Bicks, Eli Chalfin, Andy Wagner, Timmy Davis, John Herman, Jon Cramer, Jon Solomon. BACK: Assistant coach Charles Barrett, Jason Beghe, Dave Duchovny, Jeff Dermksian, Barry Baxter, Evan Lipsitz, Keith McAllister, Craig Barnett, Josh Shapiro, Michael Lapinel, Geoff Worrell, Clyde Spillenger, manager Bruce Breimer.

Dear Santa Claus:

First of all, let me say that I am very grateful for the wonderful gifts you have sent me the last two years. The 19-9 and 19-13 seasons were just what I wanted, and last year's tie for the MAAPS League Championship was great to find in my stocking. However, I have some unorthodox requests to make in order to maintain our high class varsity baseball program.

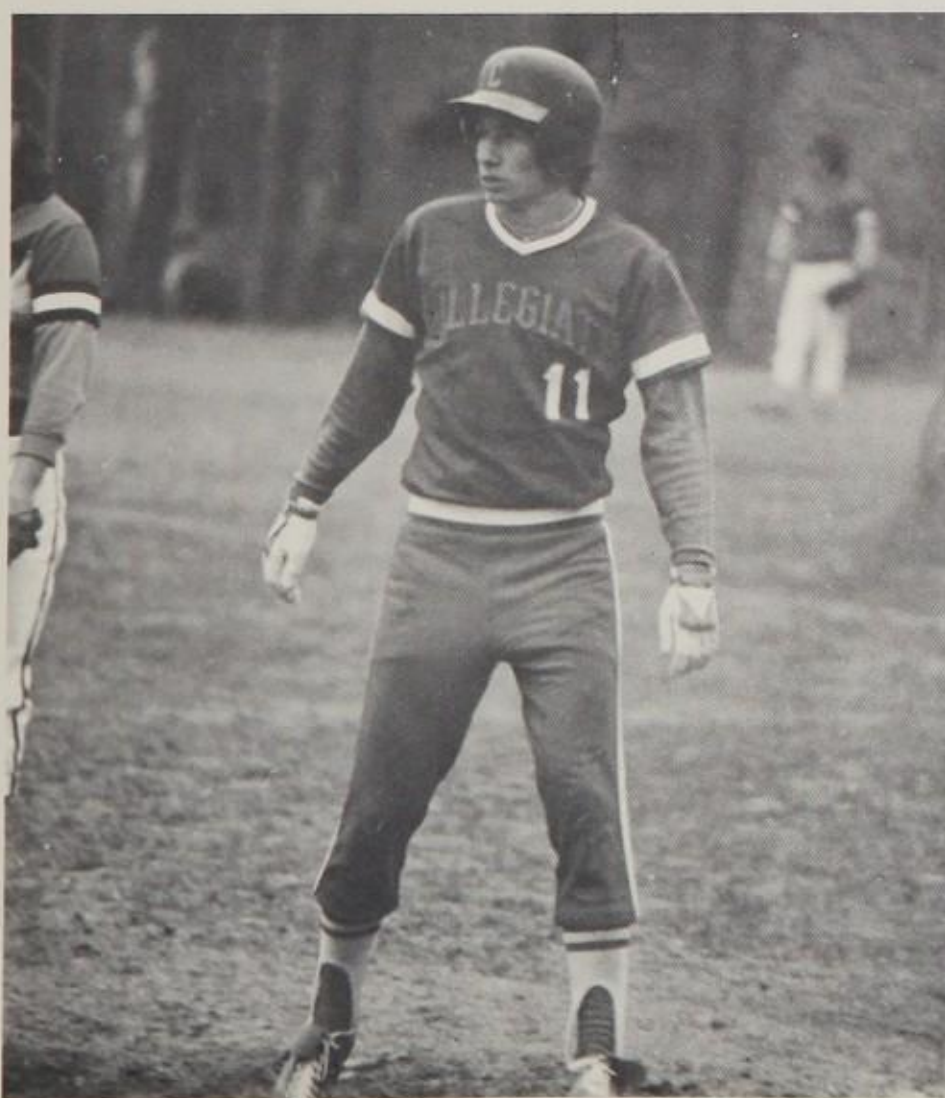
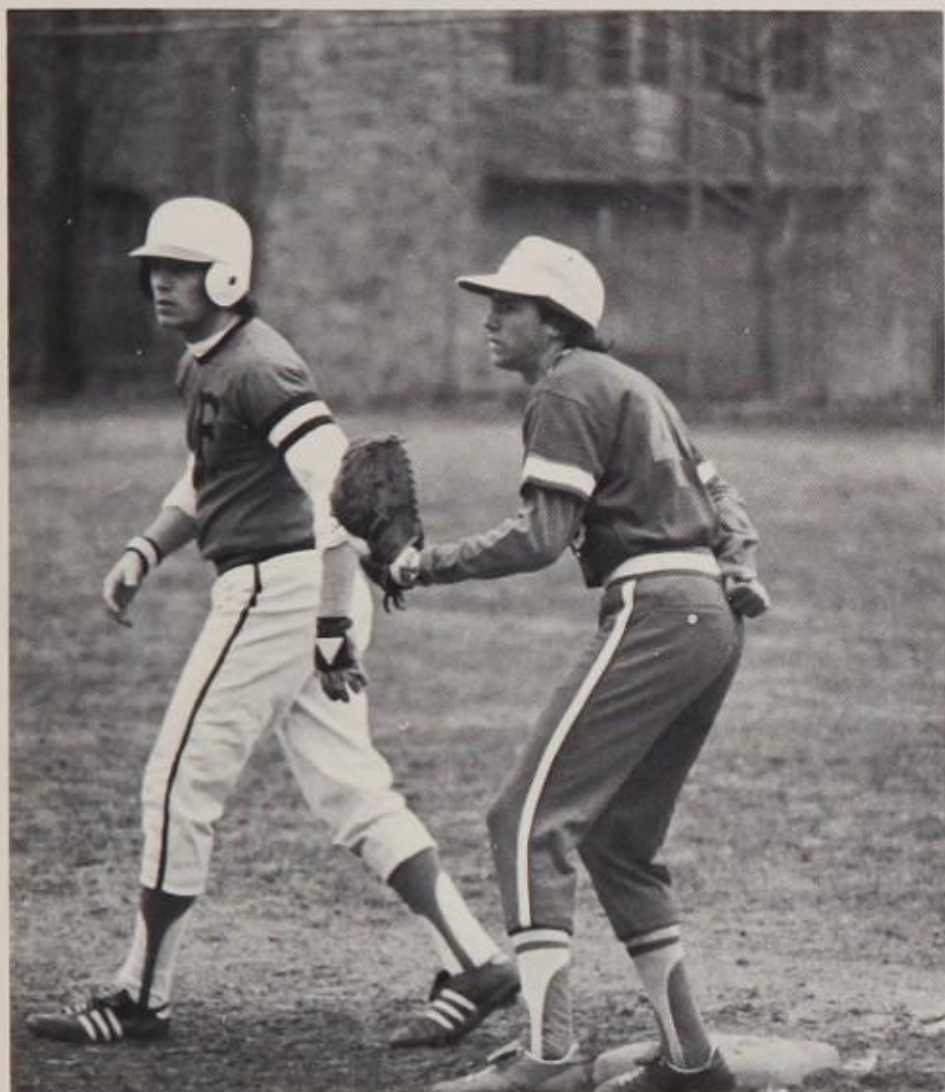
First, please afford me the luxury of putting my best player, David Duchovny, where he belongs — in the outfield. This can best be done by sorting out the huge masses of enthusiastic but untested freshmen and finding one or two capable infielders among them. Please justify my hope that Jeff Dermksian will acquire self-confidence to go along with his abundant talent, now that he is being moved to shortstop. And please, tell Keith McAllister, the heir apparent at catcher, to fire hard and low.

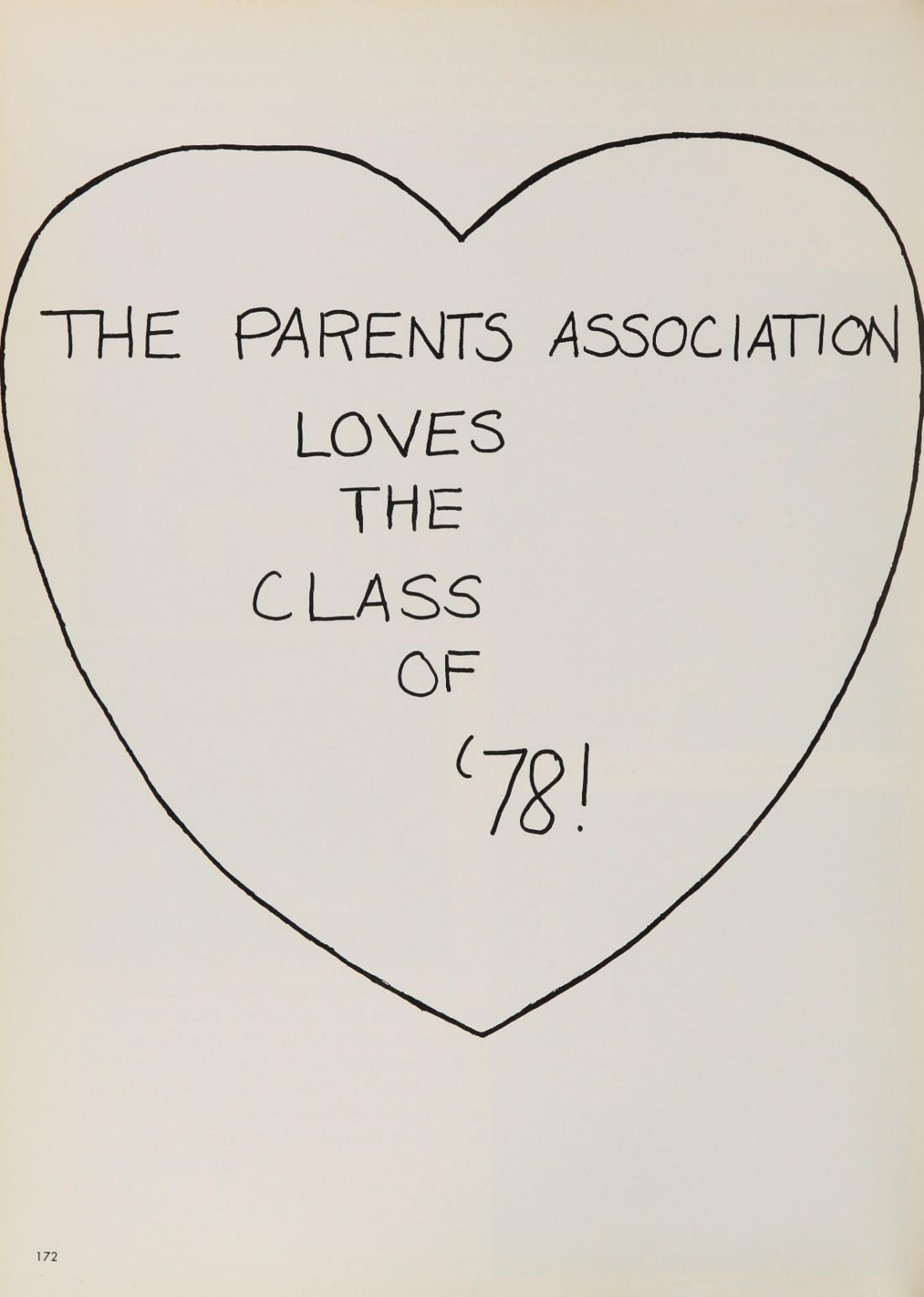
Do you think it too much for me to ask for some offensive production from Geoff Worrell and Jason Beghe, the incumbents at first base and right field? And pitching. Don't mention it. All I need is for nine or ten question marks to come through — Duchovny, Worrell, Dermksian et al — and the opposition batters will be helpless. Of course, underclassmen Evan Lipsitz and John Tormey were pleasant surprises last year; I assume these gifts will not be repossessed this year. Do you really think freshman Timmy Davis could be another Steve Gallagher? Don't answer that.

But, Santa, I'm not complaining, despite the loss of eight top-flight seniors and the redoubtable Chauncey Parker from last year's squad. Still, we can't call this a "rebuilding year;" our 37-game schedule will see to that. If you send me anything, Santa, give me the patience to deal with the foibles of Hayseed and Tormulus and Smokey and Girl and . . .

Sincerely,
Bruce Breimer
Varsity Baseball Coach

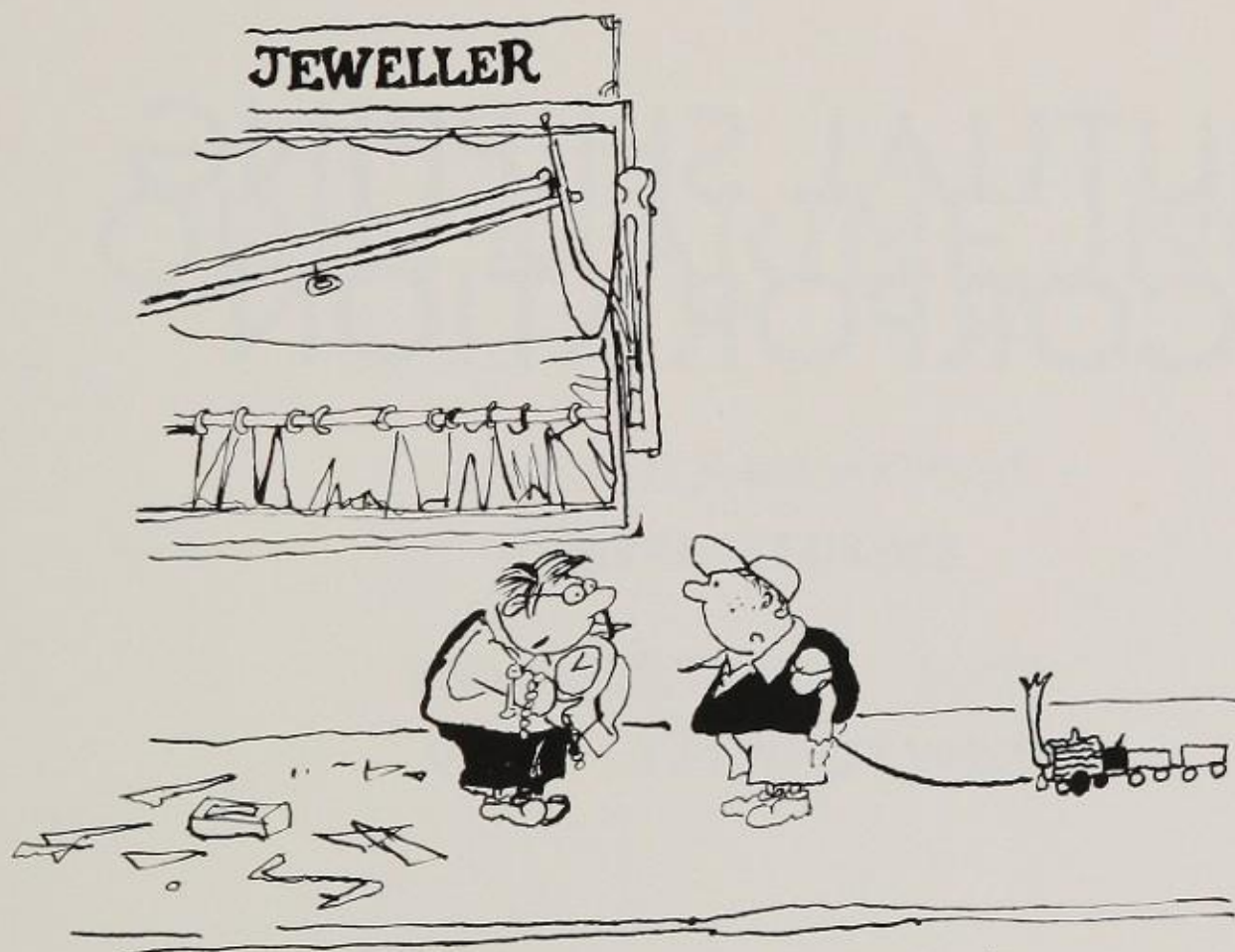
P.S. Can you beat that Dutchmen team? . . . guys? I don't hear you . . .





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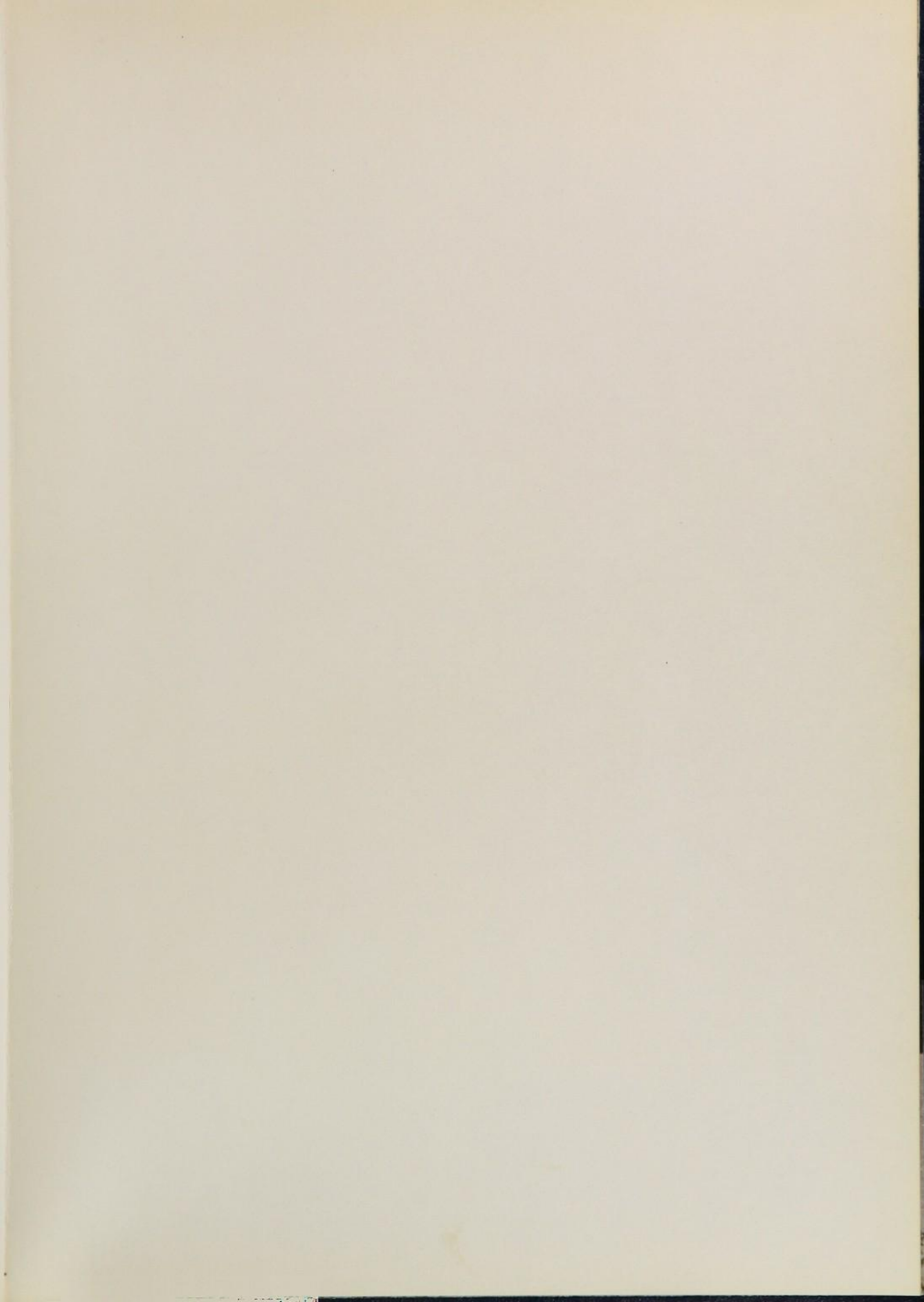


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